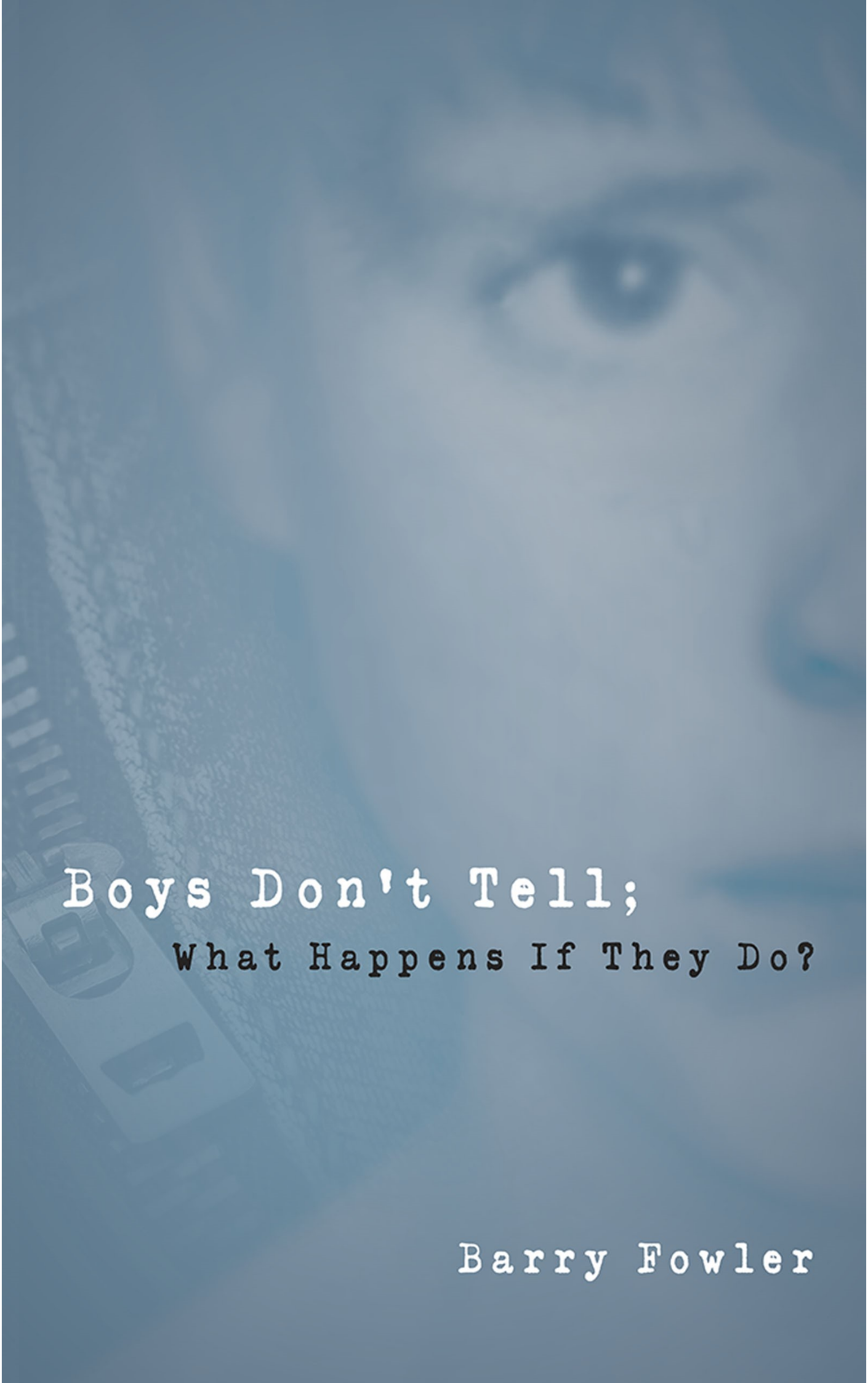

Boys Don't Tell;

What Happens If They Do?

Barry Fowler

Boys Don’t Tell

What happens if they do?

Barry Fowler

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Facebook: Boys Don't Tell: What happens if they do?[1]

Version as at 06/12/2021

Omertà[2] *- (among the Mafia) a code of silence about criminal activity and a refusal to give evidence to the police; loyal to the oath of omertà'*

"If my parents knew what really went on at the school, I used to think (not being the first little boy to imagine that my main job was that of protecting parental innocence), they would faint from the shock."

- Hitchens, Christopher (2010) p 52

Homer: What? And violate the code of the schoolyard? I'd rather Bart die!

Marge: What on earth are you talking about, Homer?

Homer: The code of the schoolyard, Marge! The rules that teach a boy how to be a man! Let's see; don't tattle, always make fun of those different from you, never say anything unless you're sure everyone feels exactly the same way you do.

- The Simpsons: Season 1, Episode 5
Bart the General'[3]

Author's Note

In retirement, I decided to settle down and document memories from my youth and anecdotes which other people have told me about the secrecy which was maintained about sexually inappropriate behaviour and bullying. While working on a different project, I was given information about other cases, which prompted me to widen the scope of this project.

Most of this information is from experiences and contacts I have had myself, so I expect much of it will be new information, not published elsewhere. There are some exceptions to this, and I am aware of the irony of how a `literature review' is usually referred, in scientific literature, to scientific studies, generally using quantifiable data as opposed to quotations from biographies and in some cases fiction which I quote below.

I am aware that it is unfair that most of this information comes from a Scouting context and much from the first half of my life when I lived in South Africa. I am sure that abuse and behaviour of this kind happens in a wide variety of other settings; other youth organisations, church groups and sports groups. I do not presently have access to information from these other sources, and similarly, I was rather surprised to find information about similar things having happened in other countries, including two recent years, if not the present day. I am aware of the politics and consequences - and how the argument of `a few bad apples' should not tarnish the excellent people who invest significantly in good Scouting and the massive benefits that many boys (and now girls) get from Scouting. I have not had any involvement in Scouting since 1993.

It makes sense that much of the material comes from a camping context, whether within well-known organisations, or groups of boys with varying ages, independently, with varying power structures. Common to all these is where children are away from parents or guardians, from whom they might expect protection, and whose presence could inhibit people from doing unpleasant things to youngsters less powerful than themselves.

This book started as a document following the timeline of my memories and discoveries, but with new information, I extended way beyond that. I circulated an initial draft of about 30 pages in 2015, and some readers made comments and contributed some of their own memories of experiences. Similarly, I plan to share this draft with people who have expressed interest, and who might have additional material to contribute. I mentioned to prospective contributors that it might be best to declare that `I witnessed…' an incident, rather than for the further humiliation of saying `it was done to me' or probably the more difficult to disclose; `I did it to someone else!' And there may also be cases where people did things in the exuberance of youth, regretted at leisure as they age.

After a career as a clinical psychologist, I am aware of the merits of trying to gather and present information in an academic session, such as for a PhD or similar. I was aware just how much of the qualitative information would be lost with such a process, as illustrated in the book; Sandfort, Theo (2001) **Childhood Sexuality: Normal Sexual Behavior and Development**.

When I started, I expected to find that documents dealing with the subject of sexual abuse of

boys would be underrepresented, and that most of what had been written would have been focused on girls. With my literature search, I found far more had already been documented around boys than I had expected. About a fortnight before I finished this draft, I came across a television documentary which, apart from the names and some specific details, could easily have been about three of the four case studies reported at the start of this book. [Canadian Broadcasting Corporation/The Fifth Estate **Scout's Honour: Sexual Abuse in the Boy Scouts**[4] - September 2014.]

It has been suggested that unwanted sexual experiences can be worse for boys than for girls, because apart from the age and power differential, for a boy to be used there are the implications of homosexuality, still often seen as a taboo, which might not be such a factor amongst girls who are abused. (Farberow, 1963) Reputational damage can be long term, where (especially for a boy because of the homosexual taboo as well as the child abuse taboo) if it becomes known that a boy has been subjected to oral or anal penetration, then sadly he is likely to be regarded with contempt by his peers, and older boys particularly.

The names have been changed unless they are already in the public domain. On occasions, I have redacted information in the public domain which could be used to identify innocent relatives or people who were dragged into some of the activities described but who do not wish to provide any information on this. I do not hold the children responsible for `the sins of the fathers'. I have come across the notion of `Speak no ill of the dead!'[5] There are some people who I believe have information but have decided to follow this policy.

Most of this material is unpublished elsewhere, but I am aware of some relatively obscure material I see as relevant which has been commercially published in books or in films, which I am not aware has been cited as relevant to this topic previously. This can by no means be exhaustive, but again I am surprised at how much material relating to the subject can be found in semiautobiographical novels and films.

I am aware that there is much online media attention given to adults convicted of child sexual abuse at present, but apart from some brief Google searches back in 2015, I have generally avoided investigating these, aiming to keep to the theme of information I have come across or information shared with me by people I know and trust. Much of the material published online is sensationalised, and not necessarily accurate.

Where possible I have provided the ages of those abused and of the perpetrator, and where relevant the year in which what is described happened. Most of this material happened long ago, but I am sure it continues to happen to the present day and will do so in future. Attitudes to sexual abuse have changed over the decades, as awareness has grown, but still does not seem to be managed judicially, consistently or effectively. I have included a case from an obscure source from 1937, largely because of how vivid it remains to this day. Crown / Home Office (2020) **Group-based Child Sexual Exploitation: Characteristics of Offending** Crown copyright.

In most cases, people have given me information knowing that I intend to publish, and thereby giving permission for me to do so, usually not

wishing to be identified as the source of the information. I am willing to state that these were told to me by people whom I believe, but I accept that this might be dismissed as `hearsay' in a Court of Law.

Unfortunately, especially with Internet finds, I have not been able to track down the original authors who post under pseudonyms. With the fourth case study I have written to the Mail and Guardian requesting permission to quote their articles in their entirety, but to date have not received a reply from them.

I am aware that there has been some `mission creep', usually where there is information I feel is interesting and wish to share, or whether the chips on my shoulders have prompted me to bare my soul!

Where I quote `Internet finds', these are just what I have found during brief searches. There is far more out there, but I want what I present here mostly to have some connection to me. People use unusual names to post things on the internet, and I have not been able to contact those I wished to.

In 1988 I immigrated to the United Kingdom after my childhood and adolescence, my school years, my studies and my military service in South Africa. Since 1988 I worked in the National Health Service and private practice in England.

I am very grateful to the people who have contributed material to this book, and to the people who kindly proofread the manuscript for me.

*

I am investigating situations where older boys have access to younger boys without adults to intervene, with the older boys feeling the need to torture and humiliate younger boys in what we would now consider being sexual assault. I am investigating why so few boys reported it.

`Because it was endemic, not exceptional?

- Gordon Torr

BOYS DON'T TELL

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How This Started

People tell me things.

In the year of my 11th birthday, (1972) I was included in a conversation with my `most want to be with' classmates in which I was told of camps, that if I went on one, I would have Deep Heat rubbed into my balls. Either that or Vaseline or stinging nettles. This did not appeal to me, and I did not attend. But my classmates did, and some went back many times.

PART 1: FOUR CASE STUDIES:

First Case Study: `Nduna'

`Nduna' was a name or title he appropriated for himself. Induna is a Zulu/Xhosa title meaning advisor, great leader, ambassador, headman or commander of a group of warriors. It can also mean spokesperson or mediator, as the iziNduna often acted as a bridge between the people and the king.

How sad must it be, five years after your death, to be remembered as `that old pervert'? And yet this is the phrase that sprang to mind when he was mentioned on Facebook. He appears to have been successful in his career, which did not involve anything to do with children. He is the man I heard about when I was eleven as having hikes and camps and expeditions in which semi-sexual activities took place under his instigation and I understand which he watched.

There is apparent inconsistency as to whether the man is referred to as Nduna or Mr Nduna. I have left this in, to indicate the possible relationship between the informant and him, with those more intimate with him referring to him by his nickname. I, as a little South African boy, was raised to refer to adults as `Mister – '. I have changed his name throughout to Nduna, but where he is referred to as Mr – his real surname would have been used.

The following is from an interview with someone ten years younger than me. The events he described would have started in about 1984. He gives a much more comprehensive narrative than I had gathered from my peers and discloses much more.

It was through a group of friends at school that I met Nduna. I had always enjoyed being in the outdoors

from a very young age. I think my parents went around to meet him and his wife, Margaret, just to make sure. We agreed that I would go on the camps. I remember what stood out on the first camp was the stinging nettles [rubbed on to testicles]. To be honest, it scared the living daylights out of me. I thought it was just boys being full of mischief. I suppose I was quite naïve. I did not understand why he stood back and watched it. I thought that if people pushed it too far, he would step in. That was a bit odd. I suppose I was quite a naïve youngster. When we went gorge hopping up through the mountains, we would have to strip off and swim through the pools, which was strange. In the same breath you were expected to keep your clothes dry. You would hold them above your head, and when you were warmed up you would put them on again. Things developed gradually. I think that Nduna must have been a master at understanding the different personalities. I think that I was targeted. It started with me being asked to share his tent, and there were discussions about sexuality. As a young boy, I was just beginning to become aroused in various ways, and he played on that. He would have a chat and ask me questions about it. One thing led to the next and by the time a few years had passed, it was not just masturbation. We were in a relationship and I was being sexually abused. I was in full agreement with it, in fact, I enjoyed some of it. It was oral sex. I would have been one of the special ones who shared his tent. He had quite a lot of pornography. I think he got it in Germany. I think this led me to an interest in the female body. As a young boy, I was not exposed to any of that, and it just developed from there. You ask yourself; "Why didn't I report it?" I do not know. I still ask myself that to this very day. I suppose I didn't want to be embarrassed. I did not want my folks to be embarrassed. I might have

thought that I had let them down. He did say – if I recall from such a long time ago – that if any of this came out – our secret – things could all go to tits up, for want of a better word. I can relay what happened, as opposed to why.

We went canoeing on the Vaal River on a Friday night, and afterwards, we would sit in the car, and again it would be masturbation, oral sex, and that type of thing. We used to go tubing – he had a plot at the Vaal Dam and the boys would go tubing, but that was always `cozzies [swimming trunks] on' because his wife would be there, and his son and daughter would come along. Oliver [Nduna's son] would have come along with his mates. I was included in family holidays as well. We would go away and stay in a tent, but during the week I would spend some nights – they would have been a night or two when Nduna would have shared a tent with me away from the family. God knows what that conversation must have been like with the Mrs. I am at the point now where I would like to know whether she knew what was going on.

I do not recall Deep Heat on the first hike. I do recall the stinging nettles. He would have got the older boys and said; "Right! Let's have some sport!" I think he would have said who was to be targeted because I was never targeted. I was rather shy and reserved, and I think if I was targeted, I might have been frightened, and I might never have come back. I think he picked the boys who were more outspoken, cheekier, and more vocal amongst the group; the `rascals' for want of a better word. He would get the older boys up to that mischief. I do not recall him ever putting the stinging nettles onto anyone himself. The stinging nettles were targeted at the person's genitals. There were instances when we would go caving, and

on some occasions, someone would manage to catch a bat, and it was always going to be down your trousers. You would be held in there and your trousers would come down, and half of the time it wasn't a bat, it was a stone! It was just a ploy for the nakedness. If you were gorge hopping, through the pools in the mountains, if it was a hot day, you would just lie around in the sunshine, naked, waiting for your body to heat up. He would sit to one side, and watch. Sometimes he would start some risqué conversation which would make you feel uncomfortable, in case you got an erection, and you would feel quite embarrassed.

I think it would have been very difficult to have put the stinging nettles down the front of someone's underpants without the person doing it getting stung themselves. The older boys would have caught the younger boys, and the undies would have come down, and they would have brushed the nettles against (the genitals). In the case of the bats or other items, it would have just been down the front of the underpants because it was more of a fright with the creature being trapped, and then there was a lot to do to try to get rid of it.

I am sure other boys were wiser to it than I was. I do not think we ever discussed what was going on in the tent until after the fact. I can't remember talking to the Erics or the Malcolms of this world or sitting down and having a conversation with them about it until after we had parted ways with Nduna or we had started going out with girlfriends and the rest of it. How he went about manipulating us – he was very clever about who he chose to invite into his tent – it was around conversations of sexuality, and `how your body was changing', and I think he looked at how people reacted before he would maybe feel that

he could get away with bringing you into his tent. It certainly would not have been on the first camp; it would have been a few camps down the line before he got to know the `make of you' in terms of your personality and vulnerabilities. I think I must have been vulnerable at that time, to have gone with him. Maybe others were stronger. I was quite insecure at that time. It certainly did not boost my confidence years later; it took the winds out of my sails in terms of what happened. I had to wrestle with it for a while later. I think I have been fortunate in that I have talked about it over the years.

[How did he recruit new boys?] *When we were out camping or hiking, he would ask "Who are your friends? ... Would anyone else be interested in coming along?" – Boys in your class. You would be extended the offer to bring someone else along. Then some of those boys would be asked again that they were welcome to invite `such and such' along. Sometimes he would say; I am not really keen on `such and such' – "He's lazy!" Or he would make up some excuse or `He's very stubborn' or `headstrong' or `He won't listen to me – I like to have things done my way on the camp, and he won't listen' – and then you weren't allowed to ask that person back.*

The stinging nettles – I do not think it was such a big issue for me – I think I was frightened of it at first, but then it just became an initiation thing. As far as I can recall, his recruitment was just asking us to bring our friends along, and then he would choose from there. Boys may not have been told about the nettles. I know I never told, but maybe other boys did? Why they came along, and others did not – personal choice?

Contact with Nduna was forever. I remember when I first met my wife at school. I would have been

about 15 years of age, and I started to date her. I was still going with Nduna at that time. I would still go on camps, and I still had some sexual contact because I thought of him as a friend. It was that deeply – it felt he was a close friend to me, and whatever was being done to me – as much as it was wrong. I knew it was wrong. I just thought it was his way. After a couple of months of dating, I remember being out with him once, and I turned around and said to him; "look, I do not mind coming out and going canoeing, and going for walks, but I am now at the stage where I would like the sexual stuff to stop."

"The feelings," he would call it. "Do you want to have some feelings?"

I said; "No thank you!"

He said; "That's not a problem!" And then it stopped.

We stayed in contact, even until he and his missus crossed the road into the old age home. I would have popped in from time to time, to go and see him and see how they were doing. Then he got cancer – cancer of the throat. Margaret was out one day, and he said to me; "if it ever gets so bad," he said to me, "I am not going to let her watch me suffer." It must have been three or four months after that I got the phone call from Margaret just to say that Nduna had died – that he had shot himself. That was the end of that chapter for me.

It was only after Nduna had died that I started to hear rumours about it all. It was far bigger than I had known. And then I realised the scale of it – what paedophilia is, and the impact it has on you. It changes your life; the way you are as an individual.

A friend who was probably involved with Nduna to much the same extent that I was - we were back in town after we had left school, having some drinks at a friend's house and stayed over. There was a pull-out bed, and he and I settled on it, and during that night he and I had oral sex. We both lay there, and looked at each other, and said; "What the hell was that about?" He looked at me, and I looked at him. I said; "This is wrong!"

And he said; "Yes, it is wrong!"

"Do you know where this is from?" I asked him, and he said; "Yes, it's from Nduna." We had talked about this, and about how wrong it was, and that brought it home as well because it redefined you. I do not know if quite a few boys had been involved in that. There was someone else we knew who had been involved and we had spoken about it, but neither one of us had thought about exposing it. Why? I do not know!

I feel so resentful towards him now. As time passed – now I am angry! I am more upset now that I am 50 in March, and I think back to it, because, had I said something to the authorities earlier, maybe I could have helped others out as well. There's a bit of guilt there as well as hatred for the man for what he has done to me and others. My coping mechanism as a young adult – I spoke to friends, close friends, and to my wife about it, and they asked whether I was going to do anything about it. I said no, I was just going to get on with my life. That is the way I got on with it. I just moved on.

When you got in touch, and I read what you had gathered, it all came back in a bigger way. I have talked about this to acquaintances, over a drink, and I have been quite open about having been sexually

abused as a child, and I hope it helps others to open up and talk about it so that it can help others. When I read it now, it really hit me for a six! So, this abuse went on for years and years and years.

He kept the one-on-one very quiet. Nobody ever spoke about what was going on. But you knew that whoever was chosen - those of us who had shared a tent with him - knew what was going on that night. Some boys never shared a tent with him, who just stayed in the communal tent, or had their own tent. It was never spoken about until we had all grown up. Eventually, my friend just said; "That's it! I am not going on any more activities. I am severing my ties."

There was no voyeurism where you would be watching sexual acts. The intimacy – for want of a better word – all took place in his tent. You were told that this was private, and never to be discussed, but you all knew what was going on. If someone else was in the tent, you knew that they were now included in the acts.

The Deep Heat happened on every camp. I can't recall whether it was just with the new boys, or whether it also happened to those who had been before. I think it was a case of once you got to the cave, or he saw stinging nettles, or if you were in that sort of environment, it was `game on'. The new boys were picked on, but boys who had been on previous hikes were not exempted from it.

I can't remember how the active oral sex came about. We had been brainwashed through the porn and the excitement of sex. He gave oral sex to me, and why I gave oral sex to him? I can't answer that. You know what it was like in those days. The control of the NG [Nederlandse Gereformeerde] *Church – it was all very closed – what we were exposed to. It is so long*

ago, I can't recall why. I was brought up to respect my elders. The fact that an adult had a lot of time for me, and he built up my self-esteem to some extent, raising me up amongst a group of boys – it could have been my way of showing some of the respect back. Very strange! It just happened!

There were a couple of adults who used to come along with us sometimes, especially on the four-day or six-day hikes through the Berg. A chap called Gerhard, I think of Dutch descent and an Afrikaans bloke – a big chap, blonde hair called Danie. He was blind in one eye. We did not know this for years because when we went boulder hopping, we thought he was clumsy. He kept missing his step and he would be splashing about. Even while those two adults were on the camps with us boys, I would still have been invited into Nduna's tent, and we would still have swum through some of the pools naked. I am beginning to doubt myself now, talking to you, whether they were with us when we swam through the pools. Most of the time when Gerhard and Danie were with us it would have been winter hikes through the Berg. I remember them being there any time when I would have shared a tent with Nduna, but then again, you can't see through a tent. There still would have been the same atmosphere, that it would go the same way. I do not know whether they were involved, or whether they knew what was going on, and whether they chose to remain quiet about it. I find it hard to believe that, if they knew what he was up to, they would have gone along with it.

Gerhard and Danie were aged 30+. Gerhard looked like a typical Professor, although I am not sure, I think he worked along with Nduna as a chemist or in the lab as something of the sort. I am not sure about Danie – I think he was a bit younger –

Danie I would put in his late 20s and Gerhard I would put in his mid-30s. As far as I can remember – my perception is that they were just out for the hiking and the `crack' on the outing. It did not appear that they had any sinister motivations or intentions. I doubt they knew what was going on. Gerhard was well educated and had his wits about him. Danie was more an NG Kerk Afrikaner, stuck in his old-fashioned ways, although he could be quite a laugh. His general outlook on life would have been quite conservative.

Sometimes there would be a new boy on the camp, and I remember Nduna saying – I remember him saying this about Carl in fact; "I don't know if I like that lad. I don't know if I'll invite him on the next camp." I think he got the measure of which boys he could lead astray, and which boys had something more about them and were outspoken and were savvier. Nduna commented on one boy; "I won't be having him along again. He's too strong-willed." John only came on camps with Oliver. That was it! Oliver was Nduna's son.

I would have gone into Nduna's tent on camps when Oliver was there. He knew about it absolutely. Oliver did not go on as many camps as I did. Oliver was a couple of years older than me. He was among those who would be involved in the stinging nettles; catching a younger lad and getting the stinging nettles down there. Oliver was one of the older lads who his dad would have triggered for that to happen. What he must have thought of it all, I don't know. I suppose if the dad was clever enough to manipulate others, he must have been clever enough to have put a spin on it with his own son.

On a six-day hike, when I was the chosen one, it would have been me who spent each night in Nduna's tent. I remember only one other lad going in for a night, or maybe two. Mostly it would just have been one lad who was his special `buddy' – for want of a better word. I remember Malcolm was also one of Nduna's chosen. If he was in, I would have been with the lads for the whole camp, and on the next camp, it would have been the other way round, although maybe one night he went into Nduna's tent.

Nduna taught me how to drive. When we had left the tar road, he would ask if I wanted to carry on driving. Initially, I would have been sitting on his lap, but after a while he would let me drive, taking the wheel. Great fun as a young boy!

I was terrible at maths at school and he would let me go around to his house on Tuesday and Thursday evenings. Margaret would be sitting there reading. He would sit with me at the dining room table and tutor me in maths. It helped me tremendously to get through Standard 8 maths, after which I dropped it. I enjoyed the camping, the tubing, going to the plot, the outdoors and the tutoring. I went on family holidays with them. If Nduna was outside or away doing something, I would have conversations with Margaret. On walks, if Nduna was talking with someone else, Margaret and I would talk. If I popped round to see him at home unexpectedly, and he wasn't home, we would have a cup of tea or a glass of juice, just to be polite, and catch up on bits and pieces. Nduna was an atheist through and through, but Margaret used to go to church. He was anti-religion. Nduna used to tease her. It is neither here nor there. I do not know why someone would need to mention it.

Those experiences made me clumsy in my relations with girls. When my wife and I decided to

have kids, she already knew about the abuse. She was extremely concerned when our first daughter was born. She said; "I am worried! Will you try to prey on them as you were preyed on?" That hit me for six! I was the victim, not the perpetrator. That knocked my confidence again, and I had to build up the trust – or I felt I had to. Not that there was any chance that I would ever do something like that. From a physical point of view, from a sexual point of view, I did not feel adequate with my wife. She was my fiancé at that time. With time that passed. I think it's also made me a stronger person in terms of being able to understand those things, to understand how people are affected by it, and how it could bring addiction into life and how to cope with things. I had a very bad spell at the age of 39. I hadn't touched drugs throughout my childhood or early adulthood. At 39 I was in a very well paid and good job. I got in with the wrong crowd. I became addicted to drugs for about a year. I do not know if it was escapism? You question things in your past that you have forgotten about. I related it back to that abuse. I wondered whether it had affected me. It came to a head when I had a car accident. I nearly lost my wife and kids. When I recovered from that physically, I decided to knock the drugs on the head. That was an interesting couple of weeks, but it worked. I have never looked back!

I conducted the above interview as I was finishing this manuscript. I realise that it is far more explicit and powerful than the material I had gathered by then. This was a good 10 years after my time, and the time when my classmates were involved, but I present the material I had collected below.

*

At the end of 1979 I had a discussion with Nduna, at which he told me why he had left Scouts, and he told me as follows; (I was 18, he was 44 years old).

Mr Nduna explained to me the circumstances under which he left (was asked to leave) Scouts; to stop being a Scout Leader. He said that he had organised a wide game which involved the Troop going down to the river, where there were tubes and poles for them to make rafts to cross. Great so far! I have done this myself. Then, as though it was the most natural thing in the world, he - what word did he use? - `encouraged' the boys to strip and swim naked so they could keep their clothes dry. Okay, that is stretching it - a bit - or more. Then he felt that it was wrong for him to be clothed while they had (!) to swim naked! Stop right there, before you go any further!! So all are naked? Him along with the boys? They swim across the river. I am assuming this was at night, but I never questioned this. The boys held on to the rafts, and he swam amongst the different raft/crews, making sure that they were okay. (Might they have been less concerned if he hadn't done this?)

He explained to me, in his porch in 1979 or 1980, that because of this, the Scouting officials said that although he had not done anything wrong (according to his report) they wanted him to stop being a Scout Leader. He complied. He started his own group where he was the boss.

To me, he loses credibility when he `encourages' the boys to go naked. There's nothing wrong with stripping to underpants as far as I am concerned, himself as well, but knowing what he had planned, he could have `Been Prepared' and taken his trunks. Okay, some of the boys might have shown off and swum naked anyway. I would hope that if I had been in his place, I would have told them that was

their choice and made sure that none of the younger boys felt coerced into doing the same. `Him being naked' crossed the point of no return. Plenty of adults will have been in situations where they are clothed and children might be briefly naked - thinking of changing rooms at school etc - but you do not have to strip off as well. The `they were ... so I had to ...' displays the blurring of boundaries, the normalising the situation ... which makes later abuse easier.

It seems likely that Nduna left Scouts in 1965, from the memory of the man who took over as Scout Master when he left. I calculate that he would have been 30 years old at this time.

I am aware from my profession of how people will often minimise what they are accused of having done wrong, so there may be more to the situation than he told me. I think he told me enough!

What did my peer group report? I have included the names, though changed, in this section, as I find it interesting how people speak for and contradict each other. I do not mock this. They are defending themselves against an inquisitive intruder who was not involved. All this happened in the 1970s:

Russell: *I do remember that he was a complete perv. I often wonder who he molested amongst our contemporaries. I have some suspicions. I think Chris might know more than me. Roger probably knows a lot but has never said anything about Nduna sharing a tent with Tony. I think Craig may also know something. He dared us boys, all about 12 years old, to pull down our pants while in the back seat of his car and, without using our hands, see who could get a*

hard-on first. I do not remember if I complied, but some did.

Craig never had to pay camp fees and Nduna would take him for driving lessons with Craig on his lap. Roger is another one who might be approachable as he also was a Nduna favourite. He was also the worst when it came to initiating younger boys on swim team. Shaving and toothpaste would be a criminal offence today. He was a bit of a bully in his teens.

Craig: *I was also subjected to his sexual advances. I only went on two of his camps. He tried advances on the second camp. At the time I was 13. I told my father, and he went to sort him out. He just told me it was done the old fashion way. It took only two punches. He was told if [my Dad] heard of any advances being made to anyone else, he would be reported. I never went on his camps again. To this day I do not know if charges were ever laid.*

Tony: *I attended 3 camps with him. One in the Magaliesberg, one at Champagne Castle in the Berg and the last one was on the Wild Coast. I was extremely naive at that stage of my life and did not fit into his group so well in the end. I also suffered from a lot of verbal abuse by my classmates who did their best to make jokes about me. Later in my school days, things improved in that regard. I cannot say exactly what was weird about the camps other than some very weird things that he liked and got great happiness from like making us swim in the nick in the cold mountain streams. I took it as just a lot of fun but later in life, I wondered about that.*

Warren: *As for Mr Nduna, well yes, what can one say? It is true, he mucked about with us youngsters,*

but that was a very long time ago. Today he would probably be labelled a paedophile or something equally nefarious, but at the time these acts happened I was more grateful for being able to get out from under my tyrant mother's eyes, even for just a weekend. So, am I a victim? Probably. Did it affect my adult life? Maybe. I look at photos of those hiking trips and I remember the actual trip and enjoying time away from a less than ideal home life. I do not hold any grudges against the late Mr Nduna. I remember him as a sort of Scoutmaster with deviant tendencies.

I do not think it will serve any purpose to divulge the graphic details of what happened at night in his tent on those camping trips, save to say, no actual sexual acts took place. He got his jollies off watching young boys masturbate, that's it.

I am not sure whether I can assist you in your enquiries concerning the Deep Heat balls treatment. I have heard about it, way back, probably in the army or somewhere but never experienced it or gave it much thought. I was always quite adept at avoiding any sort of initiation if I remember correctly. But then again, I have to dig really deep to remember certain things that happened in my childhood.

Coping mechanism and self-preservation, I guess, but that's your area of expertise.

Roger: *I stopped camping with him before I left school if I remember correctly. I never saw him again.*

Sister of one of Nduna's regular campers: *He did not like me. "You are too outspoken," he told me. My brother went all over South Africa and Namibia with him. My brother went to Nduna's funeral. I spoke to my brother. I asked outright [if `anything' happened].*

He said `never'. My dad had warned him about weird men. My brother would have told.

Jason: *Nothing happened to me and Craig, Tom, Adam or most of the others or they never said anything, which I am sure they would have. Warren spoke about his experiences on camps which we did not attend. Sorry, I can't help or say much. I enjoyed them, maybe because I like the bush and camping a lot.*

William: *My Dad seems to know a bit, we were talking a while back and he mentioned Nduna and said something like `he liked boys' There were lots of rumours going around. I do not have any direct evidence. It may be just rumours. You remember how paranoid we all were about homosexuality, even though we did not even know what it was.*

I went on a hike he arranged with the hiking club. There were numerous parents present.

In the section above, although I have changed the names, I have kept the identities because I find the interaction interesting. Russell suggests that I asked Tony about sleeping in Nduna's tent, but when I asked Tony, he made no mention of this. He suggested his naïveté about the required naked swimming. Tony does mention that he was not socially integrated with his peer group, which would have made him a likely target for a man with sinister intentions. Craig acknowledges the grooming that Russell suggested but then Jason says that nothing happened to Craig. There were another three people that I had quotations from, but these only go to confirm what others cited above have said, so I have not included them here.

Was Nduna escalating his offending behaviour, if he was content to watch boys masturbating in the 1970s, but expecting oral sex a decade or more later? Or was my peer group minimising what they became involved in?

- I note that `teaching boys to drive his car' with them sitting on his lap seems to be a part of his *modus operandi*.

I am aware from my professional experience how many people with an inappropriate interest in children may be careful in who they approach, and approach a small proportion of the number of children they have access to. This would then mean that most children are likely to have positive memories of the person who is accused of abusing others. If it did not happen to them and was not disclosed to them, they can easily rise to the defence of the person accused based on `it never happened to me.' There are several people I have had contact with who have been protective of Nduna, mentioning that he had been a positive influence on them during their adolescence. I noticed several comments that they had observed nothing, but then mention that they were accompanied by their fathers, or that there were other adults around, which could have inhibited inappropriate behaviour.

I had some discussions with him when I was 18, as a young Scout Leader interested in getting some help with the role, and it was in this context that he told me why he had left Scouts. He mentioned having taken a pastoral role beyond that normal for a Scout Leader, and that one or two troubled children who had run away from home, had come to him for a place to stay, and how he had taken the precaution, after discussion with them, of informing their parents where they

were. Many people have positive memories of him, who are protective of his memory. I do not know whether nothing happened to them, or whether they have chosen not to disclose anything that did.

*

Scott was someone I had a nodding acquaintance with at school, but we have had much more contact in the last ten years than we did at school. He was one of several British immigrant families who arrived in the town, generally considered as undisciplined as they encountered the more authoritarian society of small-town South Africa.

Scott reports: *"I was really `in love' with Cathy, Nduna's daughter when I was about 14. We were together for over 3 years until just before I left South Africa. Never heard anything from her since. I upset her too much when we broke up.*

I only went on one hike with him, which he absolutely insisted upon. It was a few months after I started going out with Cathy. I did not look forward to it very much as I had heard a lot of stories from the people I've just mentioned, none of what went on was particularly `secret' among the boys though I doubt if parents knew anything about it.

During that trip to the Drakensberg in December 76, there was a great deal of compulsory nakedness in the wilderness. But it was pretty tame stuff. I can't really say that I saw any kind of abuse. He did put a big live crab down my underpants at one point when I was reluctant to get undressed again, but apart from that, the worse thing I saw him do on that weekend camp was to throw people in the water. There was a fair bit of teasing which might be construed as psychological bullying as well maybe.

But as I got to know Nduna quite well during the years I spent as Cathy's boyfriend I was subjected to some stuff from him outside the camps. One day he `playfully' pushed a walking stick into my rectum (though I had trousers on luckily) but it was still painful and humiliating. He really did not like me very much ha-ha! Cathy told me that he complained to her about choosing a `lower class immigrant' for a boyfriend. As far as I knew there was very little anti-immigrant feeling among the white population at that point, so I was quite surprised to hear this!

The circle of guys who I named above - including Warren - used to talk about this among themselves. I knew about these camps before I started seeing Cathy or had met her dad. I also knew what to expect on the camp and went there with some trepidation. It was a bit weird, his behaviour being frankly unacceptable nowadays.

You might get better information from people like Warren, Craig, Jason, Tom and the like who I think were regulars on his trips.

On the trip I went on, I would say that on the surface it seemed pretty innocent. There was definitely no molestation going on to my knowledge. There was the compulsory nakedness and there was quite a bit of talk from Nduna that wasn't exactly `dirty talk', but bordered on sexual banter that was inappropriate for 14-year-old boys to be engaged in with a grown man.

There was definitely an `undercurrent' at the camp I went on. There was some inappropriate talk/banter/jokes. I think Nduna was trying to give the impression that this was the kind of thing that men talked about when they were away on these trips, and

that he was letting us into that kind of grown-up manly world as a temporary privilege.

I do not remember having to pay anything. I think it was all covered by him. Maybe it was different for me though as he took me along for a test as I had started going out with Cathy. Think I failed - ha-ha!!! But maybe others had to contribute?

*

In a conversation rather than an interview in 2018, a friend acknowledged that `yes, he had had the Deep Heat treatment', but that on later camps, when there was some new `poor sap' along, then it happened to them and not to those already initiated. He implied that it was part of a rite of passage or initiation requirement that the new poor saps spend the nights of their first camp or hike with Nduna in his tent. His attitude was of `that was the way it was!' It happened to you the first time, and it happened to someone else, or other people after that.

He had been invited to go on a holiday with Mr Nduna and his family. He found that the intention was that he would share a tent with Mr Nduna, while Mr Nduna's wife and children would be in a different tent. My friend declined this saying; "share a tent with your wife. I can sleep in the same tent as your children." He did not go on that holiday, as he did not accept the terms and conditions, but he continued to go on the hikes.

*

Although neither of us had been on hikes with Nduna, another friend had vague memories of adults discussing Nduna and his actions in hushed tones. This friend volunteered to ask his mother whether she had any recollection of this. He reported back to me

(2019) that he had asked when the opportunity presented itself, only to find that his mother had no idea of the rumours. She was shocked to learn of this from his question. This indicates that some parents did not know, rather than they all had suspicions but did not know how to act.

Professionally, I know that people with such predilections are usually very careful – wanting to prevent people not involved from finding out. Many boys did not tell. Well, not parents or authorities. They did tell their peers. Rumours drifted on to other boys – who were not involved - who might have discussed it with their parents. I know what I knew about Mr Nduna. I only mentioned it to my parents in the vaguest terms when they pressured me to accept his invitation to go camping with him. Although I was about 11 when I first heard about the camps and what could happen, I had my second and final invitation to attend one of his camps when I was 15.

I remember the scene clearly. I had taken morning tea into my parents in their bedroom, and probably my mother suggested to me that Nduna had been in contact to remind them of his invitation. He had explained to me that he would only offer two invitations, after which there would be no further opportunities to go hiking with him. I am interested to note how he would go through the parents of boys who were `reluctant' – shall we say – to go hiking with him. I explained to my parents that I did not wish to go, and stated that I thought that `he was homosexual'. This ended the conversation abruptly. My parents asked no more questions. The subject never came up again.

I have told this story subsequently to professional colleagues in the mental health world,

who took it upon themselves to remind me that `homosexual' did not imply paedophilia, which of course I am aware of! At that stage, I wasn't concerned with the finer differentiation. I was clear why I did not wish to attend events with him, which I described the best I could.

I heard a rumour that Nduna was convicted, and served time for child sexual abuse, but the origins of this disappeared. There are no traces in the police circles that I have been able to access, and salacious stories actively enter the rumour mill. I gather that this did not happen.

I learned from someone with knowledge of the legal system that people might have been concerned about raising their concerns because of the libel law in South Africa at the time. This `was designed to protect ex-convicts trying to get jobs. Although the statute still stands in South Africa, case law has long since made it very difficult to claim libel if the defamer has spoken the truth - the prevalent fear in South Africa at the time of being sued for libel. Under United Kingdom law, truth is an absolute defence against libel; but not in South Africa. This probably helps explain why so few parents wanted to lay their heads on a block.'

With Nduna, did the Scout Organisation feel that they had done as much as they could by asking him to leave the movement? Did they feel they did not have a strong enough case to prevent him from doing what they suspected if he left Scouting and continued independently?

I hope that if I had had sons, I would have instilled in them that they were to tell me of anything they felt uncomfortable with and that they were free to tell anyone "I will tell my dad!" They would not need to

fear being called a snitch or a tattletale as they would be worse descriptions made of the boys who wanted to do things to them – I would see to that!

If it was reported it could have stopped, and no further people might have been abused.

`Chase the hyena away.
Let it go and eat someone else's children.'

Second Case Study: Jan-Börge Knös

December 09, 1932 - October 26, 1986 (died aged 53)

`Father' Jan Knös was charged with three offences of buggery, four of gross indecency and 20 indecent assaults involving six boys and two girls. At the time, in 1986, he was the vicar of the St Michael and All Angels Church north of Humberside, near Hull in eastern England. His wife, Brenda, died of cancer in 1984. An amalgamation of newspaper reports[6] follows:

CHARGES

Parents and parishioners began campaigning for charges against Mr Knös in November 1985. The shocking allegations of child sex offences against him began to surface when a dozen young boys and girls spoke of his sexploits to their parents.

The children said Mr Knös had assaulted them sexually, molesting them, exposing himself and showing them pornographic videos while their parents believed they were at church youth club meetings.

Another mother said the vicar kissed and fondled her eight-year-old twin boys and her 10-year-old daughter. The children were shown video films of women `doing things to one another'.

"The vicar would sit and bounce my son on his knee before exposing himself," she said. "My son saw him attempt a sex assault on a boy in a toilet," she added.

The shocking double life of the vicar first began to emerge last year when a dozen boys and girls – some as young as seven – complained of his sexploits to their stunned parents.

One distraught mother claimed that the vicar had sexually assaulted her 12-year-old son for more than a year on his boat and at the vicarage after prayer meetings.

The mother of one 12-year-old boy, a divorcee who was herself raped at the age of 18, said Mr Knös assaulted her son while his wife was dying of cancer. "He's a monster, an evil man who should not be allowed to stay in the church," she said.

Most of the assaults were said to have been committed at the red-brick vicarage next to the church, but he was also accused of sex assaults on children at a nearby caravan site, a lay-by on a motorway and in a park and on one of the boats that he owned.

The vicar's solicitor, Mr Robin Armit, said that Mr Knös did not want to comment on detailed allegations about his conduct with young children.

Mr Knös first appeared in court in April [1986] and the 28 charges included gross indecency and indecent assault on both boys and girls aged between 10 and 14. He always denied the allegations.

INVESTIGATIONS

His outward face of respectability began to crumble when he was assaulted by the angry uncle of a 10-year-old girl after the uncle accused him of sexually assaulting her.

The drama reached a climax in March [1986] when angry parishioners of North Humberside marched into his vicarage and laid siege to it until he quit his post in the Church.

Acting on complaints by the parents, detectives probing the allegations against the vicar

amassed statements detailing the offences. But none of the alleged assaults was witnessed and the police decided that the evidence of the children was `unreliable'.

A political storm erupted in Britain on Tuesday when anti-child pornography campaigner Tory MP, Mr Geoffrey Dickens, tried unsuccessfully to name Mr Knös in Parliament as part of a `crusade to protect little children' from sex attacks.

The speaker of the House of Commons ruled that Mr Dickens would be taking unfair advantage of the Parlia-mentary privilege which protects him from defamation.

The parents of the molested children had turned to Mr Dickens for help after the police said that they did not have enough evidence to prosecute the clergyman, who had twice ignored pleas by his Archbishop to quit the parish.

Despite the Parliamentary gag on Mr Dickens, the vicar's alleged activities – which included part ownership of a porn video business – were revealed by British newspapers.

The publicity persuaded more parents to come forward and after reopening the file, the Director of Public Prosecutions brought charges. He was arrested after a two-year probe by police.

DIGRESSION: Dickens had compiled a dossier[7] of suspected paedophiles high in the political establishment. He handed it to the Home Secretary, Leon Brittan – who lost it – later to be charged himself, but died before the investigation was completed. Dickens had two copies – one he handed to the minister, the other he left with his wife, who disapproved of the content, and so she destroyed it!

CHURCH REACTION

Last night the Archbishop of York, the Rt Rev Dr John Habgood, said in a statement that when rumours about Mr Knös first surfaced a year ago, the Bishop of Hull, his superior, discussed with him the option of resigning.

"He was told he would be able to collect a reasonable pension and be able to leave his post honourably."

"Unfortunately, this offer was not taken up and the question of resignation was pressed on him more than once since then."

The Archbishop said that the priest had suffered a severe heart attack after the death of his wife two years ago and was now resigning `on health grounds'.

He said: "I received a letter from him yesterday which indicates that he will leave the church on April 13.

"Until then he will be on sick leave and take no further part in the running of his church.

"The intense public interest in the now-named Hull vicar has put a tremendous strain on him and his family. I trust now he has resigned he will be left alone unless the matter against him is proceeded with.

"As you will realise, the pressure over the last few weeks has made it much more difficult for him to retire, in that his resignation might seem like an admission of guilt."

Dr Habgood was asked whether he felt there was any truth to the rumours concerning the vicar.

He replied: "I certainly feel the vicar has been foolish."

LIFESTYLE

He first attracted publicity after a British newspaper revealed that he had a financial interest in a video hire shop at which 400 soft porn films were readily available with such titles as `Loose Screws' and `Barbarian Queen'. The porn shop is one of the several stores owned by a company that the vicar started with cash from a South African family inheritance he received after arriving in Britain.

Parishioners said Mr Knös was popular with the children. [Really?] They loved playing with video games, his huge model train set and operating the CB radio which the vicar – callsign Sky Pilot – kept in a shed in his garden.–He spent hours on his CB set, calling up women and using streams of four-letter words over the air.

The vicar liked to parade around his parish wearing a full-length black clerical cloak with a silver cross dangling from his neck, and to be known as `Father Jan'. He liked to play the country squire and kept several dogs at his rambling, brick-built vicarage where many of the offences were later alleged to have taken place.

To the depressed council estate parish, he displayed a remarkably wealthy lifestyle. His apparent wealth was a complete contrast to the rundown council estate where he held his ministry. He claimed it came from an inheritance of his late wife, but his money came in fact from his interest in the video hire shop and interests he held in a local butchery.

At one stage he owned two oceangoing yachts– one a 14m sea-going luxury cruiser moored at Hull marina, a river barge moored on a nearby beck, a mobile caravan, a jeep, two cars, a video shop which included soft porn films amongst its stock and an interest in a butcher's business.

DIGRESSION: Paedophiles and boats[8] – I've come across some interesting research about paedophiles use of boats – I do not think Knös was in either league, but paedophiles on probation have found that living on canal boats makes it easy for them to change addresses, to avoid probation officers, while the wealthier and more extreme paedophiles can sail out into the privacy of the ocean, where, possibly they can dispose of `the evidence' if their activities go as far as murder.

Unlike Mr Knös, his wife was popular in the parish and regularly helped out at weekly jumble sales. Their daughter, 17, and sons, 16 and 13, were educated at private boarding schools.

When in Sasolburg, Mr Knös appeared to have plenty of money — unlike his `poor as a church mouse' predecessor. The neighbour said he had a large car, caravan, good antique furniture and sufficient funds to take the whole family overseas for a month-long holiday.

He was apparently not a popular preacher, attracting only about 20 people at a time to his Sunday services.

HISTORY

He was born in Sweden, the son of a moderately successful businessman. He emigrated to South Africa in 1960.

Mr Knös underwent training for the priesthood at St Paul's College in Grahamstown in 1964, but he failed his final theological examinations.

"He did not achieve any diploma or certificate," the former warden of the college and now Bishop of Johannes-burg, the Reverend Duncan Buchanan, said yesterday.

"The Anglican Church has never assumed that a diploma is the only qualification for the ministry. It would have been assumed that he had other qualifications or qualities. In this case, I would say it was 'reluctantly assumed'," he said.

Mr Knös served in the Church of the Province of South Africa for nearly 20 years; as deacon and priest in Simonstown, an assistant priest at Bonteheuwel in Caledon, priest-in-charge in Paarl, at Hopefield, and curate and assistant priest at Plumstead in the Cape. He left the Cape in 1978 to take up the rectorship at St Michael and All Angels in Sasolburg, and the neighbouring parish of St Edward's, Parys

His last posting in South Africa was as rector to the coloured parish of St Philip's in the Church of the Province's Bloemfontein diocese. He was there for about 16 months, from the end of 1979 and from there to Britain in 1981.

His former Dean in Bloemfontein, Dean Aiden Cross, knew him well. "I would describe the allegations made against him as thoroughly out of character," said Mr Cross yesterday. "I had no knowledge of anything like that."I can only think that an underlying cause of whatever happened may be the result of his wife's tragic death from cancer about two years ago. I know that both he and his wife were

distressed about one of their children who was mentally retarded," he said.

He did not think there was anything sinister in the fact that Mr Knös had many posts in South Africa. Mr Cross said Mr Knös was the type of person who never stayed in one place long.

When he had resigned in Bloemfontein it had been for no reason other than his wish to emigrate and his desire for a change of scene. "He suddenly made up his mind to go."

But a former neighbour in Sasolburg, Mr Knös's posting in 1978, said the vicar's anti-Government and political attitudes had upset him.

The neighbour, who asked not to be named, said he had telephoned the police to complain that black people stayed overnight in the vicarage.

His South African parishioners rebelled against his blunt and sometimes arrogant manner and after several years of argument, he came to Britain with his family, where he was installed at St Michael and All Angels by the Bishop of Hull, the Right Rev. Donald Snelgrove, in November 1981.

DEATH

Rev Jan Knös, a burly South African clergyman who lured children to his vicarage for sex sessions died of a massive heart attack in a British prison (Hull) this week, only days before he was due to face 28 child sex charges. He was thought to have had a heart condition but a Home Office spokesman declined to comment on the cause of death. The two prisoners sharing his cell raised the alarm late yesterday and prison officers found his lifeless body in bed.

Mr Knös was being held under special guard in prison `for his own safety' since being committed for trial in April this year. Fellow prisoners had threatened to `get him' after some of the details of his `sex games' with children – mainly young boys – were revealed at his first court appearance. It is thought the strain of his arrest and the shame that his admissions would bring to his three teenage children proved too much for him.

Mrs Diane Core, of the British `Childwatch' organisation which campaigns for the rights of children, and who was instrumental in getting the police to investigate Mr Knös, said after his death this week that she was `sorry' for his family. She said: "There were never going to be any winners in this situation and the children involved will now be spared the extra pain of having to give evidence in court."

It is not known who will take care of his surviving children – as police and parents have been anxious that they do not suffer from publicity as the result of their father's double life.

Sex Charge Vicar: Mum May Claim

By John Ratcliffe

The mother of a boy allegedly sexually assaulted by the Rev Jan Knös, who died in Hull prison, may seek compensation.

Mr Knös (53), was due to appear in Crown Court on November 7 to face 28 charges of indecently assaulting children.

The mother said today "I am sorry for Mr Knös' children and I am pleased that our children will not now have to appear in court – but I feel cheated."

Alarm

"I didn't wish the man to die. I wanted justice to be done. I will be getting legal advice on compensation as soon as my solicitor returns from holiday," she said.

Mr Knös died in Hull jail late on Sunday night. The alarm was raised by two prisoners who shared his cell. He is believed to have suffered a heart attack. A post-mortem was due to be held today.

The mother was one of the first to campaign for Mr Knös' prosecution, and her efforts prompted other parents and children to come forward and talk about their experiences.

"As a Christian, I know I shouldn't bear grudges. But I feel when a child says he has been molested, that child doesn't always get over it unless the perpetrator is brought to justice.

SUFFERING

"I really believed that justice was going to be done next week."

"His death hasn't solved anything. It's been two years and now we'll never know."

Mr Geoffrey Dickens, the Tory MP; "The children who allegedly suffered will not now have to appear in court, and that is perhaps a good thing. "In time, they will begin to recover and they will not have to live with the fear of possibly bumping into this man."

On Mr Knös's children, now 17, 14, and 16, Mr Dickens said: "Their mother died of cancer and their father in a prison. That is not a very nice place to die," he said.

We know that child molesters (even suspected ones) are generally victimised in the prison system. I wonder if the two prisoners who shared a cell with him when he died were investigated, and any bruising on their knuckles noted.

*

What is this to me? I knew who he was in my senior years in High School when he was the local Anglican Priest – it was a relatively small town with a small English-speaking community, and there was much collaboration between the Methodists and the Anglicans. I did not like him.

Interesting how this man, who seemed to be completely inappropriate for this line of work, came to occupy it, and how incredibly difficult it was for the church to get rid of him – or were they not really trying? He failed to graduate from seminary and yet was allowed to be a parish priest. In the town where I knew him, there have been multiple comments about the amount of damage that he did to the congregation, with many leaving the church, and going to the not too dissimilar in philosophy Methodist Church.

A boy who was a friend of mine died tragically on his 13th birthday, and while arranging the funeral with his distraught parents, Mr Knös took it upon himself to say that David's death might have been caused by God as some punishment for something done by his parents, or their parents. I believe that this is not the philosophy of the Anglican Church but seems to be an incredibly callous comment to make to grieving parents.

I was interested to know whether there were any suggestions or rumours of him doing anything sexually inappropriate with children at the time I knew him, but I have not uncovered any information.

I do have a report on him being oblivious of boundary issues.

For one Sunday School class, Carl and about five other boys aged about 7 were taken from the church over to the manse, and into Jan Knös's bedroom, where, sat on the bed, they watched a video on the television set in the bedroom. The video they watched was entirely appropriate to Sunday School, being of `Daniel in the Lion's Den' or similar, but in later years Carl reflected on the strangeness of them going into the (married) priest's bedroom. Nothing adverse happened there.

Carl reports having expressed to his mum, a devout Anglican adherent that he just did not like Jan Knös.

I have not come across any information regarding Jan Knös having been sexually abusing children during his Sasolburg days.

The combined press reports provided above give plenty of information on his *modus operandi*; of how he `lured' children to him for abuse; the videogames, CB radio et cetera, and how he groomed them by getting them to sit on his lap et cetera, while also having venues in which the abuse could take place in addition to his home, such as his boats.

I was interested to see if I could contact any of his victims, or possibly their parents, in the hope of getting a first-hand account, but this proved unsuccessful. I contacted the solicitor who had defended him, but, understandably, after the time that has elapsed, they reported that they had kept no information on the case.

I contacted the relevant British police constabulary, with a `Freedom of Information Act'

request, (October 2015) and initially, I had a positive response to the effect of `We've found several boxes - what is it you want?' When I answered along the lines of `such information as to gain an understanding of his *modus operandi*, the interest on their side seemed to dry up and they declined to give me information on the basis that some of his victims might still be alive. I mentioned my interest in establishing his modus operandi et cetera, indicated my professional qualifications and registrations which I thought would indicate that I would observe confidentiality et cetera, but the officer's initial enthusiastic helpfulness faltered. I received a message back from him saying that the decision had been taken that given some of the people involved still being alive, the decision was not to provide any information to me, and that was the end of the matter as far as they were concerned. I had, and have, the option of putting an advert in a local paper in the area expressing my interest, which could provide someone negatively affected by Knös to be able to give their account, but I have not done so.

I have followed up through the Church of England and wrote to the Safeguarding officer – Mrs Munn (6 Oct 20), and separately the Archbishop of York (21 Oct. 20) but have not had replies to either. I have found that the Church of England has exemption from the `Freedom of Information' legislation, so that is not an avenue open to me.[9]

I sent an email to Diane Core at the most recent contact address I could find for her, as a York Hospital Chaplaincy visitor (7 December 2020), but the chaplain replied to me promptly that she had left several years previously.

Third Case Study: `Skip'

`I am glad to hear "Skip" is dead and getting tormented in hell.'

In the early 1970s, a complaint was made against a Scout Leader that he had been sexually inappropriate with several Scouts. The specific allegations were of him allowing or probably encouraging boys to masturbate openly within the group, then mutual masturbation between boys, and then he would join in actively. It was suggested that this would progress on to some oral sex, but out of sight of those not involved, so no one has told me they witnessed this. There are also reports of the Troop camping in isolated locations and all walking naked along the beach, comparing and commenting on each other's genitals.

DIGRESSION: I was intrigued by what was meant by "commenting on each other's genitals". I expect this included awareness of the intact/circumcised difference, and size, which would be age-related; differences expected between a 12-year-old and a 16-year-old. There are also known variations regarding a `grower' where a penis relatively small in a flaccid state might grow considerably in an erect state, versus a `shower' where a penis remains of approximately the same volume, with only the direction changing in erection. There can be variations to the penis hanging straight down, with a tendency to hang to one side or the other, emphasised in erection. There may be birthmarks or freckles. In 2019 one of the witnesses described Jeffrey Epstein as having `an egg-shaped penis'! Deliberately said within my earshot as a

young Scout Leader, one Scout described his brother's penis as having a mole on the end, so that it looked like `an eye - watching you'!

Skip's behaviours, not just the allegation, have been confirmed by two different people.

Skip's downfall, after this was apparently the norm for about eight years, came when a first-timer on one of the camps told of his unhappiness and disapproval of what had happened on a camp when he returned. His parents raised this with the Scouting authorities.

The Group Scout Leader met with each of the parents, and it was found that unexpectedly from today's perspective – the parents were generally not outraged, considering that what had happened was `what boys do' even if Skip had involved himself, and rather than wanting him expelled or reported, they wished for no change to take place, and for Skip to remain as the Scout Leader.

Skip was not someone who conformed to the stereotype of what homosexuals or child abusers were generally seen in the early 70s, he was not at all effeminate, and if anything was inclined to be macho – `a man's man!' whose interests included martial arts and rock climbing. It seems that he lived with his parents into adulthood. He does not seem to have had a career as such, but that he was well known as a shop assistant.

The matter was dealt with by a Scouting authority, now deceased, and Skip voluntarily agreed to leave the Group, and he left that area. It seems he did not become involved with Scouting ever again. He died in 2005. He did remain in contact with some

of the boys who he had been close to in the Troop, and many of the senior boys left at the time he left, possibly in some sense of solidarity with him.

A new Assistant Scout Leader was imported from somewhere else to take over, which seemed to happen reasonably smoothly, with the boys most involved in the sexual activity having left following Skip's departure.

This all happened before I was old enough to be a Scout, but I have managed to do some research and have information from several different contributors, most of whom do not know each other. I am keen not to identify the Troop here, as it would be unfair for members of the Troop who might have been involved when they were teenagers to be identified, so I ask readers to focus on the issues raised. I am aware of the names of the key players, which, as with many elsewhere in this book I have anonymised.

Most striking to me is my surprise to learn that when the parents learned that Skip had been sexually active with their sons, instead of setting up a lynch mob, they were – apparently with some exceptions – willing to defend him, and to suggest that it was `a storm in a teacup', that it would `soon pass over' and it would be in everybody's interests for the status quo to be allowed to continue. Yet this is what seems to have happened.

A couple of facts seem to have come through; Skip was mostly a solo Scout Leader, and so did not have a co-leader who might have reservations about the sexual contact with boys that Skip wanted, and managed to engineer. He kept the numbers of boys in his Troop small, such that they could all fit into his campervan for going on Troop camps, or at least the

number of boys who attended such camps was limited, thereby removing the need for another adult to help with transport, who would then become a possible witness to what happened.

It is unknown whether any consideration was given to reporting Skip to the police, but it seems there was no police involvement. I have been told that in South Africa at that time, unlike the legal system in the United Kingdom which I am more familiar with, the Scouting organisation and anyone who found themselves in a similar situation risk being charged with slander or libel, if they made the allegations described publicly, and could find themselves seriously compromised legally if the allegations made were not followed through in a court of law. Allegations being made, but then being withdrawn if the person making the allegations was required to give testimony in a public court, as was the case in those days, could often be withdrawn, as either the person making the allegations or as likely his parents would not wish him to have to go through the ordeal of testifying. I can therefore understand the dilemma faced with an organisation if the allegations they were acting upon were then withdrawn for such reasons even if all agreed that the allegations were substantive.

Skip seems to have been popular with the boys. There could have been some self-selecting boys who liked or appreciated what he had to offer. It does not seem that he was interested in being involved with other Scout Leaders in the greater area, but preferred to be a solo scouter, for reasons which we can now understand.

Popular as he might have been with his clique, he certainly had his detractors, and the quotation I

used at the start is taken directly from what a boy who knew him said.

Further information was that he grew up in financially compromised if not deprived circumstances, and it has been suggested that he might have been abused himself as a child, but I think this is speculation, possibly following the generally discredited theory that people who are abused as children go on to abuse children themselves when they are adults.

I met "Skip" when I was about 6 years old. My parents got to know his parents and they looked after us after school. My dad was a Pack Scouter with the Cubs which was the breeding ground for the Scout Group headed up by Skip. He was not married have never seen him with a female. He was a `hippy'-type man which made him very popular with the Scouts. He would push the conventional boundaries which the boys loved as it gave them more freedom during hikes, camps etc. he had an old Combi and loved music from Deep Purple to Joan Biaz. All this as well as opening up his house etc for the boys resulted in him being very popular. I am not sure about his interactions with the Scouts. I think he was very cautious because they understood sexual behaviour which made it high risk. He preferred the young innocent kids who were easy to influence and he could deny any wrong-doing. He also took advantage of boys he knew or who were somehow related to him. [Why did the boys not tell anyone?] *I believe he told the victims that it was natural to do it and bought them with favours.*

Officially, and according to the records, he left due to health difficulties. Although this wasn't in the official

records, he reported that he suffered from severe depression. It could have been a factor that the parents thought there was a risk that he might commit suicide if they prosecuted, which could have inhibited them from doing so.

I expect that most boys, especially initially would be reluctant to provide oral sex to someone else, thinking that doing so to a man would be disgusting, but can more easily understand a willingness to have their penis sucked. I understand that there is no evidence of any anal sex, but I expect that would be even more fascinating and disgusting to the boys, not least due to the presence of shit. I would be very surprised at a boy acknowledging that he had accepted anal penetration, with the inevitable questions "Did it hurt? Did he come inside you?" And I rather expect that me expecting the dominant role would be more attractive, that the boys listening to the story would offer to sodomise the boy himself rather than submitting to this from Skip. Even more bizarre, I would think, would be the reverse, if Skip wanted the boys to penetrate him, and whether he would have any authority amongst the boys if he was known to have done this, very cheekily they could have let him know that he had no authority, and I am surprised that he did not feel that there was any risk of him being blackmailed.

I am puzzled about new boys going along, where they found it was the norm to masturbate or allow themselves to be masturbated by others. I expect at least a small percentage would have been modest and inhibited, and not keen on the idea at all. Skip created the impression that walking along the beach naked was normal. I expect there was evidence to the contrary, with boys having attended sports tours, church camps, or other non-Scout activities

where such actions would not be allowed. The boys would have known they had to be discreet about what they told parents, adults, and their friends at school. Granted some boys did tell, but these must have been the minority, but until the final one, no-one raised the alarm.

I have had contact with more people who were involved, but I have not asked them to contribute. Unless they read this, they will not be aware of what I know. It could cause distress, unnecessary to embellish this account. I have enough information.

Fourth Case Study*:* Doug Drysdale

There is consensus that he died in January 2000, but while the newspapers reported that he was 48 years old at the time, there are other reports which are more credible that he was 62 at the time of his death.

Victims Celebrate Death of South African Paedophile[10]

Chris McGreal Johannesburg, Tue 25 Jan 2000

Victims of one of South Africa's worst serial sex offenders have published several dozen obituary notices celebrating the death of the former teacher and Scoutmaster who spent 20 years abusing boys.

Almost every day since Douglas Drysdale died a fortnight ago, newspapers have printed adverts denouncing the headmaster and former assistant area commissioner of the Scouts in KwaZulu-Natal.

They include obituary notices that said: "God has a special place for your kind" and "I pray you are where you belong, far away from us." Others said: "Forgive and forget they say. I'm afraid I can't" and "Douglas Drysdale is dead. South Africa is a safer place."

The police said they had received `numerous complaints' against Mr Drysdale over the years, but had been unable to prosecute him because the parents of the abused children were reluctant to expose them to the further trauma of a court case.

Mr Drysdale, who was 48 when he died of a heart attack, was forced to resign from the Scouts in 1980 after a 12-year-old boy told another Scoutmaster

he had been raped. But he was readmitted to the organisation nine years later and continued to abuse children.

The Scouts have defended the decision to allow Mr Drysdale back in, saying that "no case was ever proven" against him. But the police say they warned the organisation that he was `a very high priority' case and should have been kept away from children as a precautionary measure.

Mr Drysdale finally resigned from the Scouts two years ago after he was linked to another paedophile and Scoutmaster, Ken White, who shot himself when one of his victims went to the police.

When child protection officers raided Mr White's home, they found large amounts of pornographic photos of Scouts. His house was rigged with hidden cameras including one in the toilet, and the tapes were sold to other child pornographers. The police also found incriminating pictures of Mr Drysdale.

Scoutmaster's Death Celebrated.[11] 21 Jan 2000

A Durban principal had been under police investigation for paedophilia for many years, reports Paul Kirk.

The KwaZulu-Natal press has been peppered with advertisements celebrating the death of a former principal and Scoutmaster who has emerged as one of South Africa's worst serial paedophiles.

Douglas Drysdale, who died last week, was principal of two of KwaZulu-Natal's largest schools and the head of a leading Boy Scout Group. He was never prosecuted, apparently because parents were

wary of exposing their children to the trauma of a court case.

Glen Smith, a child protection unit detective inspector, confirmed this week that he was on Drysdale's trail for many years. "I cannot deny that we have investigated Mr Drysdale before. We have had numerous, no, make that many, complaints, but the complainants have always withdrawn their statements. Mr Drysdale has never appeared in court, but I can confirm that for a very long time he was a very high priority for us."

Those familiar with Drysdale's exploits spoke out this week as classified advertisements welcomed Drysdale's death. A recent one in Durban's Daily News read: "Douglas Drysdale is dead. South Africa is a safer place."

Drysdale was expelled from the Boy Scouts for allegedly molesting a boy, but was welcomed back into the movement before his death. He started his career at Brettonwood High and was promoted to George Campbell Technical High School, a large institution in the centre of Durban.

According to the police, Drysdale's world began to fall apart in 1998 when his fellow paedophile and Scoutmaster Ken White committed suicide. Detectives from the Durban child protection unit were on the trail of White who, when he heard that one of his victims had talked to police, shot himself.

White had also been expelled from the Scouting movement for molesting young children. When police searched White's home they found piles of child pornography that the Scoutmaster had made. They also found pictures of Drysdale, who introduced White to the Boy Scouts.

White, branded one of Durban's worst child molesters by Smith, had hidden cameras throughout his home to tape children who visited him after Scout meetings. A specially hidden one even filmed children as they used his bathroom. The videotapes were sold to other child molesters.

Soon after the suicide of his accomplice, Drysdale resigned from the Boy Scouts. Police say word soon got out that Drysdale may have been an `actor' in some of the child pornography White made. Police sources told the Mail & Guardian that ever since he resigned from the scouts Drysdale became increasingly paranoid and reclusive.

Chris Harley, a former Scoutmaster and Lifeline counsellor told the M&G of his experience of Drysdale that occurred almost 20 years ago when he (Harley) was a Scoutmaster of a group of Sea Scouts.

Harley told the M&G Drysdale, then assistant area commissioner of Boy Scouts in Natal, would often take his boys on sailing trips to Midmar Dam. During one of these trips, Drysdale allegedly sexually assaulted and raped a 12-year-old boy.

The boy's parents contacted Harley, among others, who immediately informed the area commissioner of the Boy Scouts, Dudley Forde. Forde demanded that Drysdale resign from the scouting movement. Drysdale nevertheless managed to return to the Scouts in 1989. When told Drysdale's expulsion from Scouting was only temporary Harley said: "I find this shocking and deplorable. I thought that when Dudley Forde had him resign that was the end of Drysdale."

Today Forde is rector of Michaelhouse, a leading private school, and a member of the South African training team for the Scouting movement.

Explaining how he allowed Drysdale back into the Scouting movement Forde said: "The movement investigated the allegations against Mr Drysdale in 1980. After discussions with the parents of the boy concerned, action was taken by way of the withdrawal of his warrant to operate in the movement. No case was proven against Mr Drysdale, which is why neither the parents nor the movement chose to take any further action."

The parents of the victim instituted criminal action against Drysdale, but then withdrew – apparently after considering the considerable trauma a court appearance would have inflicted on their child.

One of the victims gave the M&G an exclusive interview in the hope that more children who were molested by the Scouting duo syndicate will realise they were not alone and seek psychological assistance.

Said the victim: "I was a member of the Fourth St Thomas Scout Movement from 1972 to 1976. I was only 12 years old when I started and the period contained many highlights. It, however, deteriorated when Ken White joined and together with Douglas Drysdale camps became a continual groping session and widespread paedophilia occurred."

Contacted for comment, Mark Clayton, world director of communication for the Scouting movement, said the South African Scouting movement would now have to thoroughly investigate all the allegations made against Drysdale.

Police say Drysdale died of a heart attack. He was 48. [I understand he was 63 at the time of his death.]

*

Reading this article, one might conclude that from a modern perspective the idea of allowing somebody who had been accused of raping a 12-year-old child back into the Scouting organisation was questionable, to say the least. It would seem that the interpretation that the parents decided not to push charges which would have involved their son testifying to the abuse he had suffered in a public court would no longer be seen as being that because the charges were dropped, the defendant was therefore innocent.

But there is more. According to the above article, Doug Drysdale was expelled in 1980 and only allowed to rejoin the movement in 1989. Interesting! A very superficial Internet search discloses that in 1983 – so two or three years after he was expelled – he is found to have been the contingent leader of the Natal Scout contingent to the 1983 - Norfolk Jamboree, Norwich, England.[12]

It seems he was quietly allowed back into the organisation, in a leadership role some three years after being required to leave, except that he might have been allowed back in two years before this, and in fact a year after he resigned, meaning that he never left? In a discussion on the PLTU [Patrol Leaders Training Unit] Facebook Group, a named former Scout says that he and others he named attended the International Jamboree Tawdvale [near Liverpool] under the leadership of Doug Drysdale, in 1981.

I have heard unsubstantiated reports that Doug Drysdale formally adopted a son who delivered a

eulogy at his funeral. Unfortunately, I have not been able to confirm this. My research has found that in his estate he did not make provision for any such person, and enquiries from people who knew him have fallen on stony ground. If this is true, it would be fascinating to know how a decision to approve him as a suitable person to adopt a boy was made; the inevitable who knew what when, and what the experience of the adopted child was; whether he was oblivious to his adopted father's activities, or whether he might have been involved in them, with various degrees of knowledge, possibly being used as a `Judas Goat.'

I had email contact with Dr Dudley Forde, who immediately involved the present Chief Scout of South Africa, who I was happy to deal with. The thrust of my question was to ask about the enquiry that the newspaper report indicated had been agreed, and whether the outcome of the enquiry might be known, a matter of record, and could be shared with me.

I had a telephone conversation with Dr Brendon Hausberger, the Chief Scout, and sent him the material from Nduna, `Skip', Doug Drysdale and the letter regarding Father Ian Lawrenson (below). He is a pleasant chap, and I like him. He could only have been about 20 years old at the time that Doug Drysdale died awaiting trial, so the circumstances at that time were out of the control of his occupation of the role of Chief Scout. He stated how – contrary to what was reported in the newspaper article – the World Scout Organisation would not have the authority to demand or request a National Scout Organisation enquiry. He indicates that if anything was done, it would have been a discussion of the matter. I understand no written record of this exists. I did not push him about the failing of someone who

had been accused by a named individual of rape having been allowed back into the hallowed halls of the Scouting elite, which is the crux of the issue – rather than that he had been suspended at the time of the initial allegations in 1980 which would have been an adequate first step had he not been sneaked back in to re-offend spectacularly.

The Chief Scout said that things are done much better nowadays, which I think goes across the board, including in professional mental health services in the United Kingdom. All would-be adult leaders are required to have a police clearance check before joining, and there seems to be international cooperation such that if someone presents wishing to become a Scout Leader in the United Kingdom, background checks will be made about whether there were any concerns about them in a country where they might have had such a role previously.

He gave me some new information, in that Doug Drysdale had been due to be the contingent leader on the 1999 Scout Jamboree to Chile, but had pulled out at the last moment, landing the leadership role on his deputy. This jamboree took place exactly a year before his arrest and death, so there is no obvious link that he knew that he was being investigated at the time. This was 19 years after he had been expelled from the movement, 16 years after he had led the contingent to the Norfolk jamboree, and 10 years after he had been allowed back into the organisation. By chance, the deputy who took over and was the contingent leader for the 1999 Chile jamboree is a man I knew well in his youth. He was a Troop Leader in the same troop that I was an Assistant Scout Leader in the 1980s. Small world! He is presently at the high table of Scout Leadership in South Africa.

It seems that Doug Drysdale managed to live a double life fairly successfully, and although all those who have found out about his proclivities condemn them and are disappointed in what they have learned, it seems many people liked and respected him. From a website from Durban High School there are discussions from grateful former pupils about what an inspiring maths teacher he had been. Two of the people in this stream commented on his fame for `bacon slices' which, rather than a type of sandwich, I understand is a sadistic way of caning boys, described as follows; "*A bacon slice was a type of very painful stroke inflicted with the cane. Instead of hitting your bum head-on, the cane was raised high and brought vertically down, thereby skimming a large area of your bum; almost like a cleaver slicing ham; hence the name."*

I traced Chris Harley, now aged 75, still actively working in a mental health charity. I shared with him the information I have, and he replied; *"I do not think I can add anything new to the story. It was long ago, and I am no longer in touch with the mother of the boy, nor any of the other role players. I was very perturbed at the time, but I moved to Johannesburg in 1981 and have lost contact with all of these people. Sorry."*

I found Glen Smith, the detective inspector, who is no longer working for the police, and who initially responded enthusiastically saying that he had information to share. He reminisced; *"I have lots of info and pictures relating to same. I still remember being pulled onto the red carpet and asked what I had against the scouting organization. They tried to cover*

up, but I had it all. As I was investigating and getting closer, they did themselves in. There was much hype in the media and some even made allegations that I possibly did them in. I have a few photos of White's house when I entered and what I found. I can let you have them. It was a huge syndicate. After I chatted at DHS one evening where I was invited by Forde to talk, he said I was not welcome back as he said I tarnished the Scouting movement. Shortly after that his so-called ex lady and old boys in their 30's came forward and contacted me."

PART 2: THEMES

Away From Home And Parents Protection: Sports And Other Tours

In this chapter, we explore situations where children were away from home, generally in the company of other children, possibly with some adult supervision, and initiation and other bullying actions took place. Those subjected to it might have had prior knowledge, but still attended, and often attended repeatedly.

In 1982 some Naval Cadets, boys aged around 13 went on a camp at a real Navy base, where, I heard they were subjected to an initiation rite – not sure whether by older cadets, but I am assuming not by actual Navy personnel, where a female figure was drawn on a mattress, and a hole cut in the vagina area and the boys were made to mount and supposedly service this artificial female. The impression was that they were lined up, in what I understand elsewhere is referred to as `running a train', that one boy would have to perform, and when he was told to move on, the next boy in the line would take over. This would have been entirely inappropriate even if they were allowed to keep their shorts on, but if they were required to be naked, or insert their penis, this should have been a police matter. I am not aware of any official complaints having been made.

A military medical colleague commented: *I came across the `fuck mattress' phenomenon during my time on the border. At one of the operational bases heaps of mattresses had to be destroyed after having been used for this purpose by company members during a 3-month deployment. The*

discovery also explained the increased demand for condoms and KY Jelly. Condoms I naively assumed were used for masturbation while coitus was not an option. (Roll my eyes!). I am sure now that this was practised more widely than we were aware of at the time.

*

A friend who attended a Naval Cadet `camp' in an actual Navy base in the early 1980s reported as follows. It is part of his autobiography which he is not presently ready to publish. He notes that one of the boys in his platoon was 11 years old. (I think at 11 he was too young to have attended such a residential course officially, but as the narrator describes it, he was in a children's home, so strings may have been pulled.)

Early on Saturday evening, we were in our bungalow chatting and making jokes, when we heard the familiar sound of our platoon leader shout, "Attention," as he walked into the bungalow. We automatically jumped to attention and stared straight ahead, as we had done so many times before. He staggered into our bungalow throwing insults at us and I knew immediately that he was drunk. As he approached us, he placed his face so close to ours, that when he shouted insults, I could smell the strong liquor on his breath. He walked up to each of us and told us that we were never going to be good seaman and that we were the most useless bunch he had ever trained. Not one of us flinched at his insults and we kept our stare directly in front of us. Once he had insulted each of us individually, he commanded us to drop our shorts and underpants. Some of us looked bewildered at his request but knew that we would carry out his every instruction without hesitation, so

we pulled down our shorts and underpants and wondered what the next instruction would be. Whilst we were back in the attention position, he instructed us to put out our right hand. He walked past each of us and squeezed a length of Deep Heat into each hand. He instructed the boys who were not circumcised to pull back their foreskin and we had to rub this Deep Heat on our penises. He walked up and down checking that no one was cheating, and I noticed a smile come to his face as some of the boys had tears rolling down their cheeks. Nobody flinched as we rubbed the Deep Heat on our penis, although the burning sensation was unbearable. When he realised he was not getting any pleasure from our pain, he instructed us to rub the Deep Heat on our testicles. He wanted a reaction, and we were not going to give him the satisfaction, so we rubbed the Deep Heat on our testicles, and dick head but kept our gaze straight ahead of us. After about five minutes of absolute agony, he realised how tough we had become and that this brought him no pleasure. As he walked out of our barracks he shouted over his shoulder, `shower.' We ran to the showers and all managed to get under the cool water at the same time. The relief that the torture was over and the relief the water brought also helped release emotions. Most guys burst into tears in disbelief, and for the first time during our training, it was okay to cry.

We did not see our platoon leader for a few days and many of us wondered if he was ill or maybe even court-martialed for what he had put us through. None of us had spoken out about our ordeal so we wondered how anybody could have found out. However, at 04:00 the following morning we heard the all too familiar voice of our platoon leader as he entered our barracks for inspection. Something about

him had changed. He seemed less strict, used less vulgar language, and seemed almost to be covered in a sense of shame. He quickly and briefly performed his inspection, as if he was obliged to do so and dismissed us to the parade ground where we stood in platoon formation ready for our usual early morning physical exercise.

*

Re initiation: *A few rugby and athletic tours but apart from a few guys getting their nuts rubbed in Deep Heat it was pretty tame.*

*

There were stories of boys on swimming tours being shaved, with the implication of public shaving of pubic hair. Do swimmers not shave body hair to minimise resistance in the water?

*

I never came across anything like this (2015 draft) in day-to-day life as a kid, but on veldskool in Std 8 in 1981 and only after the bullying hierarchies had been established (each of the three schools on the trip having bullies who had to suspiciously circle and jostle for position, none knowing just who exactly they had to fear from the other schools etc) there were nightly forays by little groups to capture and toothpaste the balls of their victims. As group leader of the group with the most prolific tosser in it, I was duly rounded up on the last night, but presumably, my resilience up to then had stood me in good stead and so surrounded by six lads a couple of years older than me due to their lack of academic prowess, there was nothing more than guffawing and prodding to see what I would do. Others were not so lucky and got the full heated bollocks treatment by all accounts.

*

I saw the toothpaste ritual on a camp. The boy it happened to had been winding everybody up, and it was decided that he would get it. The boy was being held down but whoever was trying to pull his pants down was struggling with his belt. The victim offered to undo his belt himself so that `it would not get broken', was released, undid his belt' after which he was held back down again, and was toothpasted. As I recall, it was rather a makeshift plan, as the older boy who ordered it just stood and watched, and there seemed to be a question as to who was actually going to touch his balls to rub the toothpaste in. To my shame, again I did not intervene.

*

My first comment is that toothpaste is sold without instructions - what an oversight of Colgate. My experience was on the receiving end of a Deep Heat treatment on a sport tour. I look back and laugh at the different ball rubbing incidents. I do not hold any grudges with the persons that applied it then. I remember running down the hallway of a Holiday Inn in East London to get ice (with urgency).

My view of childhood allows for incidents like you mention and accept that it is part of growing up. I am still waiting for the Movie or Book that encapsulates the broader side of life as it is narrowed into what is socially acceptable.

About Deep Heat attacks - it just kind of happened while on a squash tour. The main instigator went on to become head of a prestigious school. I guess I was just cocky and it kind of happened as a spur of the moment thing to pass a quiet moment in the busy schedule of the Nationals.

*

I went on a camp organised by a friend who was a year or two older than me. He was the only person that I knew, but I was happy mixing with the others, most of whom were younger than I was – about 10 of us altogether. There were some sexual innuendos made, but not significantly more than I was used to from male company. It was in the evening, a lull after the evening meal, before whatever it was that we were going to do that night. The friend asked me to accompany him and two others, with some statement like "come and watch this." One of the others was my age, and a younger boy, of about 14. The four of us walked unnoticed a little way out of camp. The other guy my age had a torch, which he used to discreetly light up where we stopped, which was out of sight from the campsite. The victim dropped his pants and bent over, the perp produced a thermometer and put it in his bum, waited a minute, took it out, noted the temperature while the victim pulled his pants back up and then we all walked back to camp. What was all that about?

Strangely, I did not ask about what I had witnessed, and no explanation was offered. The 14-year-old did not seem to have been coerced or bullied but did not seem particularly enthusiastic either. The lad with the torch seemed to know more of what was coming than I did, but he had been on those camps before. The 14-year-old had been somewhat `lippy', but not to the extent where I expected that he would be punished, and I had not heard him being given any warnings, and he knew my friend quite well and had been camping with him previously so it could not have been an initiation. Certainly, it was my first – and last – camp and there was no suggestion about anything like that happening to me.

I was curious about what was going on in my friends head but did not ask. I felt less comfortable with him after that. I think that there was some line that he did not cross - of coercion. He probably had some sexual motivation, which he would satisfy with the permission of the victim, but he would not do it if the victim did not consent. Another inhibition that he did not want to do the thermometer thing on his own, so wanted us along as well, but he was not showing off, and I don't know whether he `got off' on what he did, then or later. I did not notice him being aroused, but it was at night, and I wasn't very close.

*

I've heard stories of other initiation (or what Americans call `hazing') of boys on swimming tours involving shaving of pubic hair et cetera, but also expect that Deep Heat would have been a ritual there as well. I can imagine an almost parade ground situation where new boys were required to line up in the shower room just wearing their speedos, with a group of the older boys taking command, and all the other boys on the tour witnessing; in turn, each boy would be required to step forward, pull down their speedos and present their genitals for the application of Deep Heat by one of the senior boys, or they might be required to administer Deep Heat to themselves.

Then I would expect that when all the boys to be `done' had been, they would then be allowed to shower and wash it off. The first `done' would have suffered most. Would there have been further humiliation placed on the boys by mocking their genitals?

That would be almost with parade ground efficiency, as opposed to something more apparently random, of boys being pounced on, stripped and Deep

Heat applied while they were held down. Those knowing that they were on the list and likely to be subjected to this might try to run away or evade, or alternatively present themselves to get it over and done with.

I suspect that many boys would have had the idea that this was going to happen to them, and were resigned to it, but there might have been some boys taken by surprise, and who would have been very upset, crying and protesting and trying to put up a fight to defend themselves. If this happened would those in charge have just left them alone, or would they have been held down and it done to them anyway? It might be the minority, but I expect that some children would have been deeply upset by this, wanting to go home, and likely to tell authorities or parents if not threatened into silence.

Was this likely to have been a one off, done to a boy on his first trip with that group, or could it happen more than once, or could it have been done also as a `between the lines' punishment for some offence deemed so amongst the group?

*

Could a motivation be to see the other person, the victim, naked? We accept that little children will have a look at each other's private parts, or play; `you show me yours and I'll show you mine.' Presumably at some stage, the curiosity might remain, but the person dare not just ask for fear of being seen as gay, being labelled and getting a reputation. If it's done coercively and collectively - all in it together - there would be the shared responsibility, with no single instigator to be identified and punished. For some reason, the rite needs to be painful - that old power struggle for dominance. They could not do `we'll rub

hand cream into your balls which won't hurt at all, and might even be pleasant.' No, that risks being seen as homosexual behaviour. If we are hurting you -that's not gay at all! We have the power. All very butch and macho? (Yeah, right!)

*

I did not come across anything as serious [as Deep Heat on testicles]. *The only thing I ever came across was the toothpaste [on testicles?]. On another occasion, there was an initiation that involved sitting naked on a bowl of ice cubes. I refused to participate if that is what was required to join the club. I cannot remember if an adult instigated it or it was just the old boys initiating the newcomers. I believe most of the time it was; "Hey this is what I heard you should do for initiation" and completely innocent. I do not think the act was indicative of anything, just seemed like a good initiation ritual that probably goes back a long way.*

I believe many of us were sexually naive, so a lot of this stuff was not sexually motivated. To me, it was meant to humiliate you and cause pain. (Not that that is good either!) I feel we were subjected to humiliation and pain in many aspects of life back then. Teachers and parents used this as a form of discipline all the time. I saw no reason to talk to my parents about it, as far as I was concerned it was the norm and part of growing up.

*

Moms Upset After Rugby Tour Initiation.[13]

In 2011 initiation rites were carried out on the first rugby team of a Pretoria High School. "Stripped almost naked, hit with plastic pipes and had to drink a concoction allegedly containing urine. Their hair and

eyebrows were also apparently shaved off. The seven boys were also blindfolded, Deep Heat was smeared on their eyes and they were dragged around on the ground in their underwear while they were sworn at."

Mothers protested, but some of the commentators were far from sympathetic: (The following selected comments were identified by usernames, and cannot be traced back to individuals. There were themes of – `when we were kids, we had it tough!'):

They are darned lucky they didn't get Deep Heat on their balletjies. [diminutive balls]. *Bloody bunch of sissies. Build some character and get over it...*

Try Deep Heat on your balls, on your O-ring and if they can't get to it your head if you know what I mean... doesn't matter how bad initiation gets, think of this some people constantly live with worse things, this is only tough love.

So what? When I was at high school in the early 80's we went through similar stuff and never ran home to tell mommy! Not to mention what we endured in the army! Kids nowadays are over-protected poofs.

I notice how it's always the moms that complain about it. Fathers never say anything because like you said, we've all experienced it through the generations. Rather just take it like a man.

The reason why the Mothers complain is because fathers aren't MAN enough to protect their children. Many children commit suicide because of bullies and these inhumane initiation practices...Fathers should rather stand up for their children 'like men'.

For how many years has this been the norm - we have all gone through it and turned out fine - maybe even better that these MUPPETS of nowadays. Grow up - be a MAN!!!

I had to rub Deep Heat on my balls in my 1st team initiation.

Is it at all possible that these boys knew what playing rugby for the first team entailed, i.e. initiation and that they had to choose between the negatives and the positives and accept that if they are to experience the positives, they will have to endure the negatives? The boys are most likely between 17 and 19 years old, big enough to realise what they were letting themselves in for. As an adult, one must make various decisions in the workplace or at home that may require weighing up the negatives against the positives. Strange how everyone just accepts the press statement `had to drink a concoction allegedly containing urine' as gospel….

`BOYS - it is time to rub Deep Heat on your balls' - no tendencies at all?? Ha-ha!

It is homoerotic when you lead a bunch of boys to run around in a field, almost or completely naked as in some cases, for no reason whatsoever. I would be banned from a change room if I did that to boys. I would probably be arrested if I tried to spank their bums. I would be vilified if I made a whole lot of men sit naked in the mud for nothing other than my sick little perversions.

*

I found that variation on a theme also happened in the United Kingdom;

Ex-England Captain Mick Mills Denies Turning Blind Eye To Stoke 'Abuse'[14]

Mick Mills, England's captain at the 1982 World Cup, is accused of 'turning a blind eye' to an initiation ceremony on young footballers that was known as 'the Glove' and has left Stoke City in court facing a landmark case. I followed this lead through several newspaper articles, and my understanding is that the complainant was an apprentice footballer with a professional club, aged about 15 or 16 at the time when he was subjected to an initiation hazing right, where an adult member of staff put on a glove, smeared a gloved finger with Deep Heat and then inserted it into his rectum. The report is that this was known about and that people ignored his cries of distress and for help as he was carried off to where this was done to him. The implication was that this was done to him several times, and it seems that he might have been subjected to it more than the others, or whether he was the only one to have complained.

*

The following is fictitious – well, a commercial film – but it suggests to me that the writer knew of some shoe polish type ritual done to young boys away from home and against their will. I am willing to stand corrected:

In the 1971 film, Melody[15] Danny (Mark Lester) goes to lunch with the family of his love interest, Melody (Tracy Hyde). Her father, Reg (Roy Kinnear) asks him if he is in `The Scouts'. Danny says that he is in the Boys Brigade. The father starts to tell stories about when he was in `The Scouts': *"Some of the things we used to get up to! Dear me! When a new boy arrived, we used to mix some bootblack and toothpaste and we used to spread it all over ... "*At this (strategic) point he is interrupted by Melody's

mother. I wonder where he was heading with this story. The mother knew to interrupt him.

SCHOOL

School is compulsory. At school, especially at boarding schools there are opportunities for older children to abuse younger ones, often in the context of initiation.

Boarding School

A boy who had boarded while at primary school, told me about how he and others were lying in their beds in a dormitory and a group of older boys made their way from bed to bed, `Deep Heating' or `toothpasting' all the boys in the dormitory one at a time. He was 9 and a half at the time he told me of this, so he was that age or younger when it happened. I understood this to be some form of initiation, and it just seemed so bizarre that those who had not yet been reached must have been lying there, waiting for the people to reach them, and for this to be done to them – he said nothing about any of the boys trying to hide or resist. That must have been horrible for the boys anyway, but on their first night at boarding school, probably homesick as hell at the same time. I've asked him recently for some clarification, but I suppose not unsurprisingly, he has not replied. That was about 40 years ago!

*

`Soggie Biscuit' or `cream the biscuit' is a ritual where a group of boys have a circle jerk (group masturbation), ejaculating onto a biscuit, and the one who ejaculates last must eat the biscuit. I do not have a declared witness, but this is reported to have been an initiation that new boys at the boarding establishment of the most prestigious state school in

the city in which I did most of my university study. My informant reports: *"I was not a boarder, just heard about it. Worse kept secret!"*

I realise that people deciding on initiation rites might not be considerate of the humiliation experienced by those subjected to it, and although the implication was that this happened to boys starting at high school, not all boys would have reached puberty by the time they started high school, so would have the further humiliation of their pre-pubertal status being witnessed by all those watching. I imagine it was a public event, I presume watched not only by the others in the circle jerk, but those seniors or prefects doing the initiation, and possibly by all the other residents of the boarding establishment. With them not being able to ejaculate, they are the ones most likely to face the task of then eating the semen covered biscuit, which many people, especially children of that age would consider to be disgusting. I do not know whether it was enforced that they were made to eat this, or whether someone would have had the compassion to allow them not to.

I was not aware of this practice during my years in South Africa but first heard of it from someone who had been at boarding school in the United Kingdom, me having been told this in about 1993. A Google search very soon produced a discussion from about 2010, which swiftly strays off-topic[16]:

I was surprised, in 2020 to hear a reference to this in the satirical British television programme `Spitting Image'[17].

*

At a rural school in the Natal province in the 1980s, new boarders had to run the gauntlet; crawl between

the legs of all the boys in the hostel while being beaten with flip flops. As I heard it, the initiates were at least allowed to wear underpants while doing this, making it less humiliating than `soggy biscuit', though undoubtedly more painful.

*

Retief (2011) in **`The Jack Bank: A Memoir of a South African Childhood'** describes how at the start of his first year at a boarding High School he and the other Std 6s in his class were taken to the showers by their dormitory prefects, Matrics [6th Form], and one, in particular, made them spend a while jumping up and down while stark naked with their genitals jiggling as they did so (p 98), and some very abusive beatings, a mock execution, and (p 106) *"... Like the time I walk past John's room en route to the chess club? A clump of Standard Sixes stand at John's room entrance that day, looking in and smiling. Curious, I slowed down and lean my head just enough to catch a glimpse. A twelve-year-old naked boy stands in front of John holding back his foreskin, while John brings closer the stripped forked end of a copper electrical wire hooked up to an old crank telephone. I do not hesitate. I stroll forward purposely as if I have seen nothing; I block out the yelp of pain and the laughter that then applauds it – giggles that reach me on the downstairs pathway heading for the main campus classrooms. I have blocked out other stories, much like this one: about the guy in the next bed to me who had his hand taped to his penis and then had to knock on every door in the matric passage; about the kid who was handed a pillow slip lined with Vaseline and Tabasco sauce and told to demonstrate the sexual act. Is this the essence of self defeat, its sickly core: when you refuse to look at reality because it has become too embarrassing and too painful?"*

When Glen had the chance to confide his distress to a trusted member of staff, reputed to be a war hero of the Rhodesian conflict, the man seems to listen sympathetically, but hours later, Glen finds himself being assaulted by the bullying prefect, accusing him of being a `snitch'! (Page 104) his mother detects that there is something wrong, but he minimises the horror of what he and the others are going through. Unbeknown to him, the parents take action and meet with the senior staff, his father threatening to take legal action, and will involve contact he has in the newspapers. This results in his main tormentor being removed from his reign over this group of youngsters, with his swansong of this leading to the title of the book.

*

In **`Spud'**(2008), John Van de Ruit gives a semi-biographical of his first year in 1990 at Michaelhouse School in KwaZulu-Natal. Dudley Forde, mentioned in the 4th case study (above), took over as Headmaster in 1997, three years after `Spud' would have matriculated. It is a small world!

`Crispo', an aged history teacher whose reminiscences about his experiences in the Second World War pass for history lessons, suggests he demonstrate a Nazi interrogation strategy. *"... Crispo brought out some dangerous-looking apparatus that he called the sausage machine. He plugged it into the wall socket and then asked Boggo to take his pants down so that he could attach the rusty old electrodes to his testicles. A shocked silence spread across the room as we all realised that the old maniac wasn't joking."* (p. 109) One of the boys distracts the teacher and the intended activity doesn't happen.

The narrator hopes that his birthday will pass unnoticed, but in bed, at night he is grabbed and carried downstairs to the washroom. He fears that his head will be pushed into a toilet bowl and flushed. He lies naked on the floor. His hands are pulled away from covering his groin. One of the gang starts to brush shoe polish onto his scrotum. *"I screamed and screamed. A hand clamped my mouth shut but I still kept screeching. Then Pike was there with a huge toilet brush and I could hear ugly laughter and then felt more pain. I closed my eyes – I couldn't look."* (p. 169)

*

I remember press reports of a primary school child being seriously injured at an initiation rite at a boarding school. He had to take his turn – although it was not clear whether he and the others awaiting this saw what happened to those in front of them. He was required to sit on a blanket held taught by others, and someone put the end of a vertical broomstick under where his anus would have been, and the tension in the blanket was dropped so that he would be `sitting' on the broomstick - bizarre as this may be, it only come to light because the child in question was injured when the broomstick punctured his rectum, requiring hospitalisation. His parents were suitably outraged, and the school was `embarrassed' enough, presumably after having denied all knowledge of the practice to undertake that it would be discontinued henceforth.

*

Sadistic Initiation, Not Overtly Sexual …

I do not want to just ignore this material, although it might not be sexual (sadism is often seen to be a

combination of power and sex), there is a fair amount of horror here. Children not telling parents – or worse, parents not acting on pleas from children:

My experiences were very similar to what's already described (2015 draft) - and I won't repeat episodes I recognise - with there being a lot of initiation/new `poop' [turd] *type activities.*

[Prestigious school] *was particularly beset by new `poop initiation which occurred each year you moved up through the three boarding houses. So not only were you a new `poop' in Standard 6 at* [First] *House but again in Standard 8 when you went to* [Second] *House and again in Standard 9 when you went to* [Third] *House. I think in some cases it was even possible to be a new `poop' in Matric!*

Looking back on it now, and I only stayed about 18 months, it was not only physical but psychological bullying as well. Considering in Standard 6 as a boarder you were not only probably living away from home for the first time in your life, and getting used to being in a high school where you were the youngest group of boys, but also being subjected to organised institutionalised bullying by boys who could be younger than you through to 18-year-old men, it is surprising more boys did not crumple under the onslaught. Particularly when you realised that the teachers were in on it all.

One of the more ridiculous things we had to do for the initial 2 weeks we were there was to eat off plates that were upside down, drink off cups that were upside down and use the wrong ends of cutlery. Another was to walk only on the 30 cm of floor closest to the wall in the boarding house, so if you met another new `poop' coming the other way you had to either jump over to the other side of the corridor or

squeeze past one another without putting a foot outside of the 30 cm zone. You had to sidle along the walls as even walking forward normally on 30 cm of the floor is not possible. Of course, 'old boys' who were the ones subjecting you to these initiations would try to block your way or trip you into the forbidden zone, resulting in having to be caned by a prefect. There was a lot of that.

The threat of being found breaking a 'rule' was ever-present, with the resulting visit to a prefect for a hiding. Some boys got beaten every day for weeks in a row. That was the psychological bullying - the power that one boy had over another to just say 'see the prefect this evening'.

After a year at the more prestigious high school, the contributor went to a less prestigious school, closer to where his parents had moved to, although he was still a boarder. *"Going to* [Ordinary] *High School was a complete contrast - there was no initiation, there was some fagging by Standard 6 boys for prefects, but this was cleaning shoes, making beds - nothing malicious or pointless.*

At the risk of over-simplification or generalisation, what do others think about the links in the above to Afrikaans vs. English, a strong connection to the ruling class (2 grandsons of BJ Vorster were at [prestigious boarding school] *vs. a more liberal white mentality, a strong macho and sport 'must win' attitude vs. a `Sleepy Hollow' outlook on life?*

*

A boy who was a boarder at an Agricultural School told me:

I went to [known agricultural school] for my final three years and being a `small' school, all 150 boys were boarders. There were rumours of bullying, and to improve the school's image Educators took a strong stance against this to certainly improve this, but some did still happen:

When I was a junior (called a `poop' there), there was a matric lad who was a real bully, on my `gang' (How the pupils were split up to work on the farm). This fellow had been demoted from prefect as he had come back from a free week-end at Midmar, drunk and caused chaos. He once refused to allow me to use a loo until I had wet my trousers, puerile fellow that he was found this amusing.

Rumours of the soggy `marie biscuit bingo' as it was called in our day, did go around, but I never witnessed that.

Running the gauntlet did happen too, but only when a rugby team lost to the rival school, and that team had to run the gauntlet through the first team's legs, who were armed with pillowcases with rugby boots in!

Most of the `punishments' were more of a threat than actually taking place, so being the ninny I was, I kept myself low profile and out of trouble as far as possible. Some of the `punishments':

Swimming the slurry pond, (Raw effluent from the pigsty and dairy, sweepings of excrement washed away to a dam, called the slurry pond!)

Cleaning drinking troughs in the Winter can get very cold, and troughs freeze solid at night.

Playing `Skaapdrol'* [sheep turd] *Grand Prix. The senior would make a track on the ground, and poop would have to select a `skaapdrol' (Chocolate

coated peanut-shaped and sized piece of dung) and using one's nose, get it around the track. (I had to do this once!)

`Making a lover' in a heap of pig feed, shape out a lover, breasts et al, and then make love to it.

`Feed the calf' insert one's member into a calf's mouth so it could `milk' you. Very uncomfortable, as they have a very rough tongue!

*

In the Winston Churchill biopic, `**Young Winston**' (1971)[18] starring Simon Ward, at a very young age (about 7) he is sent to some boarding school where routine caning is the norm. There's a scene where he is back home, feverish, and the nanny calls his mother, shows his mom the cane welts on his bottom, and the nanny says; `We won't be sending him back there, will we ma'am?' I do not know whether this is true, but there is the silence from the child, but then the evidence is found of the brutality, and then the parents act!

DIGRESSION: I doubt I was the only one to notice how the evidence appeared to the stripes of lipstick across his bottom, rather than the raised swelling and bruising which would have been a more accurate portrayal, but let us tolerate some artistic licence.)

In his multivolume autobiography, Churchill addresses this, suggesting some possible sexual motivation combined with the sadism of the schoolmasters, and commenting on the way that they had assistance from their favourites in the administration of such punishments. I found the following discussion[19] of the portrayal of corporal punishment in the schools at the time, and include them here because there did not seem to have been

much change in how this was done from presumably well before Winston Churchill's childhood, up to more recent times. It was ever thus!

`Sir Walter Scott': The beating scenes are seedy (putting aside the whole question of corporal punishment) in the way they're shot; I am not a fan of the rather ponderous shots of boys' buttocks, nor of the shots of rows of boys standing terrified in earshot of their chums being whipped with a cane. It is unnecessary. The fact of corporal punishment might have been portrayed with less insistence. You might admire its effects, but I do not think you admire the immediate physical and emotional act. Proponents and opponents can unite, therefore, in not wanting to see extended scenes of its execution.

**`Neil Welton'**: What do you mean `seedy beating scenes'? You clearly have no appreciation of the English boarding school system. For such traditional practices were quite commonplace until the EU decided to intervene recently. You would also do well to remember that there is nothing morally wrong with corporal punishment - on the contrary, the Holy Bible instructs us to use it. I can also personally vouch for the fact that it works. I was caned once (only once) at the age of nine at my school. I will admit to you that the pain was excruciating (I screamed out loud in fact) and that I also tried to beg pathetically for mercy between each and every stroke. I will also admit to you that my backside bled and then stung for two whole days - but I think that might have been the whole point of 'Six of the Best'. The other point of it was to tame my rudeness (my quite incessant backchat) and to humble my spirit back into politeness for my teacher. Back into being `a young gentleman' that, after all, we were all supposed to be - funny how it worked though.

*

As someone who is opposed to corporal punishment except as an ultimate and final resort, I am puzzled at the thought process of how people claiming to wish to nurture and educate the next generation, to help them reach their full potential, do not have reservations about deliberately and cold-bloodedly inflicting pain for purposes of discipline. Certainly, as a schoolboy, I did my best to avoid getting corporal punishment, and looking back, dare I say that it was the idea of the indignity and humiliation as much as the pain, but this might not be an entirely accurate recollection. I have joked with the hypothetical question; "is it true that applications for training to be physical education and woodwork teachers declined by 78% when such teachers were no longer allowed to cane pupils?" That was the way things were in the 1970s, and one very creepy deputy head wanting to make what he presented as a voluntary arrangement that all the pupils would be caned for any marks under 60% in tests during the year. I suspect his motivation was just that he wanted an outlet for his sadism. The teachers I respected most did not seem to consider their ability to refer pupils for corporal punishment as part of their mindset, and possibly due to this I have no recollection of there ever having been a need for them to refer pupils for such. As has been commented about Doug Drysdale (above), he is remembered by pupils as being caring and nurturing and while at the same time having a reputation for his deliberately more painful than necessary `bacon slicing' canings.

*

I had been under the impression, possibly naïvely, that the Deep Heat ritual was mostly associated with

the town where I grew up, and with Mr Nduna in particular, but I was soon disabused of this by a Google search[20] using the terms: `Deep Heat + Testicles'.

Edscoble: Ever went to boarding school where the big kids force you to rub Deep Heat on your testes and watch you suffer?

Nahguavkire: I went to boarding school ... this never happened... is there something you want to tell us Ed? ☺

Vinylvillain: Yes, except where I was educated a healthy dose of Deep Freeze was sprayed on straight after to ensure maximum pain.

In addition to other such discussions, there were also some YouTube videos of people I would guess were teenagers doing this to themselves as a competition with each other, and filming facial expressions of them suffering, without any depiction of the genital area. I am sure that this and other similar material remains on and continues to be uploaded to the Internet, but I discontinued such searches to remain true to my parameters and because I found myself heading into S&M territory …

*

At the time of working on the 2015 draft, a Google search found the following with very little effort. I include examples of what I found here but soon decided that with the abundance of information available, I should restrict myself to the information given to me by people I could name.

Torture Allegations at School to be Probed.[21]

2014-06-03 Jeff Wicks, The Witness

The Weekend Witness on Saturday revealed the alleged abuse after the boy's mother confirmed she discovered evidence of sadistic acts of assault that included a third-degree burn from a steam iron that went untreated for two weeks.

Other charges, including sexual assault and the production and possession of child pornography, may be added later as the boy claimed that he and others were repeatedly stripped naked and photographed.

KZN Matric Pupils Say Initiation `Torture' Was Meant to Shape Student.[22]

Top NewsSep 4, 2014 • Written by Jamie-Leigh Matroos

The offending pupils, twelve of whom admitted to taking part in the ritual, were removed from the school's boarding establishment and barred from sports and attending their matric farewell. They are also facing criminal charges, and said that they now realise the consequences of their actions:

"We would like to reassure you the ultimate result of our actions was not our intention. We believed that we were acting in your best interests, with the goal of shaping and preparing you for the rest of your years through high school.

"We, unfortunately, did not foresee these events causing such a negative deviation from the path that you had already chosen to follow," they said.

Boy Raped in Initiation Horror.[2324]

6 February 2015 by Sbonokuhle Magcaba

JOHANNESBURG – Four pupils from a Northern Cape high school will appear in court on rape and assault charges after they allegedly tied a pupil to a steel bed frame and raped him with a broom.

DAY SCHOOL

Although day boys were not trapped in the total institution of boarding school, older boys with intent still managed to abuse others.

The high school that I attended was the only high school in the area at the time, and while most of us lived in the main town, there was a satellite `village' - sounds like the wrong word to use in a South African setting, but that is probably what it was at that time - a developing community, but lacking in the infrastructure. I do not think at that time it even had its own primary school. Children were bussed in daily either to one specific primary school or to the high school. Inevitably, this meant a delay between when school ended, and the bus arrived to fetch the pupils. I remember walking into the boys' toilets after home time, to find a boy, younger than me but older than a cluster of new pupils who he had corralled there. (I was in Matric/6th Form, and was allowed to initiate new boys, whereas the boy in question was not.) He had them sitting in the toilet cubicles with trousers and undies at their ankles and the doors wide open, and I realised he was making them masturbate.

Taken by surprise (and my shame!), my course of action was to turn on my heels and walked straight out, not realising that my role as an older boy, but not a prefect, was to take command of the

situation, tell the younger boys to dress and leave, and then to inform the older boy who I seem to remember knowing very vaguely that I would report him to the authorities.

I seem to remember that some days later the older boy approached me, all `buddy buddy' asking me to be a witness that nothing had happened, but there was no way that I would lie to protect him. Nothing more ever came of this, but I was aware and warned younger boys that I knew who would start at the school to be very careful about possibly being trapped if they were to use the toilets when there were few other people around.

*

Prefect Initiation at High School

- From Gary Packer (2021):
- `Growing Up As Master Of The Universe'

Friday had been the day that we were introduced in a demeaning way at assembly. We were all instructed to report to the sports fields on Saturday morning at nine-thirty. We knew a small part of what was about to happen. Tradition at Sasolburg High was that the incoming male prefects would have strange new hairstyles cut for them by the outgoing boys. I was prepared mentally and knew that I would have to have my head shaved after the initial fun new hairstyle. As a matter of bonding, all the boys would wear little floppy hats at school for the rest of the year to identify them as new prefects. The little hats at least covered your head and gave some sense of decorum; covering your bald pate instead of walking around all

day looking like you had recently been released from a concentration camp.

Mohicans strips of hair around the ears and even chessboards were the order of the day once the hair shaving ritual was completed. What occurred that was unacceptable, was that some of the older boys got carried away with the fervour of the moment and smeared Immac (hair remover) onto parts of our shaved scalp. This I only found out later. Today I have very little hair on my head. My wife, Kathleen maintains that it is due to the Immac incident so many years ago.

"Spyker; you are mine today my clever little friend" The boy who had administered the Tabasco sauce the day before announced to me.

If you are confused regarding the name `Spyker` that I was addressed as it was a nickname that a lot of the Afrikaans boys used when addressing me. The name had first been used at rugby practice when an Afrikaans speaking teacher decided that it would be funny to change my surname from `Packer' to `Spyker'. In the Afrikaans dialect, a *spyker* is a nail. I liked to think that I was addressed this way by the rugby players because I was `As hard as nails.'

Looking into the eyes of this hard case Afrikaans prefect, I realized that I was going to have to be as tough as nails to endure what he probably had planned for me.

"Take off your shirt Spyker!" He commanded.

"Why should I?" I shot back.

"Because I am your senior; this is your initiation and you will damn well do as you are told, Bliksem!" He finished the sentence with an

Afrikaans expletive which had been adapted from the word lightning, as in lightning bolt.

"Come on guys let's grab Spyker and give him a `Versie`" he continued.

I knew exactly what a `*versie*` was, again an Afrikaans adaption of the English word for verse, the `*i.e.'* on the end of the word gave the meaning of `little verse`.

I was unceremoniously grabbed by all ten older boys, flipped onto my stomach while they held me elevated off the ground; my shirt was ripped off me as I struggled and squirmed with all my might. In time to their blows from open hands and fists that rained down on my bare back, they sang an out of tune little `versie` that went like this:

For he's a jolly good prefect
For he's a jolly good prefect
For he's a jolly good prefect
And so say all of us
And so say all of us
And so say all of us
For he's a jolly good prefect
And so say all of us

By the time the final words were sung, my back felt like it was on fire. The `versie' ritual was nothing short of a beating. When it had been completed and I was allowed back onto my feet, I had visions of my back bleeding profusely. I gritted my teeth, not willing to give my initiators the satisfaction of seeing me in pain.

"I am not finished with you yet, Spyker!" The main tormentor called out, while he and the rest of the

boys grabbed poor Dean for his turn on the `versie'-go-round. As I watched, I felt helpless as my friend endured the same beating. The difference was that I was six feet tall and was endowed with a muscular frame that weighed close to eighty kilograms. Poor Dean was slightly built and could not have carried more than fifty-five kilograms of weight on his bony frame.

One by one all the boys received the same treatment. It must have looked hilarious to the outgoing prefects, to see a bunch of half shaven-headed creatures being given a solid beating. As the `versies' continued, the intensity of the beating abated due to the older boys` hands and fists getting tired and sore from the poundings that they were meting out. I glanced across at the girls, who were having their own little initiation session approximately fifty meters from where we were doing psychological battle with our tormentors. The girls' initiation looked mild in comparison. They seemed to have had their hair dyed in different colours; put into strangely placed ponytails and were then enduring a mud bath of sorts. I found out afterwards that the girls were made to get into iron bathtubs in their bikinis or one-piece bathing suits. The iron tubs were filled with a mixture of muddy water and cow manure. The girls were then forced to rub the mixture all over themselves while singing the school anthem.

"Come Spyker, you and Jones come with us to the toilets." My main tormentor called out, while he and two of his friends headed toward the school buildings. Dean and I hesitated, not having any inclination to follow them.

"Spyker; I am not going to call you again, otherwise there will be kak!" Yet another Afrikaans expletive which meant that there would be - brown

smelly excrement type trouble if we did not comply. Slowly and dejectedly Dean and I made our way to the bathrooms, followed shortly by the rest of the group. As we entered the bathroom area, I had to stop myself from laughing out loud at my strange reflection in one of the mirrors. My head had been shaved in patches and I resembled some sort of mangy old dog that had ripped half of its own hair out due to being infested by mange.

"Pull your shorts down!" the tormentor ordered.

Dean and I looked at each other in disbelief and resignation. What now?

Tired of being mistreated and wanting to get the rest of this barbaric initiation over with, we slowly complied. A tin of shoe polish was produced, and we were ordered to rub the brown shoe polish onto our nipples and genitals. What possible explanation could there be for doing that?

As I applied the shoe polish, I kept thinking that this would soon be over, and I would be allowed to take control of my own body again. Perhaps these older boys were afraid to confront their own fears.

Laughing, our tormentors concluded the initiation process as the main instigator stated "Now we are finished with you. Go home and get yourselves cleaned up. Today you were lower than kak and on Monday you will be future leaders of our wonderful school."

Relieved to have completed the process, we tried to wash the polish off at the hand basins, as the senior prefects left us and went outside. There was no soap available and polish, which has an oil base, is almost impossible to wash off using only water.

"Holy crap, this stuff is beginning to burn!" Dean stated as I began to feel the burning sensation starting on the tender -most parts of my body too. The only way I could describe the feeling was that it felt as though ice had been applied to my body. The same burning and stinging sensation that follows when ice is applied to any part of your body for a prolonged period. This was soon replaced by a feeling of enormous discomfort. Finally, the parts of the body affected felt as though their nerve endings were completely raw.

As I rode home on my bicycle as swiftly as I could, I felt as though something within me was about to explode from the unbearable burning sensation. When I eventually reached my home, all I felt was a numbing deep-rooted pain in all my nerve endings. As I tried to wash off the polish with warm water, soap and a bath rag, the burning intensified. When the pain eventually subsided, hours later, I looked at my genitals which were now a reddish-purple colour from the first degree burns that the polish had caused. Due to the embarrassment of the situation, I never informed my parents regarding what had transpired during initiation.

"What are you going to do about your hair?" was all my mother could manage to say to me.

"We are all meeting at Richard`s house this afternoon at three. His mother has a clipper and is going to shave our heads for us." I replied, gritting my teeth from the continuing pain in my genital area.

Leadership came with a heavy price at Sasolburg High in the early eighties. Ever since that day, I have based my leadership skill on being a hands-on person who leads by example. Most of my peers too were big enough to realize that the example

set by our predecessors had not been a good one. A few of the girls spilt the beans regarding the clandestine initiation process to parents and teachers. An investigation was held, and prefect initiation was banned from that moment onward.

*

Battered by a Bodybuilder

- Trevor Perks

In 1979 I moved up to high school from my nearby primary school. Both were whites-only mixed-gender state schools, with no ethos or rituals or anything other than a (presumably) provincial education department sanctioned discipline code. In later years, far into adulthood, I discovered there was actually a list of `offences' for which corporal punishment could be meted out, in an approved way, but suffice to say we were often jacked (caned) for the most arbitrary of offences. Hair length was a regular one, with the hair being pulled down from where it may have sat quite naturally above the ear for a boy with wavier hair than mine, and woe betide you if it could be made to touch the ear, whether or not gravity was involved.

Our PT teacher Mr Laric (his real name) was clearly a bodybuilder, with a body all us 12-year-olds could only aspire to. I mean this guy's muscles had muscles. Rumour had it he had been Mr Boksburg at some stage in his muscleman career. We were in awe.

The worst offence a boy could commit on his watch was to forget his PT kit. This was tantamount to blasphemy and would incur the penalty of 1 or 2 jacks, depending on the level of anger Mr Laric was displaying that day. He always seemed angry, but in later years it appeared that his anger may have been a display reserved for the younger kids, perhaps to

assist in whipping them into shape and keeping them in his thrall. In one PT class, we were split into 2 groups, with 20 boys at each side of the gym, and then a sack of tennis balls was upended and we were told to bombard the other side with them, King Stinger style. Inevitably a kid got one in the eye, such was the ferocity of the bombardment, and went down as if shot. Because none of us knew what had caused this, Mr Laric flew into a rage and we all ended up getting jacks, him punishing us for his own fuck up, basically. He would use a cricket bat to hit us with, and on a cold Highveld morning with just silky running shorts and a pair of Y fronts as protection, it was pretty unpleasant, but we daren't complain or show signs of distress for fear of being ridiculed by both him and the other boys.

His `manly' approach and turn of phrase was something we all thought we enjoyed, as our little pre-pubescent voices quavered with equal measure of delight and dread depending upon whether or not we had remembered our kit. We operated a six-day weekly timetable, spread over the 5 days of Monday to Friday, meaning that when Day 1 was a Monday, the following Monday would be Day 6, and the cycle would start again with Day 1 being Tuesday, and so on. This meant that without religiously checking the timetable, it was very easy to be under-equipped in the PT kit area on the relevant days it was in the timetable.

After a few weeks of being inducted into the high school way, being surrounded by men who shaved but were still pupils themselves doing Matric, we were conditioned not to complain about anything, and to ridicule anyone who did.

Mr Laric then introduced us to The Sunday. This was an option open to anyone due to be jacked and rather than being caned on the backside with a bat

or a relay baton, or one of the custom made jack sticks turned on the woodwork teacher's lathe, we would stand bent over with hands on knees and bare back horizontal to the ground, and Mr Laric would stand over us with his flat spade-like hand 6 inches above the centre of the offender's back. He would then bring down his hand, walloping the wind out of the miscreant with an audible slap onto his back, leaving the kid a wreck on the ground in one or two cases, but in any case, wishing he had chosen the jacks option.

I came to have a Sunday at a time when boys were no longer choosing them over the jacks, and Mr Laric was clearly displeased at losing his opportunity to demonstrate his own muscular power over and above that of the power of the fulcrum and lever method of the jack stick. PT kitless, 3 of us stood awaiting the chance to choose our punishment, only to be told that today it was Sundays only.

I can't remember much about the impact of the Sunday, other than it bloody hurt (I was 12 and this was an adult bodybuilder assaulting me after all) and I was adamant I was never going to risk having another one ever again. I know I didn't complain or even show any signs of pain or discomfort afterwards, despite it hurting like hell because that would have incurred the ridicule of even my own friends let alone the other kids.

A night or two later I was at home preparing for bed in the bathroom. Brushing my teeth at the mirror, I saw the reflection of my Mom pass by the bathroom behind me, and then reappear.

"What's that big handmark in the middle of your back??" she demanded.

"Oh, that's just a Sunday from Mr Laric" I said dismissively. She then made me explain what I meant and how it had been incurred and went all quiet

and thoughtful. Misjudging this as a worry that I might be in line for more punishment in future, I reassured her I wasn't planning on forgetting my PT kit ever again as I never wanted another Sunday

And that was that. School life went on, there were other injustices and ill administered punishments along the way, but this was the way in 1980s South Africa and nobody complained.

Fast forward to 1983, my Matric year. Mr Laric was no longer the PT teacher, but it wouldn't have mattered much if he was as being in Matric was the holy grail, we were almost peers of him and his macho world, after all, some of us were prefects and that was only one step down from being a teacher on the disciplinary ladder. One day towards the end of our school careers, we had a free period due to a teacher being off sick, and Mr Laric was tasked with invigilating us. As it was a spring day he took us out to the grassy bank next to the gym and allowed us to lounge around on the grass as long as we gave the impression of at least glancing at a book from time to time. Real matey behaviour towards us. I remember one lad talking about some or other `breker' buddy of his and the knife he apparently carried when he went to Johannesburg, and Mr Laric jumped in on it and offered to demo how to use a knife properly in a fight, using a relay baton in place of the knife he clearly wanted us to think he was adept at using himself.

Emboldened by this, once the demo was over, I said, "Do you still sort out the Std 6s with a good old Sunday if they forget their kit?" The other lads became animated at the memory of this being meted out 4 years previously, and Mr Laric sensed he had an audience.

"Nah, some little wanker's parents complained so I had to stop that", he said.

Cue a general murmuring, myself included, of "Fucking little wanker", "What a paff", "Jissie these kids need to grow up" and such utterings, as we all generally agreed that the Sunday was a good thing to be embraced rather than the child abuse it actually was.

Fast forward another 25 years, and I was a father of 2 healthy and happy kids and living back in the United Kingdom where I'd returned 3 years after Matric and had begun a police career a year after that. Well versed in child protection matters by now, I was chatting at home with my wife and my mom, and the topic of school punishments came up.

"Remember when you had that big hand mark on your back?" asked my mom.

"Yes, from the Sunday that Mr Laric used to love dishing out to us if we left our kit at home."

"Well he soon stopped dishing them out after Dad went up to the school and complained about it, didn't he?" said my Mom.

So despite my ribbing and scorning along with the others after Mr Laric told us why he'd had to stop his antics, it turns out that I was that 'little wanker'. Oh, how I laughed, in retrospect!

I'll leave you to draw your own conclusions about the climate of fear we were schooled in, but it was more stick than carrot in every respect.

Teased or Humiliated For Being Different

Circumcised or Intact

I understand that secular Routine Infant Circumcision was practised by some middle (and upper) class English families in the first half of the twentieth century, and extended to some English speakers in the British Commonwealth. It persisted in the United States but rates are declining as it falls out of fashion. A boy will not have chosen to be circumcised.

People tell me things. A mother spoke of her son having been teased at school when changing for swimming because he had not been circumcised, in a society where circumcision was the norm. Somehow his swimming costume was taken away - hopefully not pulled down and off - and he was teased as he ran around trying to find something to restore his modesty. `How would they tease him for that?' she asked, very annoyed on his behalf. `Call him "Frilly"?' She suggested to him that if it happened again, he should say he was glad that his parents had decided not to have him mutilated when he was a baby!' Good Comeback! (But evidently, the child victim, in this case, did tell his parents!)

*

Terence says he remembers me from my 1987 (Military) Border Duty. Despite having a very English name he was Afrikaans speaking and from a very traditional Afrikaans military family. I mentored him as an adult with his desire to write, and he shared information with me, knowing that I planned to publish. He died of meningitis in June 2017.

I had asked him some general questions, and I was surprised at the depth of the information he replied with:

I was circumcised and I had to endure a great deal of teasing and laughter growing up, especially in the `old South Africa' when we had physical training at school, cadets etc. and the `veldskool' where you go and live in nature for a week at a time. With all these activities it was inevitable that we would be naked in front of one another, having to share communal showers and dressing rooms and you know at the age from around 10 to 18 years how cruel kids can be.

From the age of 5, I was in a pre-school in Kempton Park where the boys shared the bathroom. To my great surprise and embarrassment once when I was taking a leak, one of the older boys started laughing loudly at my penis. He even called the other kids to come and see `Terence's funny tottie'. "What is wrong with you?" they asked me. I was taken aback, for the first time in my life realizing my penis was `different'.

I never realized it before, that I was circumcised. I was too embarrassed to say anything about it but I can't precisely remember how, my mother did tell me that when I was a baby, the foreskin grew closed and she took me to a doctor a few times who would then insert an apparatus and stretch the skin so much that I'd scream from pain and it would bleed. It was later decided that I was to be circumcised.

It was tough, especially at school. Other boys would always make fun of my penis and I would rarely urinate in the urinals and would rather use the toilet with the door closed. I remember thinking I was never going to get a wife with my `funny penis'. At

first, even my cousins would make fun of me but later became used to it and it was ignored.

Concerning other kids who I knew were circumcised, it was never discussed, and it was as if we had a silent agreement to never even talk about it. I just had to tolerate it.

Fortunately, as a soldier, it was no problem for me. I am ashamed to say but I was `fighting fit' then and did not tolerate any remarks and would attack should any remarks be made. Later when I became a Corporal, it was even less of a problem.

*

In Standard 8, (turning 15), I had my own camping group (Fowler, B [2021a] **Autumn Camp**, and Packer, G [2021] **Master of the Universe**, Ch.4) which was rather like Scouts. A younger boy who came along was called Stan. Our families knew each other from Scouting/Guiding, and from Church. After Stan had come on one camp, I was invited by his mother, cordially, to come and have a chat with Stan's dad. No accusations or hints that I was in trouble. I had no idea or suspicions of what might be coming. I would have been 15 at the time and had no thoughts of informing my parents or see any need to. I attended at their home on time. There was an interesting atmosphere. The dad had not arrived home by the agreed time. When he arrived, he seemed to be grumpy. His wife explained that he was in the process of giving up smoking. There seemed to be some elephant in the room, which I did not understand, and eventually, we got to it. Looking back on it now I think that the mom wanted the dad to take me to task, but the dad felt too awkward or uncomfortable to do so. Finally, the mom took the plunge. She told me that they were unhappy that I and others had teased Stan

about him being circumcised when we were on the camp. This came as a complete surprise to me. He had a Jewish sounding surname but attended the Methodist Church. I had the ultimate defence of being able to say; "I don't think that actually happened. I'm circumcised, and so is (name of my co-leader!)" That stopped the conversation dead, and I suspect that words were had with young Stan afterwards. I heard no more about it.

I remember that ultimate answer from me – probably I was proud of it at the time, but like a good little South African schoolboy, of course, one was respectful to one's elders.

*

As a clinical psychologist, of course, people told me things. Sometimes things that were not specifically related to why they were referred to me, but sometimes they were. Three vignettes follow:

In 1993 a mother told me that her older son, who would have been of young primary school age had had to be circumcised for medical reasons, and may have had issues with this. She told me how she had found out that another little boy had also been circumcised. The mothers arranged for the two boys to meet each other, and spend time with each other. They bathed together so that they observed each other's status, which was reassuring to her son. She said that her younger son had no such problems and required no surgery, but that her older son was rather resentful, and wanted his younger brother to have the same operation.

In about 2002, a patient I met as a young adult, who I think had confidence problems, and he disclosed having been circumcised as a young child,

the only person he knew to be so. He felt isolated and embarrassed because of this. Sadly, it did not seem that, although circumcision might have been more common in the generation above him, in a solidly working-class English area, he felt he was the `odd one out', and he lacked sexual confidence.

In about 2008, a mother of a young boy who had been born with some genital malformations had had to have surgery to change the location of his urinary sphincter, having been born with it opening at the base of his penis, and had been circumcised at the same time. She was distressed that this seemed to be an issue for the boy's father, or if he was absent, for her own father who seemed to consider that there was something wrong with the boy, that he was stigmatised or tarnished in some way, despite the corrections achieved by the surgery.

*

Sons of friends were born in hospital in Pietermaritzburg in the 1970s. The parents had no wish to have their sons circumcised when routine infant circumcision was prevalent. The mother was reminded several times that the boys had not been `done'. The informants seemed to think that the boys had been `missed'.

In the Zulu culture circumcision is part of `Ulwaluko', the initiation rite into manhood. I expect that most, if not all, the Zulu males would be circumcised. I found it really interesting how in awe Zulus would be of young white boys who had been cut, referring to them as `men' when they were mere toddlers and treating them with respect. (Different times!)

*

In reading through the other books written by Joseph Heller, author of my beloved `Catch-22' I found the following, told by the main character's older brother, describing when he was 6 years old, around the time of the First World War.

'I remember one time Pop moved us to the Christian section of Bensonhurst by mistake. He was always making mistakes like that. I think we were just about the only Jewish family there and none of us spoke English.'

'Oh, Sid,' Gold exclaimed. 'It must have been awful.'

'It wasn't so bad,' Sid answered faintly after considering. 'They called me Jewboy most of the time, but they let me play with them, the other kids. They were mainly Irish and Norwegian. Every once in a while they would gang up on me and make me lie down on the ground. They would make me open my fly and show my penis, and they would all spit on it, but if I did what they told me and didn't cry or tell anybody, they would let me play with them again, so I guess maybe it didn't really bother me too much then.'

'Oh, Sid, how terrible,' cried Gold.

- Heller: **Good as Gold** – p 306, 307

*

Bizarrely, I came across the following in a book written by someone who had lived in a house where my grandfather had recuperated during sick leave from the trenches in France and Belgium during the First World War. I found the address, and wrote to the present owners, who were interested in my project and asked me if I was aware of the book which had

been written by a family member. This is of the `fancy that' nature, rather than the teasing or bullying which is the theme of so much of this book. John Gale, its author, was only born in 1925, so would not have overlapped with my grandfather.

At five or six years of age, when being bathed, I was forever asking my mother to tell me why some men and boys were circumcised and some were not. She told me that circumcision was good when you went to hot or sandy countries, which Englishmen often did, because it prevented dust and sand getting caught up in the wrong place. I asked her to tell me all this constantly, because it gave me a mild thrill. At last she said: "That's quite enough of that."

In the same way that I can still remember their handwriting, I can still remember which boys in the school were circumcised and which were not. The difference seemed important then, and there is no doubt we preferred those like ourselves. (p 39)

- Gale, John (1965) Clean Young Englishman

For The Money

People tell me things ...

Briefly, while a student, I was an instructor at a Naval Cadet unit. I overheard a legend that amongst the Cadets if they woke up to find a five-cent piece on their pillow, this meant that they had been sodomised in their sleep the previous night. Of course, this sounds completely implausible to me, as – and I am no expert in this field – I would expect that one would be woken during such an activity. Also, in the circumstances at Cadets, there were far too many people who would be sleeping in the dormitory for any such activity to go unnoticed. In collecting information for a group newsletter, a charming but I suspect very naïve 12-year-old submitted a note indicating that one of the other boys had woken up to find a five-cent piece on his pillow, with the implications I have referred to. I would hazard a guess that the informant had no idea what this supposedly meant, but knew enough to think that it was something dodgy and amusing. Even at that time, five cents was a trivial amount, and on its own would have not been enough to buy a small bar of chocolate.

*

"In some societies (Italy, for example) it is common practice for a young man on the town to start his evening by selling himself to another man, thereby raising the necessary cash to later pay for the services of a female hooker." (Lloyd, 1979, p 195) Because the homosexual acts were paid for, as a commercial transaction, the young man in question did not have to question any bisexual tendencies.

The boys who participated in sexual activity with the people we have mentioned - its often seen that they can be encouraged by access to drink and drugs, money and possibly being treated as adults - its difficult to get to interview such people who might feel inhibited by shame from reporting how they became ensnared. I very much doubt that many adolescent boys might wish to have sexual activities with mature adult males - and any that do might have needs for acknowledgement by father figures, which the adult is taking advantage of.

The psychological phenomenon of resolving `Cognitive Dissonance' might operate here: a person modifies their belief system or judgement to match their behaviour, especially where they have minimal control over their behaviour. In that situation, the boy could believe that he was doing it for the money, and of course, he did not have any homosexual tendencies himself.

*

Jeffrey Epstein died in 2020, and Ghislaine Maxwell was arrested. News media paid some attention to the sexual exploitation of underage children by the elite in society. It was reported that Epstein/Maxwell's victims expressed appreciation in court when they were recognised as victims, and as human beings, as opposed to being discounted as `just child prostitutes'! They received payments and treats in exchange for sexual services, which the defence used to label and dismiss them as prostitutes. The implication was that if they were `child prostitutes' then their exploitation would be seen to be somehow `less criminal' is disturbing. By definition, `child' prostitutes would be under the age of consent, which would invalidate the idea they had any choice. I cannot imagine any children being entirely voluntary

in selling sex. I would expect that this would either be due to dire poverty or indicating that any children involved in this had already been seriously damaged, presumably by being sexually abused previously. This would not be a choice if they had any alternative.

*

Michael Jackson's most recent accusers (Wade Robson and James Safechuck, 2019) are interesting, as the timing of their disclosures coincides with their professions apparently being in the doldrums, and them having financial need, so a defence could be the counter-accusation that they are seeking money from the Jackson estate. Both Robson and Safechuck made statements under oath that Jackson had not abused them. Robson testified at Jackson's 2005 trial that Jackson had not abused him, but Safechuck declined to be a witness at that trial. Robson later explained that while he remembered what Jackson had done to him, it was only after the 2005 trial that he realised that what Jackson had done was sexual abuse. (Robson reports that Jackson would lick his anus and that Jackson attempted anal intercourse with him when he was 14. He did not realise that this was abuse?) He can make the case that he was not ready to disclose at that time, but this is less plausible than Safechuck who just refused to provide testimony at that trial.[25]

*

People tell me things:

When I was a kid, about 13 or 14, one of my friends used to go for weekends and holidays with his Dad, who was now a single man with a large house. I met his Dad and was quite pleased when I was invited to go along as well. I am not sure whether the invitation

came from my friend or his Dad. He treated me as kindly as he treated his son, and I enjoyed the holidays. My Dad wasn't around and certainly wasn't interested in me. Once, when we were alone, his Dad asked me if I would let him stick a thermometer up my arse, offering to pay me some money which would certainly make it worthwhile for me if I did. I was surprised. He didn't pressure me. I understood that it was entirely my choice. If I said `no' I would still be able to come on the holidays as long as his son was okay with me coming along. He left me to think about it, such that it was up to me to decide whether I wanted to earn the money in that way. There wasn't much to think about, but he made it clear he didn't want his son to know, which was fine with me. I told him I was okay with this. While his son was having a bath, he did it to me. It was strange and slightly embarrassing, even though we had changed in the open changing rooms to go swimming. He left it to me to suggest if I wanted to do it again. After the first time, it was a no-brainer. It happened fairly regularly after that. A while later he said he wanted to put a finger in me while I had a wank, for more money, Again that made it worth my while. It was strange the first time, but again I could tell him when I wish to have `the deal' again, and again it became routine. He gave me some girly magazines to wank to. I don't think his son knew or suspected. I liked him. He was kind to me and generous to me as he was to his son. I understood that if I said no, I could still come for holidays. I know this would be seen as abuse, but it didn't seem to be that way at the time. Looking back I remember him positively and as a friend. I was certainly not traumatised by it. Thinking back, he never seemed to get aroused or excited by what he did. He wasn't touching himself. He just seemed to be businesslike. I don't understand it. He never wanted

to go further, to have me suck him or to fuck me. He met up with me several years later and apologised. I told him he had nothing to apologise for. I would not report him for what he did.

The man set the boy up to ask for the activity as a way of making pocket money. The boy will consider that he asked for it, and he was responsible, that he was complicit in the abuse. He does not see it as abuse.

*

One of my older brother's friends was quite flirtatious with me on occasion, but he dated girls and didn't seem to be queer or gay or anything like that. But he was flirtatious. I forget the exact details, but there was a time, when I was 16 when I needed some extra pocket money. I challenged him that I would accept some sexual activity with him for however much it was. This took him by surprise, and it took a while for him to realise that I wasn't just missing him, or setting him up, but that I would do some acts for the money. With him still rather suspicious that it was a trap, but knowing that I liked him and would not make trouble for him, we agreed what would happen, which would go as far as each giving the other a blow job, and what I would be paid. He was a student and was able to work out when he, or we would be alone in the house he lived in. We met, and it happened. I remember at one stage, I decided to push it a bit further, so I told him that if he put on a condom he could go up my arse, for more money. He readily agreed to. He produced a condom and penetrated me, which I could tolerate at first, although I did not like the experience. Then I decided I really didn't want it. I asked him to pull out, which he did immediately. We

finished the session in terms of our original agreement, and he drove me home. He seemed a bit awkward and then asked me to please not tell anyone what he had done. "Are you mad?" Of course, I was not going to! Then I told him; "I would have done it for less," and he smiled, having paid me for the arse bit, even though I had told him to stop, and he told me "I would have paid you more!" He didn't flirt with me again after that. It didn't seem to damage the friendship that we had. We have kept vaguely in touch over the years. I was 16 years old at the time, and the age of consent was 18, so he could have got into a lot of trouble, but there is no way that I would wish to do that to him. I don't think badly of him. I am guessing that he might have been interested in the idea, but then having tried it out, it satisfied his curiosity. He stopped the flirting, and never seem to want to do that again.

*

I came across the following report (Freed; 1949) of juvenile prostitution in Johannesburg in the 1930s, but I was struck by the vividness of the testimony. It also struck me that there was a story underlying what his actual court testimony was, indicating grooming and procuring of under-age boys for sexual activity at that time. (In contrast to Crown / Home Office (2020) **Group-based Child Sexual Exploitation: Characteristics of Offending** Crown copyright. I calculate that if the narrator was 14 in 1938 – so born in 24 – so if he is still alive would now be 96 years old. (An interesting perspective is that the boys involved would have been old enough to have served in the Second World War.) This is the official recording of testimony from a witness, who we would now refer to as a victim, from court records:

"We derived our knowledge of the character of juvenile homosexual prostitution in Johannesburg partly from a personal attendance at the trial of the `Indecency' Cases in 1938. In the case of *Rex* versus - (1), 53 boys ranging from 10 to 15 years of age appeared as witnesses. From our observations of them in Court, we got the impression that they came from poverty-stricken, broken homes, where parental control was largely absent. The record of the case referred to, running into 90 pages of foolscap, throws a flood of light on the problem of juvenile homosexual prostitution in Johannesburg. The evidence in this case deposed by -, was as follows:

"I am 14 years of age. I live in Sunnyside, Johannesburg. I live with my mother. My father is dead. He died when I was two years old. I had a step-father, and he died as the result of an accident when I was 12 years old. I know the accused. I met him in November 1938. Witness X came to my house. It was on a Sunday, and he asked me if I wanted some money, and I said `Yes', I wanted money, but I didn't know where to get it, and he said, `Come with me.' He told me about the accused, and I went then to the - Newspaper Offices. There I met the accused. Witness X and I were playing and the accused came with his car. Then some other boys came along - five altogether. The accused took four boys and myself in his car. Then he took two of these boys home first. Then he said, `Lets go and fetch another boy at Westdene'. We picked up this boy. We went to Parkview first. The accused stopped at a garage. We got some petrol and oil at Auckland Park. He went to the other side of Parkview, and waited for another man to look at his car, but I don't think he came out. This other man and the accused bought some sweets in Parkview. Then he went on to the Pretoria Road,

not on the tarred road. When we came there we turned off the road into a field. There were some trees and long grass. It was not a plantation. There was quite a lot of trees, and we went amongst the trees with the car. Then we waited a bit, and the accused said, `Who is first?' and he pulled out some matches, and broke the matches, and said we must draw, and the one who pulls the shortest is the first, the second shortest is second and so on, and the longest one last. Witness `A' pulled the shortest and had to go first. Then `B', and then myself, then `X'. After drawing these matches, `A' got into the car. The accused went into the car too. 'X' and I pulled a blanket over the car. We pulled it over because the accused said someone might see. The accused pulled his trousers to his knees. 'A' pulled his trousers down, too. I saw the accused on 'A'. 'A' was lying down in the car on his stomach; his head was over the seat. The accused did it to 'A'. He 'poepolled' him. When 'A' came out, 'B' knew he had to go in, because he was second. 'B' went into the car, but I don't know what happened to him. `B' came out about five minutes afterwards. Then the accused came out of the car again too. Then he told me to take the blanket off the car, and put it on the grass just next to the car. I did so. Then I went on the blanket. I pulled off my pants. The accused took out his penis, and he `poepolled' me. He did it to me on the blanket outside. I was a long time on my face. My trousers were down. When he finished with me, he didn't do it to 'X'. He put his penis in my 'backside '. At first, he put it between my legs. I was not wet when he stopped. I stood up when he was finished. Then he said he didn't want any more. I saw his private parts. It was stiff. He was not wet. Then he put his trousers on. I pulled mine up too. And then we played about there. Then after a while, we went back to the car and went home. He gave me 4s. 6d. in the car. He had

given me a 6d. before to buy sweets. I think he gave the other 1s. He gave 'X' 3s. I think 'X' had owed him 2s., which he borrowed for the bioscope. I don't know how much he gave the others. I was under the impression that we should all get 5s. From there we went to the Zoo Lake, and we all went on the boats. The accused paid for it. Then he put 'B' and me off in Empire Road, and he went on with the others. After this happening, I saw the accused again at the - Newspaper Offices about three weeks later. He spoke to me. He said how is it for him? I said, 'Wait a minute, I will come now'. I said I must still check the newspapers. I went in to check my money, then I came out again with the newspapers. I saw he was still there, so I went inside because I didn't want to go with him again. . . I just left my job. I didn't like my work. That is why I left.

I am in an English Medium School, in Std. 5. I stayed away from school. My mother knew every time when I didn't go to school. I didn't have shoes then, and when I got my shoes, I went to school. I knew witness 'X' very well. He told me how to get the money. I was prepared to do this to get the money. I knew it was something dirty. It was not something I would have told my mother. I didn't know it was wrong. I know a little, but not very much. I know it was wrong what I did, and that no one must find me out or else I would get into trouble. I did it because I needed the money."

- from Vide Case No. K 633/38 in Criminal Records Office, quoted in Freed (1949), pp. 80 – 83.

This all happened 83 or more years ago, but unpacking the court testimony, it becomes quite vivid. The reference gives the case numbers of this court case. It is possible that these court records still exist,

and might even be available for research. I do not know how the events were discovered, and what the sentences of those convicted were.

I will take the liberty of referring to the narrator as `John' and try to recreate what I think his testimony indicates happened.

I am intrigued by the role of X, and wonder whether he might have been a procurer, and might have been paid a `finder's fee' and be exempt from being sodomised himself. I can easily understand that there would have been a conversation between John and X, with John giving as his testimony that he came from a financially impoverished environment, and so he could have discussed his need for money with X, or X might have suggested that he knew of a way that John could earn money. I expect that this would have led to the obvious question of; `How?', and X would presumably have carefully sounded out whether John would be interested or willing to do what was required to earn the money. I have no idea whether such activities were known about in those days, or whether it was even seen as possible, but there would have been a conversation after which John agreed to participate, and I would guess having sought assurances from X that it had happened to X, and that X could handle it.

They meet up with the accused, with John knowing what to expect, and then there is a surprising amount of interaction with several other boys, and one wonders whether the accused was deciding which boys he wished to abuse and which not, or whether some of the boys who are mentioned might have been unwilling to participate, or unavailable for any other reason. They travel around, the accused apparently with a car full of boys that were all approximately the same age, and people who knew him would have

known were not his children. It might have been a less suspicious age, and questions might not have been raised, or people might have known exactly what was going on.

Eventually, it is sorted, and the accused drives to some relatively secluded place where he will have his way with four boys. Interesting that he wanted to have four, rather than to just satisfy himself with one. It seemed he would have been satisfied with one, from John's later account of how the accused approached him later with the implication of sexual activity just between the two of them.

John reports that broken matchsticks were used to determine the order in which the boys would be used, and could it be of significance that X is the last to have to draw a match, so there is the possibility of sleight of hand if there was some agreement between X and the accused that X would not be used.

John and X knew each other, but there is no indication that the other two boys knew them, or knew each other, or how they became included in the group. It does seem as though all four of them knew what was likely to happen to them, and – accepting their financial need – were agreeable to the proposed transaction.

The first two boys to be used were afforded some privacy, in that they were in the car with the other boys holding a blanket over it to conceal what was happening, but by the time it got to John's turn, the accused decided to do it on a blanket outside in the open. Presumably, John lay there being sodomised, while the other three boys watched – two of them just having been sodomised, with the third expecting that he would be next - or not?

I was interested in the experiences of the two boys other than John and X; whether they had been used previously, or whether the accused was introducing them to prostitution as he was John. If he was recruiting more boys, the presence of the others might have served to encourage the boys to think it was normal, seeing as the same thing happened to all three of them and could have happened to X as well. All accepted it, all submitted to it; making it seem not unusual. Conversely, there did not seem to be issues of the boys being inhibited by being sodomised with the full knowledge of their peers, and in John's description, them witnessing it happening to him.

There was a slight complication of the details of the financial transaction between the accused and X, with the accused having some prior financial arrangement with him. Despite the issue being raised of the poverty and financial deprivation of the boys agreeing to the act, it seems that they were not immune from spending money they had on what could be said to be `indulgences', like seeing films at a cinema, but this would be a minor point.

The phrase `*poepholl*' is a misspelling of the Afrikaans word `*poephol*' with `*poep*' meaning `pooh', and `*hol*' meaning hole, so put together would be `shithole', and probably the equivalent of `to be bummed'.

Is there any significance to the accused having a car? How common was car ownership before WWII? And he seems to fetch and carry boys in it – which they might have liked – status – or was this mainly instrumental in his use of them? It was useful for him to get a group of boys to a secluded area away from other people, although at the end of John's testimony it seems that he was not averse to raping a single boy much closer to home, or his place of work.

I accept that the original commentary was written in 1948, and the court cases happened in 1937. There is generally a different understanding brought to the events described some 80 years later. The authors note that the witnesses, those mentioned in the above testimony, and from the 53 boy witnesses, which they note were referred to as `bunny boys', that almost all of them seem to be from socio-economically deprived groups, in `extreme poverty', and so, as exploitation continues to occur in the present day in impoverished societies and countries, they could have been preyed upon for their perceived need for money, which it seems those who exploited them were able and willing to pay.

DIGRESSION: I note the amounts of five shillings being described by `John' as what the boys were generally paid to submit to sodomy. I have not been able to ascertain exactly what the buying power was of five shillings in 1937, but I understand that even a decade or two later – and I assume that inflation did not change the value of money in those days as it does today – five shillings would still be seen as a very generous gift, what a doting grandmother would give a favourite teenage grandson as a birthday present. I calculate that the boys were paid one-third of the average adult daily wage. I calculate that in present-day money they would have been paid R357 or £42.70.

The perspective of the original study seems to assume that males paid for sexual services were homosexual in their orientation, as opposed to my expectations that they decided to participate in the sexual act for the money, and the nature of the sex does not indicate their actual sexual preference. In a paper published in

1941, cited in the main book, a note is made of the reported age at which these so-called juvenile homosexual prostitutes became engaged in presumably homosexual prostitution.

In the case of the juvenile homosexuals we were able to ascertain the ages at which they drifted into unnatural habits:

Distribution of the Group of Juvenile Male Homosexual Prostitutes by age. (Freed, 1941.)					
Age 7 & 8	Age 9 & 10	Age 11 & 12	Age 13 & 14	Age 15 & 16	Age 17 & 18
2	5	11	17	7	2

The data represented in this table were obtained from Case No. K. 633/ 32 in the Criminal Records Office.

With contemporary perspectives, we would not conceptualise any of those under 16 as being prostitutes, but rather as children who were being sexually exploited by predators taking advantage of their financial deprivation. I think it is inconceivable that nowadays children as young as seven being found to be sexually abused would be considered to be willing participants, as is the implication in this article.

Drew and Drake (1969) report that boys as young as 5 could be procured for anal intercourse in New York in 1968 (pp. 168-83).

Willemse (1938) exploring the age factor in juvenile delinquency suggest that puberty "is the age at which there exists the highest degree of sex consciousness. The emotional instability of the child lowers his resistance to the temptations of perverse and other practices. It is of significance that in the two succeeding age groups there is a sharp decline in the number of homosexual delinquents. There are factors other than, or over and above, the biological, which may account for the different levels of incidence of homosexuality in the different age groups. Thus we recognised the domestic environment of the child as a factor, and where this was adversely affected by cultural and material poverty, among other things, this unnatural sexual depravity became the vehicle in which the adolescent youth drove away from a difficult social situation."

This is not without precedent! It is noted in the famous Kinsey's[26] studies of sexual behaviour that infants were able to achieve orgasm, and it seemed to take a while before it was recognised and acknowledged that what was being reported was that such young children were being sexually abused, or, as I recall, testimony was given to the researchers on the sexual ability of such young children by men who it must be assumed had sexually abused infants, most likely for their own gratification. This concern about the origin of material included in the Kinsey study has been documented elsewhere.

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Timmy Fielding wrote three biographies on his experiences of being in a Child Porn Ring in Los Angeles in the 1970s. These are **`Untold Stories: How I Survived a Child Porn Ring'** (2011), **`Silent**

Victim: Growing up in a Child Porn Ring' (2012) and **`Family Shame: Lost Boy'** (2019).

Fielding reports that he was encouraged by his therapist to write down his experiences, which I understand happened in the greater Los Angeles area in the first half of the 1970s from when he was 9 years old until he was 12. This is a trilogy and probably best to be read in order. He lives in the perpetual uncertainty where one or more people who torture him will vow him to secrecy only then themselves telling the person or persons they have told him not to tell, so that person then demands that Timmy tells them what he realises they now know, and he is then punished severely for keeping the secrets. There are times when he enjoys himself, but there is a constant refrain of; `Are you mad at me?' The abuse from his mother is so frequent and severe that members of the group who have whipped him can be confident that his mother will not be able to notice that some of his bruises were not inflicted by her. The `group' seems to be particularly sadistic, such that the regularity with which he is subjected to anal sex (from age 9; by definition rape!) is glossed over to focus on the torture, physical and psychological which is life as he knows it. When authority figures (teachers) notice the bruising and suspect abuse, he begs them not to report it as it will mean his family will immediately move, he will be blamed and severely punished and he will lose what support network he has. He is unable to escape, not only because of his emotional dependence on some of the adults, but also the group have pornographic photos of him which they threaten to expose if he tells, and he is threatened with death several times, including a mock execution. Timmy is far more loyal to the adults who abuse him than they ever are to him, and the same with the other boys involved in the

group, some of whom he has been tasked to initiate into sex. All the adults seem very unstable, throwing `hissyfits' regularly, and it appears that at 11 years old, Timmy is far more mature than they are, and they routinely betray his trust. With their impulsive behaviour and fallings out with each other, I am surprised that the group was not exposed, and the predators prosecuted – though most seem very wealthy which may give them some protection. There is some novelisation in this story, as the dialogue must have been reimagined. My impression is that Timmy portrays a much more understanding than I suspect that he had at 11 years old. Though severely damaged, he has survived, and it seems that he makes a positive contribution to society. Overall this trilogy gives a vivid and unique (to me) insight into the world he describes – one which one hopes that children are nowadays protected from, but sadly I suspect that it continues.

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The Cupboard Under the Stairs: A Boy Trapped in Hell By Paul Mason

I found this to be a deeply sad book, about the younger of two boys abused by and then prostituted out by their father, who was a serving police officer, but had contacts with other police officers, military personnel, and other notables and in the town, a town in which I had to work in the early 1990s. It describes his experiences in a very organised paedophile ring. Several children were brought to a gathering and then rotated through `stalls' where different paedophiles would require specific acts from each child according to that paedophile's predilections. He also went on to a successful career as a police officer. None of the people who abused him was brought to justice.

They Did Not Tell ... For More Than 20 Years

Terence

Two stories now, which are substantial, and although the focus of this book has been of boys having been abused outside of the domestic situation, I wish to include the first one which was given to me, in part as a memorial to the author. Terence again, who was a child at the garrison town where I did my 1987 Border Duty. He was working on the story of his traumatic career as a South African soldier and then policeman, and I was mentoring him with this, but he died in 2017 before he had written more than a couple of chapters.

In 1977 when my Dad was stationed at Springs police station. I remember late one Saturday afternoon, my uncle, `Teddy' Vermeulen (then at JHB Flying Squad and later a legend at Brixton Murder and Robbery Squad) arrived, in a state of shock, and told my Dad that Billy Sr. had a heart attack. I was almost 4 years old. `Little' Billy was in his teens. I think he is 10 years older than me.

It was the first full military honours funeral I attended. Both my Dad and his older brother, also a cop, did the slow march and presentation of arms. That day is printed in my brain. I remember as the coffin came past, thinking that `Uncle Billy cannot be dead! Were they sure he wasn't just fast asleep?'

Little Billy became the `blue eyed' boy of the family, being showered with pity by the whole family. My Dad was very close to the late Billy. I remember his pain but he was too proud to cry. He was given most of Billy's clothes. I clearly remember a yellow windbreaker Jacket of Billy's that my Dad loved wearing. My Dad went to fetch his Cougar [car] at

the scene and identify the body. I remember him telling me how Billy's face was distorted, probably from the pain.

As Little Billy was older than me, he was told to `babysit' me when they would go out. One evening when our parents returned, he was playing outside with me with my toy soldiers. I had a huge collection of toy soldiers. That night for the first time he pressed me against the wall and put his hand inside my pants. He started to masturbate me and orally abuse me. I was shocked and I did not know what to do. Who would believe me? What tear in the close family would I cause if I spoke about it?

I vowed to keep it a secret forever. I felt severe guilt, but I have to be honest, I was aroused at the time it felt good. It was feelings I had never experienced before. Years later, in 2004 my ex-wife took me to a female psychiatrist, Stephanie Kruger. She was the very first person that I told about this. She told me that the body automatically reacts to that kind of touching and fondling. Getting an erection is uncontrollable. Although I felt guilty and I knew it was wrong, it felt good. She told me it was not something to crucify myself about. She said that even babies experience `good' feelings when they are molested and fondled, even though they are scared and later lose control over their emotions.

The abuse started in 1982 and it happened more frequently, causing me to hate myself and feeling constant guilt. I could just imagine my Dad killing me if he found out, blaming me for keeping quiet about it. Fortunately, in 1983 we moved to Owamboland. It was a tremendous relief to be out of Billy's reach. Guilt still ate me. I started suffering from anxiety.

Little Billy did not take it further, like attempting anal sex or such. He did try to have me masturbate him, but I refused. It grossed me out to touch him.

I would find closure and at times I fantasized about waking him up with my pistol in his mouth - wanting him to beg me not to shoot him.

It ate at me and it negatively influenced my marriage. I was severely aggressive at times - for all reasons, my war, army and cop history as well as having been molested. So much so that as a Senior Financial Advisor, I lost my temper one morning with a client.

I could smell that the man had been drinking. He wanted information on one of his policies. I politely told him that I needed his I.D book which he did not have with him. When I told him I could not help him, he became insulting. The receptionist knew me by then and asked me to walk away. My manager was there that day as well. The drunk man grabbed me by my tie. I lost it!

*The next thing I knew, I was over the counter and had his hand in a grip called a `swan grip', part of the close-quarter battle training I received.* [We were taught about the `swan grip' during SWAT[27] training. It is a method used to subdue a perpetrator by twisting his hand forward placing stress on the wrist. Place one's index finger on the knuckles and force hard forward. It is quite painful if executed properly.] *I was attempting to break his thumb off. He shouted and soiled (shat) himself.*

The next thing I remember is my manager pulling me off the man. I shoved him away and hit my hand against the wall, breaking my right little finger knuckle.

I used to work with the cops and phoned a mate. He came and I laid an assault charge against the man. My manager and Sannie, the receptionist were quiet and ignored me. The boss later called me to the office when I was calm again. I was riddled with guilt, cried, and even told him about Little Billy.

Herman, the manager, is a devout Christian and prayed for me. He never spoke about it again. I knew I had to get closure, be it on at least one aspect - the molestation.

I waited a few days, thought hard, prayed, and phoned Billy. I told him that I forgave him. It was over and I did not want a cent from him again. I requested that he never contacted me or talk about the issue ever again.

He could not thank me enough. I felt a tremendous relief; genuinely forgiving him and telling my parents of this. My mother could never accept it.

I still drank in those days. While visiting my cousin, Francois who was my senior at Unit 19, whilst drinking, I told him about the Billy episode. At that stage, Francois was working as a private investigator in the horse racing industry and busy with a lot of underground things, like training the A.W.B.[28] for extra money.

*A week later he phoned and told me: "Terrence, I've opened a `job card' on Billy. I'll keep you updated." This meant that he had a contract with a Librarian* [I do not know what he meant by `librarian', I suspect the word is a euphemism.] *he was friends with who was going to kill Billy. I knew it was serious because I knew their history.*

At first, I left it. I told my Dad about it. He simply said, "So be it!" On this point, only after my

Dad's passing, I discovered that after all these years he still had his `spook' (illegal firearm) AK M in our ceiling.

It worried me too much. It was against my beliefs. I phoned Francois a couple of times and begged him to cancel the hit. At first, he refused and told me not to worry, there is no way he or I would ever be connected to Billy's death. I persisted and kept on phoning him almost daily. After a while, one Sunday evening, he phoned me. I could hear he was drunk, but he told me to relax; "It's cancelled." The Security police were investigating him because he was training the Iron Guard `Special Unit' of the A.W.B. I do not know how, but he never seemed to stress, whilst to this day I am a wreck. He did however undergo shock treatment for PTSD at one stage and is still drinking a lot.

This is the extent that the molestation had on me and the ones that loved me. It is sad to say I no longer have any communication with my only brother or Francois as they have told me in so many words that they do not want to know me anymore. I am crazy and only cause shit, which I admit is unfortunately true.

I have had an even more traumatic time since I let my Dad fall downstairs and him dying because of it. I tend to lose control and I severely cut my wrist two weeks ago. I had to lie and said it was an accident with a carpet knife otherwise my medical aid would not pay. I am at breaking point, my friend. I am tired of being scared all the time and know it is Satan, as he rules with lies and fear but it is a Catch 22. If I do kill myself, I'll end up in hell. The present situation is temporary. God clearly says that He will never give us more than we will be able to handle. I am just the victim of my emotional distress and have a wonderful

woman in my life, will be getting a new knee next week, I have a place to stay, food and friends like you.

I do keep track of what is going on in the family in a very subtle way. Billy joined the Air Force after leaving school in 1987 for about two years and then got married and was a member of the Johannesburg City Police. He has a daughter with his first wife who later had an affair and he divorced her. I know he received his inheritance money from his Grandfather just over a decade ago and got married again. He seems heterosexual but of course, I know about certain skeletons in his closet. I am not aware if it was a phase or some sick fetish he entertains.

I have no grudges or guilt in this regard, but I prefer not to have any contact with him. I've told you; I have been written off by the family and have to say that I can't blame them. I do not feel good about it. It reminds me of when listening to the song `Gangsta's Paradise' by Collio where he says: "If they don't understand me, how can they reach me?" Not wanting to be melodramatic or shifting blame, I do acknowledge that I was the wrong party. I never realized that my behaviour was upsetting other people.

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Hope Against History

When taking a history during an intake assessment interview, I would often be hopeful that when some influential, possibly male figure was mentioned, that this person would turn out to be a knight in shining armour who would come to the rescue of these vulnerable and disadvantaged children. Sometimes it was the reverse, and that the person mentioned would be revealed to have abused them as well, or to have

started with this, but in other cases, it was assuring to find that these people were well-intentioned and positive, and might have been more helpful if the person I was interviewing had felt able to confide in them and seek help when they had been a child.

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Beneath the Church

This was one of the saddest cases I think I had during my career. A six-year-old boy, `Mark' and his four-year-old brother `Joey' were subjected to repeated sexual assaults and raped by older boys, encouraged if not incited by the grandfather of the rapists. They had no support and felt unable to tell their parents what was happening. What follows are selected extracts from an incomplete set of case notes:

Their father was financially dependent on this other family. He either hired space in an industrial unit from them or partially worked for them. The two little boys knew that this family was important, and not to be trifled with. They were raised to respect their elders anyway, and this probably extended to the 11 and 12-year-old boys from that family, considering the size and age difference.

Mark presented with depression, sleep difficulties including nightmares, anger issues and difficulties in relationships. Very soon it became apparent that he was suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder, some of the details of which follow:

He explains that the thoughts are always with him, and talking to me as a professional from whom he expects help does not leave him more traumatised than he is normally. He reports ongoing difficulties with waking to nightmares but says this is always the case. He had nightmares as a child. He would also run

around the house sleepwalking and shouting when he was a child.

He told me about how he was manipulated into showering with the two older boys which lead on to abuse photographed by the grandfather of the older boys: During the Summer months, the boys would look forward to going down to a river with the grandfather and his dogs, where they would play and would swim in the river. After this, they would go back to the grandfather's house, where the grandfather would instruct them to shower in an outdoor shower in his secluded back garden. He had a large house, which was just across the road from the house that the two older boys lived in with their parents. The grandfather went into the house to get a coffee and returned with a Polaroid camera.

Mark reports that he thought it was odd that he was being told to strip off and shower outdoors, but the older boys were getting stripped and into the shower. He considered them to be role models, and `if they were doing it then it was probably okay'. He was being told to do so by an adult, so he stripped off and joined them. It felt very strange to him, but he thought that maybe it was `just him who thought it was strange'. (Were the older boys used as role models? We discussed how paedophiles can use this `normalisation' strategy.)

By this time he had already become used to the routine of being sexually abused by the older boys in a crawlspace under the church, that the older boys had found a way into. He felt that with the presence of the adult, he might be spared this abuse. He reports that there was never any penetrative activity while showering. The older boys, who he was used to leading the activities under the church, passively

awaited instruction from their grandfather. They would all obey the instructions from the grandfather who seemed in control. He was required to wash the privates of the older boys which he now understands was masturbation of them, and then they were told to do the same to him. It went on a long time, after which he was sore. (Without divulging the activity, he told his mother that he was sore, but she was not interested.) After this, the grandfather told them to dry themselves and get dressed and they went in and ate porridge, before then playing for a while before he went home. There was the `pleasant time' playing with the older boys after the abuse, leaving him with the idea that it was often okay to be with them, although he did not like and was confused by the sexual activity.

This showering and being required to masturbate while the grandfather took photos became a regular event during the Summer, and in future Summers and continued until his relationship with the boys ended when his father no longer rented the workshop from their father.

In between these shower activities, the abuse from the boys under the church continued. He was never under the influence of glue, drugs, or alcohol in the shower situation, unlike under the church. He knew that he would not be as hurt or as physically abused in the shower as he would be under the church.

The older boys' father and grandfather seemed to be wealthy from the size of their houses, and the car that they drove. Mark did not know the source of their income as he was never aware of any of the adults working. He believes that they might have taken in paying lodgers.

His sleep problem remains the same: initial onset sleep, but then waking in the early hours and unable to get back to sleep. Evidence of nightmares most/all nights. His wife reports that he cries out in his sleep. Nightmares are usually of him attempting to run away but being dragged back towards what he is trying to escape -by tentacles or force fields? Not a clear description. His wife can empathise to his experiences as she was raped when she was 18.

Although he has found it too anxiety-provoking to even pass the church where he was abused, he reports that he has done a Google Earth search of the house and enclosed garden where the shower abuse occurred. He says that it is still recognisably the same place. I discussed his emotional and physical reaction to his having viewed the location of the outsider shower abuse. He reports that he found himself feeling agitated and nauseous.

As agreed, we continue to work on exploring the different themes and occasions during which he was abused by the two boys and working to the most hurtful/damaging, where he was abused together with his little brother, and he was forced to abuse his little brother. The older boys' motivation was in part so they could blackmail him into silence, indicating to him that as he had done to Joey what they had, he was as guilty as they were. Joey was taken along as well when he first was left with Mark and the older boys. He had just started at school and was about 4 years old. The boys took Mark and his little brother along to their house and they were given alcohol on that occasion. He reports that the boys gave him several miniature bottles of alcohol to drink, before moving to a room where the abuse took place. He reports that they told Joey what they were going to do to him, and told him that they had already done it to Mark –

possibly using him as a role model [Judas Goat]. Mark says that he tried to tell his little brother that it would soon be over. The two of them crying while being raped, but that this did not prevent or inhibit the rape by the older boys. After this they made Mark have anal sex with his little brother, which he did not want to do and was not physically able to do. His little brother protested strongly. Mark told him that he did not want to do that either, but he had no choice. After this, as previous, the boys took them to the park and played with them, giving them a happy experience before they went home. He is sure that his little brother bled after the rape, but this was not noticed or questioned by their mother.

At the end of the appointment, I again checked that he was okay with the content of the session, and he stated `you are doing your job.'

Other aspects of his childhood – parents were a negative – father variable, dependent on whether he had been drinking – mother, rather malicious, and would threaten to tell his father that he had been bad which would lead to him getting beaten severely. She could then offer `not to tell' if he made her a tea etc. He would retreat into his bedroom and wedge the door shut, in the hope of escaping a beating from his father, but his father would knock the door off its hinges to get to him. It was against the background of emotional neglect from his parents that the abuse that Mark suffered was able to take place.

He had a paternal uncle who lived two hours drive away with Mark's cousins aged about 3 and 6 years older than him. Visiting them were good times, and he was aware of the good relationship that they had with their father, in contrast to his poor relationship with his parents. When Mark was with his cousins, he was treated as a member of that

family, which he enjoyed, though was haunted by the terror of what awaited him on his return home. Positive relationship with another uncle and his family – much evidence that he was aware of how badly he was treated and the neglect he experienced, in contrast to what he observed of other `normal' families. Had very positive and concerned maternal grandparents who took him on outings etc – did not approve of the violence he was subjected to as a young child, but were not able to intervene.

Had a friend Ivan, and in times of crisis, he would go there. Ivan's parents were very pleasant to him, and again he got to see examples of pleasant and loving families. Mother would send the police around to collect him – who would never question why he so wanted to be away from home.

In his teenage years, he worked on a motorbike, but following standing up to his father, his father destroyed it by pouring paint stripper all over it. After this, he lost interest in motorbikes. Then started working on an old car, which went missing one day, and his mother admitted that she had allowed a scrap dealer to take it away.

He dealt with his anger by very heavy drinking, leading to a life-threatening `break down' on his 30th birthday. He had previously taken his anger out on his wife and younger brother. He trashed a friend's car that he had been working on, and was detained by the police and kept in cells for his own safety.

Safe place – he remembers a holiday resort as a child, and more recently when he and his family have been there for holidays. He says that he is in a much better emotional state there, relaxed, and free of

nightmares. He would like to retire there, but his wife is less keen on this.

Triggers to flashbacks can include workshop and chemical-related smells. He was never abused at the workshop but has traumatic associations with the smells of glues and solvents. These trigger memories of being signalled to by the older boys that the abuse was about to happen again.

The older boys sent him to local shops to buy glue or paint or other such things which they could use to get `high'. At other times they demanded that he shoplifted items for them. As such a young child, he was apprehended by the store owner for stealing and reported to his father who beat him severely. He was unable to tell his father why, and his father would not listen to him anyway. He was too afraid to resist being tasked to do the same again by the bullying boys.

WHAT HAPPEN IF THEY DO TELL?

What is Supposed to Happen?

Part 3: Child Protection Procedures

Looking back through my journals and diaries, I noticed that in the early years of my professional practice, I knew that if I had any concerns about the safety of children learned of through my work, I would seek advice from the Head of Department. In the mid-1990s policies became better defined, and statutory and mandatory training included child protection training every couple of years. As part of this there was a named person within the employing organisation that one could contact for advice on situations, but to maintain the structure of the organisation, it was always stated that one should raise the concerns initially with one's supervisor, this assumes that the supervisor would be available and be willing to provide guidance, which in my experience, was not always the case.

By 1997, my professional portfolio records regular child protection training, which was a statutory requirement of our work, and shortly after this, we needed to routinely have advanced clearance from the vetting and barring agency, based on information held by the police.

At one course in the late 1990s, one of the course coordinators stated that all the people employed by that organisation would by now have received the training. Although I am always surprised that nowadays anyone can claim they did not know what they were doing was wrong, or in professional circles that they were required to report it, this comment indicated that no one employed by the

organisation by then would be able to claim such ignorance. Thinking back some 23 years, I realise that the person might have been referring to the `Criminal Records Bureau (CRB) Check' more recently renamed the `Disclosure and Barring Service' (DBS), which came into effect at about the same time.

At one of these courses, it was confirmed that, where adult patients revealed that they had been abused as children, it was part of our role to suggest that it was not too late for them to make a statement to the police, and for this to be investigated, which is seen to still be a police responsibility. Our understanding was that someone who has demonstrated the capacity to abuse a child might go on to abuse other children, so it is best for this to be investigated. Even if there was no conviction, the possible abuser would know that there were suspicions of him, which would hopefully inhibit further abuse. I can't remember how openly it has been admitted, but the police do seem to keep `intelligence' in which such allegations would be stored. These could be accessed if similar accusations were made against the same person by someone else at a later stage. I think these are accessed when people apply for the vectoring and barring clearance required from people who take on work roles that give them access to children. It has been part of my practice to inform people of their right to report and make charges against people who have abused them when they were children.

Can DBS create a false sense of security?

A drawback to the Disclosure and Barring Scheme is that it may establish a false sense of security. While it

may identify people who have been prosecuted and convicted of sexual offences against children, people who may be a serious risk to children but who have not yet been charged would not show up on DBS checks. I admit that I don't know what an enhanced check would involve, and I expect that this might not be readily available knowledge. Someone who is not excluded due to a `failed' DBS check is not, by definition, safe to be entrusted with children. It might be that they have just not been caught yet.

A person barred from access to children due to a failed DBS check, so who has been convicted of sexual offences, might change their name or aspects of their identity to thwart the DBS process. This would be an offence, and in some cases a breach of probation conditions, but we are talking here of people who have broken the law and the norms of society to sexually abuse children. Such considerations might not inhibit them. Uninformed people could be forgiven for misunderstanding that where a person has passed a DBS check indicates that they are not a danger to children. A passed DBS check does not remove the need for perpetual vigilance.

Autism specialist colleague Mark Want responded: *"Any sort of DBS will have its limitations. It is just not possible to pick up perpetrators who have not been caught. Occasionally you get a feeling about someone, but without the evidence, what can you do? We rely on children to tell us, but if they have poor communication, or are at the age where they do not realise the crime being committed against them; again we are helpless. The only positive thing is that there is a lot more out there now in the way of information and support for victims."*

`Working Together'

From when child abuse was reported to or suspected by professionals and there was the mandatory requirement to report this, the philosophy has been of `Working Together' which means that the different agencies should co-operate and collaborate in the best interests of the child.

It is hard to see that this would be controversial, but in practice, it runs into the difficulties of people being people, of territoriality, some pride in "we know something that you don't" and so often information is not shared, the situation has continued certainly into the last decade of my professional practice, and always when something goes wrong, and a child slipped through the net, and is seriously injured or killed, there is always an enquiry; `lessons must be learned!' But the lessons usually are that everybody knew but no one shared their information or took the steps necessary to trigger child protection involvement which would have saved the life of the child. Examples cited in such training include; Victoria Adjo Climbié[29] (killed in 2000), Baby `P' - Peter Connelly[30] (killed in 2007) and Daniel Pelka[31] (killed in 2012).

An alternative explanation can be laziness or cowardice on the part of the person who receives information, either knowing the effort they would have to go through to report and share their concerns – dealt with below – or else concern for their reputation if it became widely known that they were the person who had reported their concerns – and there have been failures to protect the identity of the person making such accusations, even from parents or carers with a known history of violence, even against

medical professionals. (There is an additional factor which I need to acknowledge, and that is the pressure that individual clinicians find themselves under, with managers breathing down their necks about the length of the waiting list for which they have the responsibility, and the desire to assess and treat people to get them off the waiting list can mean that people might wish to not look too hard at factors that could make a case much more complicated, and take up a considerable amount of clinical time, leaving the waiting list to grow and the manager to be displeased.) From notes written at the time:

8 Feb. 94: During the lunchtime meeting we had a visit from two Principal Social Workers in Child protection. The essence of attending case conferences, it was explained to me, was so that different professionals could challenge each other. They wanted me to write a report beforehand, which could be circulated, but they also wanted me to attend the meeting to defend what I had to say against other professionals - and they are more liberal in their definition of the term than I am - who would challenge me. I wonder whether there is some form of `empire building' going on here - a social worker's self-esteem is proportional to the number of people they can get to attend one of their conferences?

I think there has traditionally been some antagonism between psychologists and other professionals – excluding psychiatrists – as psychologists are often seen as arrogant, and often overpaid. I have often found myself challenged by social workers or psychiatric nurses who wish to make the point that they could have done what I did, and so psychologists' prestige was ill-deserved, with the counterpoint being of having very high expectations of a psychologist being able to work miracles with assessment and treatment where everyone else has

failed because of the supposed status. I have met plenty of very arrogant psychologists.

When one reached the next level - my impression was that Social Services had often decided in advance who they would investigate, and police were quick to drop historical child abuse reports. I provide examples of such cases below.

Policy for Safeguarding and Promoting the Welfare of Children (2012)

I quote the following selected extracts from the 2012 *Policy for Safeguarding and Promoting the Welfare of Children and Young People* which was in operation at the National Health Service trust from which I retired:

8.4 **Section 27** of the Children Act imposes a duty on health bodies to co-operate with a Local Authority in the exercise of that authority's duties under Part 3 of the Act. The Local Authority may request help specifying what help they require. All Health Bodies, whose help is so requested, must comply with the request if it is compatible with their own statutory or other duties and obligations.

9.1 **Policy**

All members of staff must routinely ask patients/clients whether or not they have any dependents or caring responsibilities and these questions should be included in all initial health assessments undertaken by staff employed by the Trust. This includes adult services.

9.2 When a member of staff becomes aware of or suspects that a child/young person or family has unmet needs or the parents are struggling to provide the child with appropriate care, they will

request permission from the child (if competent)/adult to undertake an assessment using the Common Assessment Framework (CAF).

The CAF assessment cannot be undertaken without the parent's or child's permission /consent.

A referral form can be accessed by contacting [the Trust's] Safeguarding Children Team covering the area the member of staff is based in or from the Trust's intranet.

14.3 It is an offence for a person to have a sexual relationship with a 16 or 17-year-old if they hold a position of trust or authority with the child/young person. Staff must contact the Safeguarding Children Team for advice if they have reasonable cause to believe this is happening.

If in any doubt, advice should be sought from [the Trust's] Safeguarding Children Team covering the area the member of staff is based in, or Children's Social Care if outside of normal working hours.

25 Attendance at Child Protection and Child in Need meetings

25.1 Policy

All staff must be fully prepared for attendance at all Child Protection and Child in Need meetings.

Policy Title: CG29 Policy for Safeguarding and Promoting the Welfare of Children and Young People. Version 5 Policy Author: [redacted] (Created Sept 2012 - Disposal date: Sept 2036).

Regarding .9 .1 (above) clinicians knew that patients could be offended by this, not seeing the relevance if

they were suffering from panic attacks or agoraphobia. I constructed a family tree in my intake interview, which would have generally included the children that the person came in contact with, but would miss any informal childcare arrangements with non-family members. I was never challenged on this, and I was not aware of any of my colleagues not satisfying this requirement.

Professionals may be reluctant to report concerns, for fear of damaging a therapeutic relationship…

I was interested to come across an article regarding issues with treating sex offenders, to find clinicians possibly being reluctant to act on information they received in treatment sessions, which needed to be reported to the relevant authorities:

Reporting is therapeutic. Many clinicians dread the day they will `be forced' to report a patient because he disclosed the fact that he sexually abused a child. Reporting laws vary from jurisdiction to jurisdiction, and clinicians should be familiar with the laws where they practice; don't hesitate to consult with your malpractice insurance agent if you are uncertain about what to do.

However, many clinicians misunderstand the purpose of `reporting laws.' The laws are intended to protect clinicians from accusations of breaches of doctor-patient confidentiality, not to force them to do something. The fact is that all ethical physicians would want to seek immediate assistance for any child known to be in harm's way. Reporting laws are unnecessary for that purpose. Some clinicians worry that by reporting, their relationship with the patient will be harmed, but this also is untrue. In the SBC,

reporting laws are presented to the potential patient before he or she sees the doctor.

- Fedoroff (2016)

The Role of the Supervisor

During the years of my professional practice, the requirement for clinical supervision changed. At the time that I qualified, one was expected to have regular supervision for the first two years post qualification, after that things were less formal, and it was good practice that one seeks `supervision' from colleagues whose opinions one valued as and when required. Over the 30 years of my career, this was tightened up considerably. To be registered and to practice, one needed to have regular supervision from a designated colleague, and for detailed records of the session, content to be kept, while the anonymity of the patient was preserved.

At the department I retired from, the procedure was that if we believe that a child was at risk, we would first discuss the matter with our clinical supervisor, following which we would then report it to the Area Child Protection Team, who would then take over the management of the case. This assumes that if one can make a strong enough case to the clinical supervisor, then it is worth referring higher. It does not consider the interesting dynamics that can occur with the supervisor, who, not holding responsibility can then play `Devil's Advocate'. (I had an interest in forensic work, and in my private practice I would conduct medico-legal assessments, which could {and did!} lead to me being required to undergo cross-examination in Court. I had much more experience of this than they did.)

It might be part of my personality, and possibly due to my life experience, age, and stage, that when seeking advice – if I was required to – from a supervisor, I would usually have a very strong case and action plan clear in my head, and clarity of my legal obligations regarding mandatory reporting. I can be accused of being somewhat gung ho in reporting suspected child abuse, or children being at risk, but I do not apologise for this, and marvel somewhat that this might not be the case across the board.

Looking back from a position of being in court, where a child reports that they had reported to me that they were being abused, and naming the abuser, but where it was found that while I had received this information I had done nothing with it to ensure the child safety, I would see as one of the gravest misdemeanours a clinician can be charged with, short of actually being involved in abuse, which I know happens. I believe that the responsibility remained on me, and I had to act on it.

In that department, I had two clinical supervisors both of whom were – shall we say – decision averse. The supervisors might have reacted to the strength of my case by feeling that they needed to challenge me, and my clear action plan of reporting my concerns to the child protection team after the obligation of discussing with my supervisor. They had the luxury of being able to scrutinise information, questioning and grilling me, but I knew, and they probably knew as well, that they advised me not to do as I proposed, and certainly would not put their instruction into writing. Even if they did, as an accredited psychologist myself, I would not have the defence – even if I wanted it – of "they told me not to!" I would patiently allow them to grandstand before going

ahead and doing what I had known I needed to do before jumping through such hoops. The buck would stop with me. Ultimately I knew that it was my decision.

I remember vividly examples of where they appeared to be disinterested or almost obstructive. I felt no benefit from seeking the obligatory `supervision' from them.

One of the two clinical supervisors was also my line manager, which was not optimal practice. I did not have much respect for him, especially being aware that he would avoid taking difficult or complicated patients from the top of the waiting list, leaving them for me, and then seeming to relish in dispensing advice as to how I might have managed them better when the complications materialised, with me knowing that he had sidestepped taking them on himself. Further blackening his score sheet was my awareness of him doing work for which he was being paid elsewhere during the time that he worked together with me and his lack of conscientiousness in that he would usually arrive late, and find some reason to leave early.

I confided to a friend in 2013 about a bizarre situation where with triage, I had to consult with my manager supervisor whether we could accept a referral, or whether it would be better to go to a specialist service.

When asked to rule on the appropriateness of us offering assessment to an apparent voyeur – a male found by his wife to be spying on girls (implication young teenagers), but from the information that we had, he declined at assessment to disclose under what circumstances he was spying, apart from saying that it was not at a swimming bath. I immediately thought

of him climbing trees and looking into bathroom windows – we've all seen `Red Dragon' (1986)*, haven't we? That would immediately be a criminal offence, with possible child protection implications – which we would need to raise with the authorities – breaching confidentiality, but we could do no other. At present, our remit states that we do not see people who are facing going to court, at least in part because of the amount of time we can get sucked into, as it is very likely we will get subpoenaed to go to court, and also we know that people facing court are very keen to get themselves seen by `a psychologist' so that they can score brownie points for seeking to address their problem – so they would not need to go to prison – and if that worked, they would drop out of treatment as soon as they possibly could. With us not being the probation service, we would not wish to work with someone who attends because they were told to, and who were not motivated to do any therapeutic work.*

The supervisor's response was to contemplate that he sometimes was concerned about walking about in his boxer shorts while painting the outside of his house in hot weather. Not a logical reply to my supervision issue. (It did not seem appropriate to suggest he wear old clothing if he might be seen while doing so.)

The other supervisor, also senior to me, was decision-averse and tended to dither. The dither could move to panic, although he might claim to be playing devil's advocate, or it being a therapeutic intervention for me, rather than a risk management issue. He started to explore the "How do you know? You weren't there!" Going on to say that all the information I had was the statement from my patient. He became more excited, and suggested; "How would you feel if you were in that position; that you were being accused of such a horrible thing?" I was struck at how irrelevant that is

in such a case. It would have been my responsibility with consequences to me if I failed to report what a patient had told me if they then found I had done nothing.

What would the consequences be? Once my action was approved, no matter how grudgingly, all that would happen would be for me to raise it with the coordinator of the Child Protection Team, who would ask me if I had discussed it with my supervisor – a chain of command that had to be followed. She is a specialist with responsibility and she would then decide whether to raise it with the child protection committee or not. That was all. The person of concern might not know he had been reported. It would certainly not just be on my say so that the police swooped in to arrest him, and for him to see his name and photo in the newspapers.

Generally, in law, a person is innocent until found guilty. I expect that most caring parents or caregivers would rather be temporarily falsely accused themselves, and having the right to defend themselves, than for another child to continue to suffer abuse because the informed professional was too cowardly to act. The whole purpose of the child protection committee was to investigate and decide on further action. Despite the protocols in the Department suggesting going through the supervisor, I did not see a possibility of being dissuaded by the supervisor from letting the child protection team (which included police representation) becoming involved and making the decision, even if they decided `no action necessary'. At least I would have done my bit! What more could I do? I might have discreetly kept a note of the identity of the accused to refer back to if I became aware of his name coming up again in the future.

I would go through the motions, playing the game of pretending I needed their input – that they were wiser than me, and in the Department where the ditherer had been threatened that he could be disciplined for `insubordination' to the Head of Department. This was all very bizarre. I had thought that insubordination was something that happened in a military environment, rather than in a mental health department in the British National Health Service in the second decade of the 21st-century.

CLINICAL CASE NOTES

I remember from my training that we were told explicitly that we needed to keep clinical records of every contact that we had with a patient. Not only was this good practice, but it was a legal requirement, and these were legal documents. I also remember from my training that we were warned that we should be wary that anything that we wrote could end up in the hands of the patient we were writing about, their relatives and possibly their lawyers. This was firmed up in about 1991 in the UK with legislation giving patients access to their medical records, and the fact that such access could prove embarrassing to the author or the author's employer was not grounds for disputing access.

To this day I am aware that there are no hard and fast rules about what needs to be included in clinical case notes, and, having prepared a Continuing Professional Development workshop on the subject, `Adventures In Case Notes' under the banner of the British Association of Behavioural and Cognitive Psychotherapists (BABCP). I am aware of individual differences between what is noted and what is omitted – and the consequences of this. It is generally seen as

important that case notes be kept very firmly under lock and key, and generally that duplicates should not be kept, especially when the security of such duplicates is not guaranteed. Mostly for defensive reasons, I have found, from time to time, that it has been very important that I did keep such duplicate sets. It has been easy enough for people, generally superior to me to not be able to find such case notes, or for inconvenient case notes to be destroyed, resulting in a `he said - she said' situation regarding what had been recorded.

During my time at 1 Military Hospital, 1986 and 1987, the procedure was that we would write case notes long-hand, and these would then be handed to an administration department who would then have these typed onto a central computer. I seem to remember this was also the case at Natal Medical Command in 1988. I am not making accusations, but being a student of human nature, I can imagine that when faced with a stacked in-tray of work one did not wish to do, it would not be impossible for some people to destroy some such documents, and deny ever having received them. Nasty suspicious mind that I have! There was at least one case where my notes went `missing'.

I think it was frowned on, and contrary to the policies of one's employers to keep one's own set of case notes, I can understand that there might be justifiable concerns about how securely such records would be kept, with the possibility of there being breaches of confidentiality. I learned early on of the vulnerability one faced if one did not do so. This was no longer an issue at the time of my retirement when we typed our case notes directly onto the patient management information system, where what was typed in could be tracked and traced, and alterations

enquired about. In the early days, at one hospital I worked at we handed in our written notes which were then typed onto the hospital's computer-based system, and sometimes notes would `go missing' and one would have no explanation for why one had not submitted such notes, as well as not having access to these, which are important for subsequent therapy sessions. I would not accuse some disinterested admin clerk of deciding to just `disappear' some notes to be typed if they lost interest. Perish the thought!

I cannot remember all of the background details, but in 1992 or 93 I attended a child protection case conference where a social worker had deleted a couple of paragraphs from a report that I had written. She had not discussed this with me. Their removal was obvious because those paragraphs had been covered by another page before being photocopied. I mentioned this as an example of where it is very useful to be able to access the original reports and case notes one has written, but I cannot remember the outcome of this. It was not dramatic, and I expect that my Head of Department who I would have complained to, would have suggested letting it go rather than create awkwardness in inter-department relationships. That case did not involve sexual abuse.

In 2018, I worked as a locum work into an NHS service. I found that the practice was accepted that we were required to submit a sample of our signature, which would then be added to team reports. This seemed to completely nullify any point in signing a document when one's colleagues and possibly administrative staff could add a legal copy of one's signature to a document which one might conceivably not have seen at all.

DIGRESSION: A senior colleague (sadly now dead) kept a supply of very old official lined paper, so if any

of his trusted circle needed to create case notes set in the past, tests on the paper would indicate that at least the paper was old enough to be from or before the time the `useful' notes were written. Is it possible to test the date of ink? I, personally, have no idea about such practices!

PART 4: DEALING WITH CONCERNS

When something is reported to us, or we have concerns, what then? More case studies:

"So, Tell Me Boy; Do You Wank?"

People tell me things. When I was an Assistant Scout Leader, a Scout Leader told me that on the Patrol Leaders Training Unit (PLTU), a member of staff who was a Catholic Priest in his day job had individual `counselling sessions' with the participants during which he would ask the boys about their masturbatory habits. The Scout Leader told me this as a strange phenomenon, a curiosity, rather than as something that he thought should be formally questioned. I was an intern psychologist. I thought it was inappropriate, and I discussed it with my supervisor. He suggested that we should write a formal letter to the PLTU Course Director, which we did, as follows:

UNIVERSITY OF NATAL

STUDENT ADVISORY SERVICE

29th April 1985

Mr Bryan Dibben
P.L.T.U. Course Director

Dear Mr. Dibben,

Counselling on Patrol-Leader Training Courses

As you are no doubt aware, Scouts attending your Patrol-Leader training courses receive some form of counselling. As ex-Scouts, and persons professionally engaged in the field of counselling psychology, we are a little concerned about the type of counselling offered to these boys.

Most skilled services in the world today are gradually moving from the field of the enthusiastic amateur to that of the trained professional as the knowledge available becomes more complex, and, one hopes, more useful. The same is true of counselling. There are today, in and around Pietermaritzburg and Durban, several trained psychologists interested in and no doubt able to offer professional counselling to Scouts as part of any form of orientation course.

Our particular reason for writing is information we have from a Scout who attended one of these courses who says that he was counselled by a Roman Catholic priest (despite the fact that the boy was a Protestant) and that the priest concerned seemed very interested in and very condemnatory of the fact that this boy may or may not have engaged in the common adolescent practice of masturbation. Had the boy been seen by a professional counsellor, it is extremely unlikely that the question would have been asked, as it is considered somewhat unethical to raise questions of this nature that are not first broached by the client; had it been broached by him, he would have been informed that it is a perfectly normal and natural outlet, and engaged in by about 90% of all adolescents, and indeed a fair number of adults. We are not sure that the giving of what appears in this case to be factually incorrect information, with a strong moral slant to it, is to the benefit of the boy concerned, and are writing directly to you because there must be a number of other people who have received the same sort of counselling and interrogation. I wonder whether you would be interested in commenting on the possibility of using trained people for this type of counselling, or alternatively deleting it from your programme.

Yours sincerely,

Ralph Wortley
COUNSELLING PSYCHOLOGIST

Barry Fowler
INTERN PSYCHOLOGIST

This is the letter as sent, taken from the photocopy that I kept in my records.

Ralph was my supervisor for the adult section of my internship, and he was HOD of the Student Advisory Service, in which capacity he wrote the letter. It was Mary, the junior secretary who approached us in a state of distress when we returned from some meeting to the S.A.S. She had had some outraged person from Scouting on the phone who ranted at her for a while, but neither Ralph nor I were available. As I recall she had been told `none of your business - who do you think you are?' I remember her telling us that she could not get a word in edgeways to tell the man that she did not know about it and wasn't responsible for it - implications (and this from memory 35 years later) the man hung up, not giving her a chance to get his contact details so that Ralph could phone him back. Ralph was the HOD and would have taken over at that stage, possibly `counselling' Mary about the matter, but I do not know any more. Ralph is alive and well and in Johannesburg. He might remember the incident.

I did not know it at the time, but I have since learned that a psychologist working privately in the same town had a patient disclose to her that he had been very distressed when Lawrenson had had this discussion with him while he was a participant on the Patrol Leaders Training Unit. The psychologist raised her concerns with Scouting authorities, but I understand that nothing was done. She was my training therapist.

When I reviewed this, about twenty years on (2004) – although now with it being much more of a known phenomenon of priests (not just Catholic ones) being convicted of sexual offences against children – I feel even more strongly that the situation reported should have been addressed.

Dudley Forde, Bryan Dibben, Father Ian Lawrenson and Doug Drysdale were all on the management committee of PLTU up until the 1980s, and continued together after Drysdale left in 1980 – or did he? (described above.) I believe that at one time or another each of them served as course director on PLTU. They knew each other well and were most likely friends.

If I were to receive such information now, I would just immediately report the matter to the Area Child Protection Team who could decide whether to investigate or not. But I wonder whether – and when – this form of counselling might have been phased out of the PLTU curriculum?

Does or did Scouting need this sort of thing to happen in its name?

`Cobie Havenga'

Military conscription was a fact of life for my generation in South Africa. In my first job after qualifying, I worked in the psychology department at 1 Military Hospital, Voortrekkerhoogte, outside Pretoria.

I can't remember the background details, but an NCO was referred to our service, probably for alcohol abuse and suspected domestic violence. During the assessment, it was picked up that he had a

young son, about whose welfare we had some concerns. (Fowler, B [2021b] 1 Mil, Ch 11) At the ward round, I remember that Annette (my opposite number) suggested that I would be a good therapist for his son, being a positive male figure – thanks Annette!

I liked the boy and had felt desperately sorry for him, and powerless to do anything to help him. He was one of what I would later refer to as `twilight children' – on the edges of society, in the shadows, largely unnoticed. We became suspicious that he was being sexually abused by his father. His father believed that Cobie (initial syllable to rhyme with `lure') was not his biological son, thereby sidestepping the incest taboo. Not that this is any defence if he was raping a 10-year-old child. There was a social worker involved, a Mrs Bezuidenhout, a lovely motherly type figure who at some stage I think had taken him along on a holiday away to the coast with her own children, in the days when such actual involvement was allowed, and maybe social workers did not have the same restrictions of contact with patients that I am used to. The father was a sergeant in the Air Force, as I recall, and seemed to have an alcohol problem, which is trivial compared to our main concern. The little boy seemed to sense that there were people around who could help, and he started some disclosure, including to the social worker that his father had `taken him from behind' [*van agter af*] which I understood to mean anal rape.

From my case notes:

4/11/86: Mrs Bezuidenhout (social worker at Swartkops Air Force Base) came to visit me and tell me that Cobie's mother told her yesterday that she suspects sexual activity between her husband and Cobie. I discussed a plan of action with my

supervisor, Capt Nel. He referred me to Commandant Weyers but I was not able to contact the Commandant because he was on a course. I arranged with Mrs Bezuidenhout to get written permission from Mrs H- to gain information about the alleged incidents and to discuss the same with a law officer. I spoke to Mrs H- over the phone to tell her that we need her permission to do this. I am aware that cases of suspected child abuse must be reported to the district surgeon, but I am still trying to ascertain at what stage this should happen.

5/11/86: I arranged an interview with the father of the child patient I am seeing at present. Father was against coming in, and denies any problems, at work or at home. He says he is not unreasonable to the child, and that the child is getting a softer upbringing than he himself had had. He says he knows what he is doing when he canes Cobie because he used to cane [administer corporal punishment] for either the prison services or the police. He makes out that he has a good relationship with his son, and that his present severity is in the long-term interests of his son, as a father will not always be around to provide guidance. I was not confrontational with the father as I believe he would deny, and possibly abuse his family more for my having done that. I do not believe that any therapeutic intervention is possible with Sgt H-.

5/11/86: Cobie arrived for the appointment. While waiting, he told Clerk Johan Verster that they did not have food in the house and that he often goes to school hungry. I saw his father earlier today who said that he had beaten Cobie on Monday. I asked Dr van Wyngaard to examine Cobie to see if excessive violence had been used. There was a bruise on the buttocks, but no damage to his ribs or head. Individual interview with Cobie in which I asked him

about sexual harassment from the father. The information he told me follows; father has made sexual advances to Cobie over the last several years. These occur mainly in the morning after his mother has left for work. Father frequently tries to fondle Cobie, but the most extreme involvement was one incident of fellatio sometime last year, which was interrupted when Cobie's mother walked into the room. Father's advances occur sometimes after alcohol abuse and more often in the mornings before school. Father's most recent sexual approach occurred on Monday 3 November. Sister is aware of what happens and covers for Cobie: when father makes an advance, Cobie coughs and sister then walks into the room to distract father. Cobie reports that his father has also been sexually active with the sister. He says that his father also has a sexual relationship with Cobie's [male] cousin who is in Standard Seven. Cobie believes that his sister and his cousin have been paid by the father for sexual favours. Sometimes father coerces him into participating in sexual acts with threats of violence, but at other times Cobie can slap his father's hands down and quickly ride off to school. Cobie described a sense of relief at having told of what he had been experiencing despite the embarrassment at the questions asked. He says that his father's advances interfere with his ability to concentrate at school. He says also that he would prefer to live away from his father. He says that an uncle or equivalent has asked him if his father does `ugly things' (Lelike dinge) with him and has said that Cobie is welcome to go and stay with them.

6/11/86: Yesterday I phoned Prof G Fouche at the University of Natal for guidance on the legal aspects of the new developments in Cobie's case. Prof Fouche

informed me that it is not my responsibility to contact the district surgeon and that this responsibility rests with the social worker involved, but whether she needs to contact him depends on whether the new Children's Act has been instituted. I also contacted Prof Robertse at MEDUNSA who tried to refer me to Commandant Potgieter who is away for the next 10 days. He also said that it is not necessary to contact the district surgeon at this stage. Supervision with Capt Nel: we decided to ask the social worker to investigate whether or not Cobie can be found to be a `child in need of care'. Confirmed with Major Vogt who prefers to hold a gathering of the three of us and the social worker to case conference the case. Time agreed on is 11:00 hours on 7 November 1986. I informed Mrs Bezuidenhout and asked her to be familiar with the Children's Act. [How arrogant were we?]

{Date lost} Interdisciplinary case conference to discuss case management. Also attending was Lt. Ted G. - law officer. Lt. G. informed us that it is very difficult to prove a case of indecent assault. The father has a better chance of suing us for defamation of character than we have of removing the child.

We are concerned about the possible reprisals that the father will make against his family when he knows what we have been told. Mrs Bezuidenhout says [Cobie's mother] intends to move in with her parents at the end of the school year.

Action Plan:

(1) Try to get [Cobie's father] transferred away from Pretoria as soon as possible to get some breathing space. (This was effectively managed, and he was sent to the Border for three months - he had been

scheduled to go anyway, but this had repeatedly been deferred because of the 'family problems'.)

(2) Mother to be encouraged to divorce father.

(3) Mother to see Lt. G. for him to explain the legal situation.

(4) Cobie to be followed up by myself and full psychometrics to be done."

I saw Cobie again a week later at which he said that he thought that his father suspects that we know what has happened because he asked Cobie and Cobie's mother who told us. Cobie felt that his father would now leave him alone because too many people knew what was going on. I did some psychological tests with Cobie, which indicated that Cobie might prefer to be a girl, which might be seen as a gender identity problem. (I wonder if his reasoning that if he was a girl, he would not be beaten, because he reported that his father sexually abused his sister as well.)

Even in those days, in South Africa, and in the army, the protocol was established about how to deal with such matters. They had to be reported to the supervisor of the clinician, and – at some stage (unspecified) – the District Surgeon had to be informed, and I think with us all being in the military, I had in mind that the Officer Commanding 1 Military Hospital should also be informed.

My notes, in my capitalised handwriting, are comprehensive and indicated that I had discussed the matter and what action plan we needed to follow with my supervisor, who supposedly felt unable to advise me, or endorse my proposed action. He referred me to someone that he said he felt was better able to advise me, but this person was on leave for 10 days. I contacted an authority at Pretoria University that our

department had strong training links with, who referred me to someone else who was also on leave. I also contacted senior staff members from the University of Natal where I had qualified.

To me it was quite clear, and not a big deal, to report our suspicions to the Surgeon General or the District Surgeon, but there was even in those days a very discernible reluctance to endorse me doing this. I could envisage a situation where – if the rank structure had endorsed my plan of action, and I did have a meeting with the District Surgeon or his representative, as I had arranged for a doctor to examine him for bruising. (The doctor did not do an intimate examination. There was a limit on what I could request.) There was no physical evidence, and the District Surgeon might ask me what I thought should be done. I hoped that the district surgeon would respect my decision to follow my understanding of the required protocols and tell him.

I do not know if I would have been able to suggest as clear a path of action then as I could now. Even in those days, it would probably be the district surgeon's responsibility to decide on an action plan or to be prepared to justify if not. I suppose I would have suggested that if the boy stayed in the family unit, a representative of the medical world that the boy trusted could be permitted to make unannounced visits to check up on the boy and his well-being, the father being required to allow these or face investigation possibly leading to prosecution.

But the supervisors, and people they consulted, wished to duck having to give clear advice, despite this being their role.

I remember the situation, but I cannot remember the specific outcome. I think with it being

in the military, the situation was partly resolved by the father being transferred to some distant base, and therefore away from the boy. I remember we attempted to do some family therapy, involving a room that we had with two-way mirrors and teams of supposed experts who would be advising via telephone links to the two clinicians working with the family. When we tried this, the clinicians were me and a psychiatrist who I had great respect for. At one stage the supervisors from the safety of being on the other side of the one-way mirror, urged us to tell the father that we thought he was raping the boy. Both the psychiatrist and I were not prepared to do this, as we knew that after the session the father would go home with the son and we would not be able to protect him. The lead therapist of the family therapy team seemed to like the idea of what I have now learned is called `being a disruptor'; throw everything into the air and see where it lands. Great if things turn out to be more positive, but not so good if it all goes horribly wrong, and in this case, whether the child was murdered, or – a phenomenon which came more into prominence later – there was a family murder/suicide.

His father was a nasty piece of work. He was the only father figure the little boy had.

I was interested in finding out how life had turned out for him – hoping it was better than the nightmare childhood he had as a 10-year-old. I had found someone who could have been him on Facebook, but it was an old posting, back from 2012. I received no reply to a friendship request on Facebook. I contacted the employer listed who said that they had no records of him. When I found his date of birth on the case notes I quoted above, my researcher reported that he was the person on Facebook, but that he had died a few weeks after that

Facebook posting back in 2012. Reading between the lines, from the police's reaction to my request for information, I understand he took his own life. I was provided with telephone numbers which it is reasonable to assume were family members for him, but I received no replies to any of the messages sent to those numbers. I was saddened to learn that after the nightmare that his life was when he was 10, it had not improved for him 26 years later.

`Hands Off "Our" Child Molester'

In the third quarter of 1987, as a captain in the South African Medical Service, the medical branch of the South African Defence Force, I did an operational duty at Oshakati, the main garrison town for the most active sector in the South African border war. I wrote up an account of this as `*Grensvegter?*' (1996). `*Grensvegter*' is an ironic phrase meaning `border fighter' referring to the border between South West Africa – Namibia and Angola, the equivalent of `Rambo'.

I was called to the sickbay as a young national serviceman presented in a state of great anxiety. I find that I kept a copy of my letter to accompany him as we send him to 1 Military Hospital in Pretoria for further evaluation and management.

17/08/1987 referral letter I wrote to the intake team at 1 Military Hospital when we got clearance to send the patient down to `the States' as we referred to South Africa while serving on the border between South-West Africa, now Namibia, and Angola:

This patient presented to me saying that he had been suspended from teaching at Oshakati primary school (where he is spending his national service as a

teacher) because a 14-year-old pupil (male) accused him of making sexual advances to him. The patient says that it was all the boy's idea and that the boy was blackmailing him with threats of telling. The boy was also gaining money, use of the teacher's car et cetera by blackmail.

Incidents occurred when the teacher took the child on holiday with him to the teachers own (disturbed) family. The patient admits to masturbation together as well as performing fellatio on the boy but says the boy blackmailed him into doing this.

The management plan from the army's side is to transfer him out of Oshakati as soon as possible, and according to Chaplin Van Niekerk, whom I believe is the senior chaplain in the sector, he and the principal of the primary school have decided that he should be referred to Mr Pieter Spies in Pretoria for an outside opinion of whether the patient is homosexual or not, and this information will be used to make a decision as regards the patient's future as a teacher.

Peter Spies is known to the Department of Psychiatry, 1 Military Hospital, who have reservations about his therapy. Mr Spies is not a registered mental health worker, nor (apparently) a registered religious minister.

I am convinced that the member can be assessed and possibly treated by members of the SAMS, and I feel that he should not be referred to an outside agency. I believe that the SAMS should retain control and management of the patient.

Diagnostically, I suggest the following:

Axis I: Ego dystonic homosexuality

Axis II: Strong traits of a dependent personality disorder, with some histrionic traits.

Axis III: Nothing known

Axis IV: (Severity of Psychosocial Stressors): Nil of note prior to index event (accusation).

Axis V: (Social and Occupational Functioning): Nil of note prior to index event (accusation).

I believe that the patient's main problem is on Axis II, and I would like to add that he is manipulative, suggestible, gullible, irresponsible, and very immature. (I don't think I liked him!)

I am concerned that the nonprofessional treatment of this patient will start and end on the issue of his sexual preference, and that his grossly disturbed personality will not be attended to.

The boy is reported to have criminal tendencies by Chaplin Van Niekerk, and he will be followed up by the Department of Psychology, Medical Section Sector 10.

For information: *the patient has been emotionally adopted by Mrs Vosloo, wife of the patient's officer commanding, who is complicating his treatment by insisting he be admitted to our medical ward (which we of course refused) and of trying to arrange farewell parties for the patient. Mrs Vosloo has a long psychiatric history and is supposed to be in treatment at the moment (non-compliant). She might contact you when she finds out where he is, and I wanted to give you background information.*

The reason I wish to refer this patient to you is because we cannot treat him here due to emotional/political factors, and I believe that he needs to be evaluated and managed by professional

mental health workers within the South African Medical Service.

I regret not having been able to work him up in greater depth, but he presented late on a fully booked Friday afternoon, and I aim to have him on Monday 16th August's flight, for which he will have to leave Oshakati by 10 a.m.

I regret not being able to retain this patient as I believe that he will be very interesting to work with.

Postscript. The patient does not at present have criminal charges laid against him.

Attached to that referral letter was the write-up of my assessment with him, which seems a satisfactory standard to me 33 years later, but which does not contain information relevant to the point I am making about the reactions of the authorities when sexual abuse becomes known to them. The boy in question was 14, and it is dismaying to see that he was labelled as having criminal tendencies. At the time that the age of consent was 18, and the teacher would be further condemned by the power differential in their relationship; him as a professional teacher and an under-age boy. Even in present-day legislation, the teacher had committed an offence even if the boy had been 18 years old.

It occurs to me that here we were managing someone accused of and having confessed to sexually abusing a child, even if the child in question was confident, and no `shrinking violet' and I expected very resilient!

Despite being a national serviceman, he was provided with a civilian house within the garrison village, which I think he shared with another national serviceman teacher. He indicated that the man he

shared a house with was willing to provide him with a character reference and assure anyone interested that our patient was not gay. I felt no need to investigate this or create any documents, but I knew that there were rumours, which I only heard about after having assessed him, that the two of them were having an affair. I can't remember the context, but I remember the officer commanding of the medical section referring to his `*moffie*' friend – `*moffie*' being Afrikaans for `poof'. It would not have been the most impressive of character references!

I will admit now that there was rivalry (a `turf war'?) between psychology/psychiatry and the Dutch Reformed Church, which was very influential in South Africa at the time, and in the military. A man had made a name for himself as being an expert on helping homosexuals to convert to being straight, and he was flavour of the month as far as the Dutch Reformed Church was concerned, and it seemed to be their intention to refer this national serviceman to that apparent expert, although I am not aware of him having any recognised medical or counselling qualifications. He is the `Peter Spies' mentioned above. It seemed appropriate to keep him managed within the medical world, but certainly, I expected that there would be police involvement with was statutory rape, but it did not seem appropriate for this to be investigated where we were in Oshakati, and where the military police would have had jurisdiction. I do not recall putting much thought into this, or whether my decision to send him down to South Africa was ever questioned.

I am also not aware of the patient's safety having been a consideration to me at the time I assessed him. It should be noted that, as a garrison town, there were many people armed to the teeth with

military weapons, (I had an assault rifle and a 9 mm pistol issued to me for the duty) and inevitably high rates of alcohol abuse. As I recall I had had brief words with the boy's father, and I did not pick up on any threat from him that he might assault the national serviceman, or worse.

I recall that I had a meeting with the boy, attended by one of the doctors serving with me, and as I recall, the boy was confident, condemnatory of the teacher, and minimising what had happened.

His benefactor, the wife of the colonel who was his officer commanding, seemed to want to organise a farewell party for him, which we would not permit. As I recall she brought along a cake to be handed to him. This was viewed by some of the medics, salivating, expressing a willingness to take care of that. I was not so sure. We did not know who had baked it. Would you eat a slice of cake that had been given by a parent to a child molester?

At the end of my border duty, I returned to 1 Military Hospital, but at that time I did not think to see what the outcome of my referral of him to them had been, or if I had, I do not remember any significant outcome.

While writing this book, and, having rediscovered that I had kept his name and date of birth, I searched, and I found him. He is on WhatsApp, but probably very wisely on his part, he did not respond to my message, but it seemed he did not keep up to date with his messages. The information I found about him was that he was still employed by the Department of Education, so I would expect that somehow his actions on the border had not been reported to the police, or if they had, I would have expected – or hoped – that he would not be seen to be a suitable

person to be working with school-age children, even if that incident was 33 years ago.

`Virtuous Paedophile'

I have come across people who claim not to have acted on their impulses and who wanted treatment. I realised the problems with this. Professionally I felt that I needed to report this to the child protection authorities, which I did. One must be mindful that it might be someone preparing a defence suspecting that he was being investigated.

2002: I had someone referred to one of my clinics for vague reasons, but in the pre-treatment questionnaire he disclosed that he is worried about having a sexual interest in little girls. He has not acted on this, and says that he would not, but he is seeking help to reinforce this. This is a very interesting dilemma. Usually, we get such people after they have been caught, claiming that `it was a cry for help' (from them - not the child!) and that they are glad that now, at last, they `will be able to get the help they need - and that would be so much more helpful than letting the nasty police send me to prison. Do you not agree, Doctor?' (This does not work with me!) So it's refreshing to have someone with this problem get in touch seeking treatment before he gets into trouble. The first thing I did was to check whether he was a known child abuser etc. - which he wasn't. Then I sought supervision from `experts' in the field - one of the three I approached was helpful, and reassuring that my proposed treatment plan was appropriate.

2004: I received a fairly routine referral from a GP, for a person with low self-esteem and confidence issues, but on the pre-treatment questionnaire that he returned to the Department, he indicated distress at having a sexual interest in children. I had not read this

prior to my meeting with him, but as soon as I had met with him - although he had assured me that he would never actually act on these impulses. I knew that I was not going to be relying on his honesty, and I phoned the Child Protection Team's hotline to check whether this person was known to them. I am suspicious that people who have been arrested for such offences may be advised by their solicitors to get into treatment as soon as possible, so this can be reported to a judge or magistrate as evidence that they were seeking help for their problem, and that such treatment would be jeopardised if they were sent to prison. If this works on the court, we tend never to see the patient again. There are issues of patient confidentiality, but I am very sure that child protection outweighs the confidentiality that I can offer to adults, and I would be quite willing to stand up in court to defend this view! The child protection team reported that he was not. It had taken them some time to check their register, and as it happened, they phoned and left a message with the secretary at the psychology department to say that he was not known to them. I did not remember this exact sequence of events at the time, but I was pleased to be in the habit of keeping the files and case notes up to date.

I raised this issue with the risk-management forum – a meeting that we all attend - within the psychology department, and it was agreed that I would approach two forensic psychologists with experience of working with sex offenders in the hope that they might be able to supervise my work with this person if he continued to attend. One of the two forensic psychologists that I approached phoned to speak to me, and I had a discussion with him about this. The patient attended one or two meetings, during which it seemed that he was likely to be evicted from

his accommodation for unrelated reasons, and soon he dropped out of treatment. I contacted the forensic psychologist who had been interested in the case to ask how he suggested I should deal with this. With the patient having stuck his head over the parapet about his problem, could I just leave this? He was not available, but I received a message to say that he had had a heart attack, and was off on long-term convalescence.

I went through the procedures of discharging the patient due to his non-attendance, but this was at the time that I was made redundant, and so it took a while for me to finally get around to deciding what to do with the file.

I wrote a letter to the GP, as well as to the child-protection team, indicating that someone acknowledging this problem had presented for treatment and then dropped out. It had been a while since I first approached our protection team, and I was somewhat surprised when I got a very stroppy letter from them suggesting that I had left things too late for them to be able to act on this, with an indication that I had been negligent. Fortunately, I had saved the telephone message (in the secretary's handwriting) from a named worker, giving the person's name and saying that he was not known to them. I was able to prove that I had followed the course of action that they criticised me for not having done.

This placed them in a rather embarrassing situation. They had to admit that I was aware that I had done what was required of me, but they had not kept records themselves. I saw this as positive reinforcement of my tendency to keep telephone messages, with the idea that paranoia has a certain survival value. It was interesting to see just how quick

they were to try to point blame at someone else for being incompetent. I am rather amused at the idea of `point a finger at someone else and you have three fingers pointing back at you!'

Rubber Stamp

A referral prompted by the local social services child protection team was of a man who in the previous 6 years had been convicted of a serious assault against his infant son. This included serious bite marks to the child's buttocks and he had having shaken the child so badly the child was likely to have an intellectual impairment for the rest of his life. I remember being surprised that it did not seem as though he had served prison time for such an offence. It seems he had dropped off the radar for some years but was then found to have re-established himself in a reconstituted family, where he was together with a single mother, and her two young children. Child Protection concerns were raised about the appropriateness of this given his history of violence against a child. As I recall, social services wanted a risk assessment done, but it seemed apparent to me that they wanted a rubber stamp for him to resume his new domestic arrangements.

The standard operating procedure was that when a clinician discharged a patient, we would then take the next patient from the top of the waiting list. The department's policy was that patients would be sent a formal letter with the details of the appointment, some questionnaires, and a pamphlet about the service. When I came to take the patient off the top of the waiting list, I saw there was a note from another clinician (my line manager/clinical supervisor) in the patient's record saying that the manager had phoned the patient to offer him an appointment, but he could not contact him, so he had

left him on the waiting list and offered the appointment to the next patient. This did not surprise me. I had minimal respect for the manager. He would be happy to skip what appeared to be a complicated and time-consuming case. He would leave it there for me, and then criticise my management of the case during supervision.

I appointed the man as we were supposed to; sending him that letter. He attended, very much wanting to befriend me and win me over to his side, stating that his de facto stepchildren were heartbroken that "Daddy wasn't allowed to live with them at the moment." He guided me to the solution being that I do the obvious; that I should declare that he was no danger to children and that the family should resume living together.

He also said a phrase which is something of a red rag to a bull; "I don't know what came over me, but I can assure you that it will never happen again!" I am sure that all people in the mental health world, if not the general public would spot the flaw, that if you do not know what happened, how can you be so certain that it will not happen again. I was not content to take him at his word. I took a full history, formulated the case and assessed the risk. My conclusion was very clear that if untreated, he continued to pose a risk. He might do again what he had shown himself capable of. I could not lend my support to him rejoining his new family.

I discussed the case with my manager-supervisor, knowing full well that he had ducked taking on this case. Rather than be helpful to the child protection team by providing the full assessment on which my conclusion was based, he advised me – as my line manager – to avoid involvement with the

team, and just to state my opinion in a report back to the GP, with, having his permission to do so, a copy to the child protection team. I'm aware that this was contrary to the Trust's policy about collaboration with child protection and priority given to attending case conferences.

Here is the anonymised letter sent to the GP:

Re: -Mr `Parker'. [Aged 34 at the time]

I am writing to update you on my work with Mr Parker.

Relevant background regarding service input although Mr Parker reported to the community learning disabilities team that he had not sought counselling or mental health help. This is at odds with his medical records, and with the referral note, his GP reported that he had arranged counselling for Mr Parker immediately after his arrest for his assault on his son, Alfie.

During our meetings, he has also revealed that he had anger management training through the probation service, as part of a year-long probation order which he received instead of a custodial sentence for his assault on his son. He reports that he initially attended in Southlands, but then he moved to Woodlands, without notice, and he was transferred over to Woodland's probation. He suggests that he then had longer than a year's probation.

He reports that after he moved to Woodlands, he reported receiving further input at the Medical Centre, but says that this lady then retired.

After this, he was offered eight appointments with my colleague Lynne Barlow of which he attended three, cancelled one, and did not attend four. He dropped out of treatment, was re-referred, and was

offered an appointment by consultant clinical psychologist [my supervisor]. He did not take up this appointment, so it did not happen. I became involved, further to a subsequent referral.

I asked Mr Parker what he felt he had learned from the input that he has had for his anger, and he spoke of "Count to 10 (or a hundred)", "Try to stay focused" and some mention about "Don't lose control" as he had with Alfie, but I can't remember his actual phrasing of this. It seemed to be a policy rather than actual tactics. He did not volunteer the strategy of keeping a very tight control (or abstinence) regarding alcohol, and for him not to use illegal drugs.

Although the strategies would seem appropriate where anger problems are limited to voice raising, and possibly hitting objects, I do not consider that these will be enough to inhibit his behaviour if he were to lose his temper in the future.

Interpersonal Functioning

I understand that Mr Parker has severe learning difficulties as described in the Community Learning Disability Team report. Despite this he is very socially skilled as evidenced by the way that he appears to take control in social situations, including with professionals, speaking in a calm but dominating manner, such that he can sometimes present his opinions as though these are the agreed collective decision of a group.

Miscommunications

At the second meeting, Mr Parker arrived, suggesting that he understood that he was likely to be allowed to return to his family following the next child protection meeting due to happen three days later, and

he thanked me for my willingness to help him but indicated that with his return home there was no longer any need for this. I raised with him directly that, from the information I had, I did not feel that this was appropriate at this stage, and I told him that I would express my reservations to his social worker. I suggested that I did not think that he should be able to return to the family home without restrictions.

His social worker was away at the time, but I understand that later on the day of my meeting with Mr Parker, his present partner, Kylie, contacted Mr Aylward to indicate that she was distressed that I had said that Mr Parker would never return to the family home. This is not what I had said, and when I raised the issue with Mr Parker at the next meeting, he was very vague about the communication of what he has said to his partner about what I had said.

Anger Not Against Children

I understand that Mr Parker was involved in a fight with a neighbour at the end of last year. The police were involved but chose to fine Mr Parker. Because there were no children involved, this was not reported to social services.

There are difficulties and differing accounts of this fight. Mr Parker says that his neighbours were being very noisy until early in the morning of what would be a school day to most people. Unsuccessful at getting him to quieten down, Mr Parker went down to address the issue with this man. Mr Parker reports that the neighbour was very drunk on cider and that the man came at him armed with a hammer. Mr Parker knocked him down and removed the hammer. The man jumped on Mr Parker's back, so he had to fight him off again, at which time the police arrived.

Victim Awareness

Early in my meetings, Mr Parker seemed to feel that although he was guilty of an assault against baby Alfie, he felt that he had not done lasting damage to the child. He says that although he is not allowed to have contact with Alfie or Alfie's mother, he has friends who know Alfie. They have told him the little boy is running around like any other child, suggesting this as evidence that Mr Parker had done no lasting damage to the Alfie.

I observed that Mr Parker seemed to mention that he felt guilty for the assault on Alfie but seemed to move rapidly on in the discussion. I discussed this with him, at which time he acknowledged that he had `knocked seven shades of shite' out of Alfie.

Mr Parker has been the Victim of Abuse.

I have worked with Mr Parker on his issues, which he reports that he has found very useful. Because of his reported bad memory and apparent tendency not to accurately remember what is discussed with him, I have written down the key points regarding this as a letter for him to reflect on, and I have sent you a copy of this. This work is relatively straightforward. I do not see a clear connection between what he suffered as a child, and the violent assault he perpetrated on Alfie.

Appropriateness of Anger Management

During the time that I have met with him, Mr Parker never seemed angry and did not report any incidents of anger other than those already reported elsewhere. Anger does not seem to be a regular part of his life at present, although with his goal being of returning to his family home, I understand that he might be reluctant to disclose any such information which he

knows could jeopardise or delay his return to the family home.

As he presents at our meetings, Mr Parker does not seem to need anger management treatment.

It is established that he committed a serious assault on his baby, so he has demonstrated that he is capable of such acts. He says that he was under the influence of substances and alcohol at the time. We can assume that fatigue and the `provocation' of Alfie crying could have been a contributory factor to his loss of control.

At present, if Mr Parker abstains from using alcohol and illegal drugs, his risk of harm against children might be considered reduced. He is keen to control himself now, with all the members of his second family reportedly keen to have him return home.

Risks are likely to increase when this `honeymoon' period has faded, and if the family is reunited, and have the normal disagreements and arguments (which seem not to be happening now as he and named partner form a united front), and in the natural order of things, his stepson enters the mood volatility of puberty, with the "you can't tell me what to do you're not my father" which he could use against Mr Parker in some future disagreement, and his young daughter reaches her `terrible two' years.

From all the input for his anger that we discover that Mr Parker has had over the last years which he seems not to have remembered having been offered, or having experienced as addressing his anger, the "Take deep breaths and count to 10" advice is good, but might not be enough if he were again to reach the emotional state that we believe he must have been in when he assaulted baby son in response

to the challenges identified above, or other possible provocations that we are presently unable to predict.

The attempt to treat Mr Parker for his anger is also complicated by his mild learning difficulties, where he forgets things, or fails to understand things the way that they were conveyed to him, his social skills and interpersonal manner where he can suggest his opinion as an agreed conclusion, and an understandable desire not to provide any information which might prevent or delay any planned return to his family home.

Based on the above, I consider that Mr Parker will not be able to benefit from anger management of the kind that I am able to offer him at this time.

The mantra is `child protection is everybody's business' but I suppose I wasn't surprised at my supervisor's attitude, from what I knew of him, of keeping our involvement – and therefore help – to a minimum. I do not know what the outcome of this was, as I was not invited (or the equivalent of subpoenaed) to attend child case conferences, as the guidelines that I quoted above indicate was expected and possibly required as part of good practice for working together. I expect that the Child Protection Team will have done what I believe they wanted to do anyway, and re-established the family, possibly with some monitoring.

Frottage

In the department I retired from, back in 2013 I appointed a patient from the top of the waiting list who I noted had reported that he was the adult

survivor of child sexual abuse. I also noticed that he had been seen by one of my colleagues who was usually very quick to pick up adult survivors of sexual abuse, although possibly more likely to pick up female survivors than male survivors. I messaged her on the system to ask whether she wished to resume her work with the man or whether she was content for me to make a fresh start. She replied suggesting that she was fine for me to proceed.

The man, Ian, told me of his vivid recollections as a child aged four that he had been taken into the bathroom by an older male relative, who had stripped him and then lay down upon him, the relative then rubbing his genitals against Ian's genitals. After a while of doing this, the relative had to stop as there was knocking on the door, either people wanting to know why the two of them were in the bathroom, or someone else needed to use the toilet. Ian went on to have a long and serious alcohol problem during adulthood, which might have been related, but having been told that if he drank alcohol again, it would probably kill him, he stopped. This left him with the return of his preoccupation about what he recollected of having been abused, and the bizarre nature of what his relative had done to him had caused him more confusion than if the man had done something more conventional. It did not seem that he had been able to resolve this issue when he had met with my colleague.

I was able to tell him that although not common, the rubbing of the genitals against another person is a known fetish, called *`Frottage'* which information seemed to be helpful to him, not least in making him more confident that what he remembered might have happened. He had awareness of the older male relative still living locally and having access to

children, and I discussed with him the child protection implications of this and the option he had of reporting this to the police, which he considered, and eventually did.

The police treated this as a case of historic child abuse and were sympathetic and arranged for him to make a statement, and he requested my presence at this time for emotional support, which was allowable and I reported my intention to do this, to my supervisor. This `running everything past the supervisor' is a requirement of NHS employment, although supporting people in taking such legal action in the case of historic child abuse was supported in the child protection policy of the organisation that I worked for.

Two police constables attended a meeting with my client, with me in attendance, and took down a full statement, and I was impressed with their empathy and understanding. Then things went quiet from their side, but with my patient having stuck his head over the parapet by disclosing, he would ask at our weekly sessions whether anything was progressing, and after a month of no feedback from them I followed up with a call on his behalf, and with his express permission. Eventually, I had a message back from one of the constables saying that they were working on it, but presently all their resources were being focused on an active investigation elsewhere in the area, and it was known that child protection services were under-resourced. I can understand that apprehending people who are actively abusing children in the present day would be the priority over historical abuse, but the apparent inactivity was unkind to my patient.

Eventually, they got back to us:

I returned a phone call from DC Berry, who said that a key factor in the decision not to prosecute was that Adrian is almost exactly 6 years older than Ian, which would have made him about 10 years old at the time of the incident - they are not sure whether he would be considered to have been at the age of criminal responsibility.

I passed on this information. Ian was disappointed but remembered that he had not been sure of how old Adrian was, although he maintains, and I understand that to a 4-year-old, a 10-year-old is likely to be seen as a man. Again, discussed the fact that if Adrian was only 10 years old did not take away from Ian's experience or trauma, and we discussed how the killers of Jamie Bulger were only 10 years old when they committed their offences.

Despite this lack of success, I completed treatment with this patient, who had started a new trade and was making good progress in self-employment, giving him a new direction to his life to reinforce him against using alcohol, and he had the experience of having been taken seriously by me, understood the police's inability to act, and was fortified by the explanation of the act to which he had been subjected being a known fetish so that it was less likely that it was a product of his imagination.

Choirmaster

A patient disclosed to me that he had been sexually abused as a child by a choirmaster while he had been in a church choir. He had also been abused by another churchman associated with the choir, as had several other boys, and this second person had been convicted and imprisoned for what he had done. The person who had abused my patient regarding this case

certainly knew the man who had been convicted, but my patient did not know whether the two of them knew of each other's proclivities.

I cannot remember why, but this other abuse suffered by my patient had come to the fore, and, as was part of my practice, which I understand is seen as good practice, I discussed with the patient his option to disclose this abuse to the police if he wished to. This is sometimes helpful therapeutically if some sense of justice is forthcoming.

I was not far into my therapy with this man when he acted on my suggestion in between appointments and went and made a statement to the police.

As I was the first person that he had reported the abuse to, the police wished me to make a statement, which I did. This case went to Crown Court, and I was required to give evidence, which involved flights to a distant city.

The prosecution had managed to find another person who had been abused by the same offender, who my patient had named, and apparently after much soul-searching, this man had agreed to be a witness. I have some understanding of the legal process, having been an expert witness in my private practice, but I was saddened that, despite this man who had not initiated the case, but had agreed to testify in open court about having been abused as a teenager, it was the feeling of the court that he might have been 16 years old at the time he was abused, and so although he would have been underage at the time of the abuse, at present with the age of consent being at 16 years of age for both males and females, it was seen as possibly having been consensual sexual activity, and therefore could not be seen as building a

case that the accused was inclined to sexually abuse youngsters that he had access to in his role with the choir.

The result was that the accused was found not guilty, but I saw some press coverage of the trial, at which it was noted that the church had ended its association with him, which might mean he does not have access to children in that context anymore.

Financial compensation muddies the water. The patient disclosed having been raped repeatedly by a choirmaster and following my suggestion he reported it to the police, resulting in prosecution. The patient was struggling financially. He informed me in sessions of an estimate of the compensation he felt he was entitled to, and I referred to this in my clinical notes. A whole unresolved issue is what one writes in one's clinical notes, which are legal documents and can be called as evidence, as these were, and the defence could have suggested he had a financial motivation. That probably was not the only factor, as the prosecution produced another witness who testified that he too had been raped by the same choirmaster in similar circumstances. The judge ruled that, as it appeared that the other witness was likely to have been 16 at the time, which is now the age of consent but was not at the time of the offences. It could not be argued that the choirmaster had a history of abusing under-age boys. It is often a complication where despite the age of consent, there is a power and status differential between the abused and the abuser in their relationship, but this was not seen as relevant. The prosecution case against the choirmaster was thrown out. He was not convicted, but the trial led to him no longer being welcome in church circles.

`ZIRUS'

`Child protection is everybody's business!' I received information that suggested a British national might have sexually abused a child in a foreign country, and that he had now returned to Britain. Were the British authorities aware of him possibly being a perpetrator?

I am aware that in recent years Britain has taken responsibility for British nationals who become sex tourists and abuse children overseas. Such perpetrators can be prosecuted in Britain for this. A prominent example was Paul Gadd/Gary Glitter, but there have been several cases of less well-known individuals.

People tell me things. I was told of an instance where an Australian national had participated as a `counsellor' in the `Texas Summer Camp' scheme, where school leavers and students from around the world are invited to attend American summer camps as councillors, which seems to mean instructors of various sports and outdoor activities.

I was told of one councillor who was apprehended at the airport on his way home as allegations had been made that he had sexually interfered with a couple of the children that he was responsible for, and there were allegations that he had child pornography, including indecent photos of the children he was accused of having abused, on his phone. He was arrested, convicted, and imprisoned in the United States with a substantial sentence.

As I was curious, I did an Internet search and was surprised to find not only coverage of his case, but also that he was a participant in a scheme to have people on the outside writing to prisoners, and the site at which I found this indicating how to go about

writing to prisoners. Predictable as I am, I wrote to him and exchanged some correspondence, with him maintaining his innocence, claiming that the people who had made the charges against him were motivated by financial compensation from the organisation. He seemed to assume that I was or would be convinced of his innocence and that I might be willing to contribute to his legal costs or to agitate and bring international attention to what he considered to be a miscarriage of justice.

This was not something that I proposed to do, but I was intrigued by some information that he gave me, with supporting documents, of how soon after his arrest and conviction, the same organisation had left a paper trail of trying to rapidly get a British national accused of similar offences out of the United States and back to Britain before he could be arrested.

Mr Zirus believed that because he had been so harshly dealt with, and the organisation financially penalised as well as possibly embarrassed, they had been keen to cover up what might be a similar case.

So, there I sat, having information which might indicate a person having committed sexual offences against children, and having possibly got away with it due to an organisation wishing to cover it up, therefore being unknown to the British Child Protection authorities, and thereby having unrestricted access to children if he so wished. What is a man to do?

I was able to identify the area in which this British person lived. I phoned the enquiries desk at the police constabulary local to the area. The person I spoke to did not take on board my introduction as to who I was, my professional background, and how I came to this information, but I accept that this might

be unusual, so I was content to tell it to her again. I then offered to follow this up with an email, including attachments of the relevant pages of the documentation, which she accepted and gave me an email address and a case number.

I sent the following text from the Texas Summer Camp log in an email with the attachments.

15 June 2012: Felix Bunke called Charne Gardiner, his Account Rep, this morning to inform her that Ross has been accused by a camper of inappropriate touching. Ross is at Camp Hazelwood, the camp where 2009 participant Scott Zirus worked who was convicted of sexual abuse and is currently serving a prison sentence. In actual fact, it later surfaced that the camper in question was by account from Curtis Ventura one of the 2009 campers who was touched by Zirus. Charne passed Felix along to me. Felix told me that the allegation from the camper was that he and another camper entered their cabin where Ross was present in search of their baseball gloves. One camper found his glove instantly and left the cabin, while the camper in question lingered alone with Ross in search of his own mitt. As related by Felix, the camper claimed that while they were alone in the cabin Ross `caressed' his rear end outside of the clothing. He used the words again `gentle caressing'. He wrote to his parents using a code phrase that they had planned for him to use if he was ever again the victim of touching. That code was "I miss my collie" meaning his dog. Having received that code word, both parents flew to Camp Hazelwood immediately to investigate the matter. One of the parents flew up from the Cayman Islands cutting short a vacation. They spent the day at Camp Hazelwood with the administration. Felix passed me to Curtis Ventura, the camp director. Curtis told me that the family is

wrestling with whether they want to do anything about this. He said that the mother was an attorney. I asked if the authorities were involved and again Curtis said that it was up to the parents whether they want to get them involved. I had in the back of my mind the issue of mandatory reporting but did not mention it to Curtis. I asked them to call back when I could speak to Ross, and we hung up. I called Jill Salewski to my office, Risk Manager for AIFS. We discussed the situation as before she appeared I brought up the mandatory reporting law from the Texas website on the issue on my computer. Felix Bunke called again while we were discussing it, this time with Ross present. I briefly talked to Ross and then connected him with Jorge Carreno, our assistance attorney. While they were talking we called the company attorney Grant Couzens about the mandatory reporting issue. We decided together that if Camp Hazelwood did not report the matter to the appropriate authorities then we would have to do so. Jill left my office to report to Peter Pentz and alert Sidney Freedman as to media preparedness. I immediately called Curtis back and directly addressed the issue of mandatory reporting saying explicitly that the law transcends whatever wishes exist on the part of the camper family. He agreed with me, and we left it that he would indeed report the matter according to state law. Shortly thereafter I noticed that the conference call that I had engaged between Jorge Carreno and Ross had ended, and I called Jorge to get Ross's story. He told me that the camper's nickname was `Wish' so I will use that hereafter. Ross related to Jorge during a lengthy discussion that Wish was an "oddball and a disturbed kid…", his parents were divorced and his mother a junkie. Wish would frequently fabricate things and make things up. For example, he would say that he

had a baseball bat made of solid gold… during a talent contest he got up to sing and some of the boys laughed at him… that made him angry… he was very prone to exaggeration… twice recently he had said that he wanted to kill himself… he thought of jumping off the mountain across the river… Ross had no idea what happened or what would have prompted the situation he is now in. Jorge Carreno prompted him and asked if he knew anything about an episode involving a baseball glove. According to Jorge, Ross said "about 5 - 7 days ago he [Wish] had lost his baseball glove and loudly accused everyone in sight of having stolen it. I found his glove in his locker and threw it to him saying not to be accusing people of stealing your stuff so maybe he is mad at me for that." Next, I called and spoke with Leslie Newton asking if Ross was available. Ross will call me on my cell tonight at 7:30 p.m. EST.

Received a call from Richard Mackridge, Texas Summer Camp Duty Officer who relayed that he received a duty call from the answering service from Ken McCann, Ross's father's phone (number redacted). Ken told me that Ross was on his way to the police station to make a statement. I told him much of what is written above. He said that he had known about the Zirus affair by Googling the camp but never told Ross about it.

Called Camp Hazelwood's answering service got a return call from Curtis. Ross is back at camp the police questioned him and let him go. Curtis mentioned that the next step would be to send him home. I talked to Ross, he described the events at the police station, and I gave him my cell and work numbers telling him to call me in the office tomorrow. I said that I would run the situation through our organisation, and we agreed that he would go home

as soon as all parties are satisfied. I told him that we would make the booking out of San Diego and that it would not cost him anything. I still have an appointment to talk to his father at 9.00 p.m., and Ross is calling his father in the interim.

Spoke to Jill Salewski who in turn spoke to Grant Couzens. We are now cleared to send Ross home asap.

Spoke to Ken McCann we had a very good conversation. I told him that we are looking into flights for Ross and that Rosa Mort will call him in the morning. I mentioned that he could talk about the financial details of Ross's Texas Summer Camp experience with Rosa and that the flight will of course be taken care of in that regard.

Helmut Watterott helped while I was on the phone with Ken working with Chayah for flight.

Ticket number (redacted). I will email to camp to see if Ross accepts.

Dear Mr McCann, we are very sorry that Ross's summer at Camp Hazelwood has come to such a sorry conclusion but in these circumstances, it is best that he now returns home. Please find below the details of Ross's flight back from San Antonio today. He is due to arrive back at London Heathrow Terminal 5 at 10.45 on Sunday morning and will be travelling with American Airlines and will be routed through Dallas Fort Worth. I will call you to confirm that Ross has departed from San Antonia as I understand you will meet him at Heathrow to transport him home. Travel confirmation is as follows: (redacted)

Once Ross is safely back at home, we can discuss his experience and try to see what lessons can

be learned to help future Texas Summer Camp participants protect themselves against false accusations of this kind. I understand that Ross was enjoying his camp experience and will be very disappointed to find himself back home so early in the summer. As this is an exceptional situation, I will authorise a full refund to Ross of the payment made to Texas Summer Camp. I hope he is able to enjoy the rest of the summer although it will not be in the US as he had hoped. Should you need to call me over the weekend I can be reached on my mobile number (redacted). During office hours I can be reached at the number detailed below. We are very sorry that Ross's summer in the US has had to be cut short in this way, but we do think this is the best course of action at this time. Yours sincerely Rosa Mort, Snr. Vice President Texas Summer Camp.

Text from father: Hi Rosa, just to let you know that we are back home, and Ross is in good spirits and seems to be coping well. I will give you a call in the next day or so. Cheers Ken.

Hmmm – no warning was given to Camp Staff? No special attention was given to the child concerned, `Wish'? His parents felt it was appropriate to send him back to the same camp after what happened previously but were suspicious enough to organise a `safe word'. The mother is a `junkie', but one of the parents' vacations in the Cayman Islands. The child expressed suicidal ideation, but this is not a focus of professional attention – dealt with – or not – by a staff member around 20 years old?

I was surprised, especially given the contrast of the previous case, what a light touch the US police involvement turned out to be. He was interviewed by the police, but from what I read, the police did not

also interview the child or the child's parents. It seems they gave permission for Ross to leave the country. I can understand the desire to remove him promptly from the situation but surprised that the police did not investigate more deeply.

LC-20151201-0460 - Historical Child Sexual Abuse (Alleged)

Barry Fowler<barry.[email]@gmail.com> 1 December 2015

To: forcecontrolroom@[constabulary].pnn.police.uk

Following a discussion with the police officer this morning, I provide the following information.

I am Barry Fowler, a clinical psychologist in semi-retirement having worked in the NHS until last year. I am fully aware of my child protection responsibilities. None of the people mentioned below are or have been patients of mine. I can provide my professional registration details if this is required.

I received the following attached information outside of my professional practice, but my understanding is as a citizen to forward to you the information I have. I first approached the [area] Child Protection Team, but they advised me to contact you.

I can give you as much background information as you require, but in summary I understand that ROSS MCCANN is a British citizen who attended TEXAS SUMMER CAMP as an instructor in 2012 but was returned hastily to the UK after accusations were raised that he had behaved sexually inappropriately with one or more children who attended the camp, the children all being American citizens. I expect that TEXAS SUMMER CAMP would be able to provide

further information, and they can identify the child victims if required.

As part of a non-employment related research study, I have had some postal correspondence with SCOTT ZIRUS who is an Australian national presently serving a 40-year sentence in Texas for sexually inappropriate behaviour with a child at the same camp, Camp Hazelwood, that Mr McCann attended. It was from Scott Zirus that I received the attached information.

It occurred to me that with the accusations being based on activities that allegedly happened in the US, British authorities might not have been informed. It seems to me to be necessary that British Authorities should be aware of this, so I have contacted you in this regard.

I have attached below scans of the log of the decision by Texas Summer Camp to return Mr McCann home, as well as the page from the letter from Scott Zirus in which he gave me the contact details of Mr McCann. I can send you the original that I have if required.

I understand that you may not be able to give me any feedback, but I would be grateful if you could acknowledge the safe receipt of this email and attachments.

RIGHT TO REPLY: In the final stages of drafting this book I wrote to the person who seemed to be most involved in extracting Ross from the United States and explained my interest. I received the following reply from her:

Without knowing the reasons for your interest, or connections in such matters, it would not be

appropriate for me to enter into a conversation with you regarding any specific cases.

I can confirm to you that Texas Summer Camp takes Safeguarding & Child Protection responsibilities seriously and this can & has previously included notifying relevant authorities of certain incidents that occur in the US.

There is the frustrating lack of a feedback loop, and with the police or area child protection team not getting back to me, I have no idea whether they had been alerted, and if not, whether they did anything with the information I had provided them with. Some acknowledgement, if not extending to a `thank you' would have been courteous, even if they did not indicate whether they already knew what I had to tell them.

FOR US TO KNOW – WHAT IS IT TO YOU?

Possibly I need to prime the following section by reporting that over the last 20 years I have become increasingly interested in forensic psychological work, and have been an expert witness, assessing people accused of crimes serious enough to go to Crown Court, where there are questions about the psychological functioning of the accused. I have found this addressing what many people find most fascinating about psychology; trying to identify what contributed to or caused people to do what they have done, and people facing trial in Crown Court have generally done things outside of what most ordinary people could conceive of ever doing. I have assessed people who have killed people, and people who have raped people and I have found this interesting.

Lewis Daynes

Breck Bednar's grieving mum[32] [33]has revealed the grisly messages exactly five years after her son was murdered by computer engineer Lewis Daynes in Grays, Essex

Much media attention was paid to a case several years ago where a young man called Lewis Daynes, who seems to have had incredible computer skills, lured a teenage schoolboy to his flat, where he sexually assaulted and murdered the boy. There have been one or two television programmes on this case, but all of them have focused on what an outstanding young man the victim was, with him having affluent, charismatic, and photogenic parents, such that little attention was paid to the formulation of Lewis Daynes; his background and what had led to him focusing his considerable computer talents on luring, raping, and murdering the young man. I wrote to a psychologist featured as an expert in the television programme to ask whether there was more information about Daynes in the public domain and was pleased to receive a prompt reply from her stating that as far as she knew, Daynes had established himself due to a small inheritance, but that was about as much as she knew. I wrote to another forensic psychologist and media personality, which I hoped was a suggestion that he might investigate and possibly make a program focused on Lewis Daynes himself and what had led him to do what he did, but I received a reply indicating that this man did not know any more of the case than was already in the public domain, and he did not pick up on the idea of any further investigations. I presume Mr Daynes is in prison somewhere in the United Kingdom and might be willing to correspond, which, from my forensic psychology experience, I would find interesting.

It has been suggested to me that there is a British tradition of solitary Britons working away at projects on their own, leading to great success, thinking of Barnes Wallis (inventor of the `Dambusters' Bouncing Bomb) for example, which I realise might be stretching the example. There are books written on notorious killers, often written either by retired police officers or by forensic psychologists or forensic psychiatrists, and it does raise a question about whether they are in breach of professional confidentiality in doing so. I thought that; `nothing ventured…' and I decided to contact Her Majesty's Prison Service to see if they might, possibly through his lawyers, put me in touch with Mr Daynes, for him to decide whether he wished to correspond with me. I felt it necessary to inform them in advance of my professional qualifications, registrations, and accreditations. The reply I received requested the specific identification of the research project, such as which university I was registered with et cetera.

There is a paradox here which I am familiar with. Before suggesting a research project, possibly for a research degree at university, one needs to ascertain what possibilities there would be to carry out the project, and so it would seem necessary for me to be able to show that I would have access to Mr Daynes, and possibly other people in parallel situations before signing up for, paying fees and having a supervisor allocated.

When contemplating this project, I had wondered about possibly doing this as a research degree. Although `Once Upon a Time', to do a degree, one presented oneself to a university with a particular project in mind, and they, keen to attract research fellows, especially self-funded ones, would then see if they could facilitate such a project with a

suitable supervisor. I have been aware in recent years that this has changed, and the nearest university, from which, when I was employed in the NHS, I used to provide supervised clinical placements to Doctor of Clinical Psychology (D Clin Psy) trainees. Their reaction to my proposed research project was to say that they have particular lines of research, which are coordinated. They do not offer research degrees in subjects out of this section. Having done some exploring, I found an academic who had done some work in child protection but was not a member of the University's psychology department, and I contacted her with a broad outline, and when she replied she indicated no awareness of anyone who would be able to facilitate such a study, but suggested there was some academic at Swansea University who might be interested, although there was also the possibility that this academic could have retired by now.

I was not particularly surprised by this, but with experiences I have had of the zipped up and exclusive world of academia nowadays, I have taken this as a nudge not to wait for academia, but to do what research I can, and follow up what leads become available to me, and see where I get to.

In 1986 I submitted proposals to do a PhD in the long-term psychological effects of childhood sexual abuse, which was accepted by UNISA, (University of South Africa, the equivalent of the British Open University, mostly for distance learning) but other aspects of my life and professional development prevented me from pursuing this.

Independent Inquiry into Child Sexual Abuse[34]

In the United Kingdom, a scandal broke where Jimmy Savile (inquiry completed in June 2014) was found to have used his connections and celebrity status to sexually abuse a wide number of people including under-age girls and at least one boy. It was decided to set up an investigation into historic child sexual abuse, ignoring allegations of prominent politicians still alive at the time who had been accused of paedophile ring membership. The investigation would focus on sexual abuse within the media in the 1960s and 1970s.

I was retired by this time, but with my interest, volunteered my help with these investigations if that might be of any use.

I received a letter back thanking me for my offer. Whoever wrote this did not seem to be aware of the difference between a psychologist and a psychiatrist, but I accept that it might have been an administrator charged with gathering lists of personnel.

I never heard anything further back from them, but it was widely reported that after months if not years of taking evidence from survivors of child abuse, that there had been a computer glitch that had wiped out all the information gathered so far. They report they did not have backups anywhere, which does sound amateurish.

That investigation had further controversies due to inappropriate people being placed in charge of the investigation, including someone with very close links to the public prosecutor at the time, and the third proposed chair was brought in from New Zealand, supposedly to show her disconnection from the British establishment, which was possibly implicated.

Did she have – was it nine months of paid leave before coming over to the United Kingdom to take up her post? Then she was found to have made inappropriate comments on the record, with possible racist implications. It was decided that she was not a suitable person to coordinate such an investigation. The investigation is now being run by the fourth chair. They might be beavering away in the background – or is activity suspended due to the Covid 19 pandemic and lockdown? It can be said that action is being taken, and accusations that it has been kicked into the long grass can be dismissed.

PART FIVE: SCRAPBOOK

"In 2000 Det Chief Insp Bob McLachlan[35], then the head of Scotland Yard's paedophile unit, extrapolated ... suggest that there may have been as many as 250,000 paedophiles living among us, including those not convicted."

A 2015 article in the Telegraph[36] newspaper suggests that one in 35 men has paedophile tendencies. This is alarming – so about 3% of all men? It is important to look at definitions, whether it is people who might have an interest but who would never act out. Does this include both a 16-year-old boy having sex with a 15- year- old girl, as well as a 50-year-old man with a pre-pubertal child? I contacted the quoted source, the National Crime Agency (NCA) and received a prompt reply from them asking for my source. I gave them the URL and I haven't heard back from them.

*

Can Predators `Smell' Victims?

Oprah Winfrey[37] once stated that predators can recognize a child that has been abused and will zoom in on them. Jokingly stated that `they can smell you''. Oprah herself was sexually abused as a child by a male family member. I believe this statement to be true. She made this comment during a show in the early 2000s as I recall. While trying to find the show I came across a multitude of her shows on sexual abuse.

I did clinical hours for one of my courses at Kalefong government hospital in Pretoria (now Tshwane). To my utter dismay and horror, kids as young as 18 months would immediately flop open

their little legs and start pulling at their undies to facilitate access to their genitals as soon as they were placed on their backs on the examination bed. This conditioning could only have happened within the family, extended family, or trusted friends. I believe, that as with the little Kalafong kids, abused kids become conditioned to picking up on, and responding to the `signals' more readily than a kid who has no clue. This would of course become even easier when there was some type of reward involved i.e., special treatment, treats or money. Dealing with a temporary unpleasant activity might be preferable to dealing with the consequences of non-compliance.

I was very interested in your quotation of Oprah Winfrey saying that predators can `smell' likely victims. I have been aware of how paedophiles will most likely target children made vulnerable by parental neglect as well as non-acceptance/rejection by their peer group, before adding in financial deprivation and ease of access/opportunity to abuse that child. I remember a quotation from one of the young national service doctors I worked with using the phrase, concerning an adult woman; `she rapes easily' which, in our mid-20s we probably sniggered at. The person being discussed was not a child.

Over the years I have picked up all sorts of bits and pieces of information, without now being able to cite the sources – so important after academic training! In some documentary on deprived Eastern European children's home, the authority stated that children who have been sexually abused would either be sexually seductive with adult authority figures or else trying to avoid them completely. One hears about in prison how some vulnerable prisoners will seek to be the sex toy of one particularly powerful prisoner who, although they would have to accept being used

by that man, would then be protected by him from sexual advances and rape by others.

A man reported having been sexually abused by three different older males, who did not know each other when he was a young teenager. Was there something about him that led to him being targeted? He was emotionally neglected at home – his mother distracted by younger children with perceived greater needs. He lacked confidence and was unassertive. From a photo, he seems to have been `good looking' in a toothpaste-advert way. He was not effeminate or less masculine than his peers. Two were one-off opportunistic incidents of abuse when he was 13 or 14, but the other was a longer-lasting sexually exploitative relationship from an adult authority figure. What was it about him - his demeanour, some behaviour - that attracted 3 different predators? Were there aspects of his behaviour that could `invite' abuse? After the first incident, might there be something at a pheromone level?

The pheromone thing would be interesting although I suspect it is more of an awareness/vibe/energy that is picked up on. Much like the so-called `gaydar' (gay radar) which is supposed to enable gays to identify fellow gays. Their radar is often out of whack though.

I have been unable to trace the Oprah quotation, but even if I could, she is a journalist rather than a researcher. That is not to decry the good work she does. I include this for the take on how some children might inadvertently signal their vulnerability to predators.

Are you telling me I was abused?

Many parents will tell their children that the parts of their body covered by their swimming trunks are

private, and they should only allow these to be touched by the parents, doctors, or nurses. I think the idea with this was of Speedo style swimming costumes rather than contemporary styles where swimming trunks seem to stretch down to ankles.

A drawback of this, as we know, is that most sexual abuse of children takes place within the family home, with a stepfather being statistically the most likely offender. This can then become blurred where parents turn a blind eye to sexual experimentation amongst children of similar age, providing that the children engage in this by choice, and are not coerced by bigger or older children.

As reported, school medicals used to be routine, a process that all children went through, and knew that all the other children went through the same process, and I doubt much was thought about it, apart from sniggering afterwards at the intimate parts of the examination.

Children may have difficulty in comprehending the context, in the sense that this might be perfectly acceptable at school, but it might take parents to raise concerns if the child reported having been supposedly medically examined by a youth worker, especially if it was perceived that the youth worker had some medical role or qualification.

Adding a complication is where there are medical emergencies: I was told by a Scouting colleague of how a Scout developed a torsion of his testicles and had to be taken to hospital. In that case, the Scout Leader was a fully qualified veterinary surgeon. Although the Scout was human (wait for comments) it was not too far a stretch for the vet to examine him, and anticipating that he was in pain, the Scout would have had no objection. In cases such as

this, I believe that the `Three Wise Men/Reasonable Man' principle stands – how would this action be judged in the cold light of day by three wise men, and where the case involves professionals, with the same professional qualifications as the person whose actions were being questioned.

*

People may not know they had been sexually abused until they were informed of this by legal authorities. In 2014, Dr Myles Bradbury[38], a paediatric haematologist was convicted of secretly filming his intimate examinations of 18 boys, some as young as eight, during his intimate examinations of them supposedly as part of his work role.

Although someone was suspicious enough to raise their concerns leading to the investigation, others had considered this – not knowing about the clandestine photography – was part of their normal assessment, and their experience at the time would not have been that they had been abused – rather like the routine school medicals referred to previously. Would ignorance have been bliss? During the investigation, those identifiable would have been informed that the doctor, whom they had trusted, had taken pornographic images of them, which presumably he would have used for his masturbatory fantasies.

Where does normal exploration and experimentation end?

I know I enjoy using the quip `People tell me things', but sometimes it has happened that I have just been at the right place and the right time to hear things, and sometimes the context in which things are said can be

very bizarre. At a pub with friends, one of whom was in his early 30s when he was approached by someone he knew who made cryptic references to what I gather was where my friend as a little boy, sitting in his bath, noticed the rubber attachments of a detachable shower. Curious and innovative, he decided to see whether his penis would fit into the connection that would go over the tap. It did, but the stimulation caused him to get an erection, such that he was not able to extract his penis and he became stuck. He called for his mum, who surprisingly panicked, and rather than calm him down, she rushed around to a male neighbour, and brought him back to `deal with the situation'. I presume the situation was resolved but was difficult to hush up, and both the little boy and his mum were upset at the time, but in adulthood, the man accepts being teased about it.

*

A nurse friend over lunch at the clinic told me an anecdote, prefaced with a quip; "You're a psychologist. You will love this!" She told me that her young son, when playing with his penis in the bath, uncovering his glans, had commented proudly; "Look, mummy! I've got another one inside!" I would probably have found that funny even if I had not been a psychologist.

*

On more than one occasion, we pranked other guys (Scouts and school) who were sleeping. Toothpaste on hands and then tickle their face - hardly what I would have called torture!

*

I remember my uncle always grabbing us, taking out his penknife and threatening to cut our penises off. He

did this openly in front of our parents and thought it was hilarious. I do not think society was that in tune with paedophilia etc, at that time, and accepted it as just fun and games to watch us scream. Who knows what his motivation was? I saw no sinister evidence of anything more as I grew older.

*

Sometimes I was aware that things were said in front of me, not intended for me, or was I being tested out to see if I would react or tell people off for talking about such things. Assisting with a Scout camp, I overheard a boy I knew well talking about another boy I knew, but who was not on the camp, and with some context, I was unaware of, described the absent boy's penis in terms of "I've seen bigger grapes!" [To clarify, the informant was saying that it was the penis in question being compared to a grape, and not a more obvious testicle.]

*

A boarding school prank: *We had a fellow in my dormitory who used to give us a running commentary of his masturbating, using camphor cream as a lubricant. We asked him to at least be quiet, if not desist totally to no avail. Eventually one of our dorm mates topped up his tub of cream with Deep Heat, which resulted in a painful exercise for X, who dashed off to the showers in agony, but he learned his lesson and I presume continued in silence from then on.*

*

During a consultation, a mother told me how her two sons, I think of primary school age, were larking about in the bathroom, when the younger "stuck a toothbrush up his older brother's bum". This took me by surprise, and I burst out laughing, despite my

attempt to be professional. She was well aware of the amusement value of the anecdote. I must have asked some question about how she had handled the situation, and she observed; "I just hoped it wasn't my toothbrush!"

Over lunch at a tearoom discussion at a GP practice that I offered a clinic at, one of the GPs told with amusement how a mother had brought her son in because she had found him holding a knife and indicating that he was going to cut his penis off. As I recall this was a kindergarten age child or younger. I have no recollection whether this was some indication of gender dysphoria in a child, but was shared in the tearoom as a `fancy that' anecdote, possibly even a discussion of `what is the strangest presentation you have had to deal with this morning?'

A Different Boys Own Story

I seem to remember things that people tell me, many years later, if there is something uniquely interesting about them, which fits in with the psychological understanding of memory – that we pay attention to and memorise things that we find particularly interesting.

*

As a toddler and possibly slightly older, my parents took photos of me and similarly aged relatives naked on the beach and playing with a hose and sprinkler in the back garden of our home. I remember in my childhood my father suggesting that a fiancé might wish to see these before our getting married, which I did not understand then, and have properly dismissed this as I have with much of the supposed adult wisdom that my father chose to share with me. In

retirement, I decided to scan all of the photos I have, to make them available to interested relatives, and I knew that some of the photos were taken with unusual size format photos, which I could not scan myself. There has always been a legend that photographic businesses will not print nude photos of children, for obvious legal reasons, and in finding a suitable service, I wrote to indicate that the negatives I wish to have scanned included some childhood nudes. One company did not reply, but the other replied in a helpful and friendly manner, suggesting that their policy was that many such collections which they were asked to scan included such photos. If the nudity was in context and not exploitative in any way, they would be happy to scan them along with all the other photos. They got my business! I was amused at the predicament I had found myself in, and discussed it with friends, how legal alarm might have been concerned at the suggestion that I might have a sexual interest… in myself!

DIGRESSION: My proofreader asked; "How would they know it was you?"

*

I am aware that embarrassment can keep people quiet. I remember having a school medical when I was in (I think) Std 4, which would have been in 1972 when I was 11 turning 12. We were lined up, weighed, measured, had eyes checked, and then lined up in front of a room with blacked-out windows, where we went in individually. Inside was a doctor (I hope he was a doctor!) who had a conversation with me about my proposed career (submarine driver was the flavour of the month at that time) while he undid my trousers and took down my underpants and examined my genitals. Nothing unusual here, and I am sure all other schoolboys would have had the same experience.

Back in class, at the desk which I shared with my best friend, he seemed to be a bit `hyper'.

`Did he feel your dingus?' he asked.

`No!' I lied. Why did I lie? Embarrassment, I suppose. I do not think it occurred to me to tell my parents – the doctor was an authority figure I had not been hurt or humiliated. I do not know if parents had been told their children would be examined. I think all of this was `the way it was.'

Intact boys had their foreskins retracted for inspection. I do not know whether routine clinical notes were kept on all of the children, or whether only those identified as having problems in the areas examined generally had a letter to their parents informing them of possible difficulties. I believe that one child in my class had a letter home suggesting that he was obese.

Years later, and strange how different quirky memories assemble themselves around a theme, in 1990 a medical colleague of mine reported that she had worked in school health earlier in her career, in the United Kingdom, and she reported an anecdote of how in this role she had `groped' most of her son's classmates. She told the anecdote for entertainment. She was a very professional person, and I do not doubt her professionalism.

*

I remember having an unusually serious talk from my mother, warning about a bad man having been reported at the local park, and that we were to be vigilant and cautious. I cannot remember having had much awareness of stranger danger in those days, and certainly, along with all the other similar age children, we had great freedom to play at the local park and in

that general area. Smart arse that I was, I challenge my mom that I was a boy, and so I was not at risk of being raped – I do not think the conversation was quite that graphic.

"How could that be done to me?" I asked, as a boy, thinking I was being clever.

"Up the backside!" My mother replied. That was me told!

*

I suppose another factor influencing my mindset was that when I was a child, my father would sleep naked. As a young child when I had nightmares, I crawled into my parents' bed. I would be aware that he was naked when he got up in the morning. That was just the way that things were. I can't remember any desire I had to be naked myself. I do not know whether this would have been discouraged or tolerated by my parents.

I remember on some occasions that my father would come and wash me in the bath, which, considering where it was – as in which house we were living in – this continued until I was seven or eight years old. Thinking back on it now, I do not remember any emotional reaction to it or why he was involved. Again, `that was the way things were'. My father was a gentle man, shy about expressing affection.

*

Other odd little memories spring to mind, like going over to stay at a friend's house at about the time of starting high school, and again I do not remember the actual circumstances, but this friend, Adam and I had a bath together – I think we were told to – and while we were in the bath, his father came into the

bathroom for some reason, which I expect would be unlikely to happen in this day and age. After all this time, I marvel that I remember `catching him' glancing at my penis. What was that about? I have all sorts of other little odd memories, but none of which strike me as strange, until I am aware of how I would avoid getting myself into such situations nowadays.

*

My parents kept in touch with friends they had known before they all started having families, and on occasion, they would visit each other when in the vicinity, people having spread around South Africa. One such family, travelling with their caravan, stayed with us a couple of days when I was about 14 and I was a big hit with their two young sons, aged around eight and six. I was fortunate to have an outside room, with a shower room that opened out into the garden at the back of the house. Having said my goodbyes for the evening, I headed off out on a date, being aware that our visitors would be using `my' bathroom. As I left, I was aware of their mother in the shower room, getting ready to shower the two boys, but I noticed that their dad was in there as well, as was mine. I was puzzled why my father was in that small room along with both parents and the two boys.

*

A friend told me, probably when we were in high school that on one occasion when he and another friend were staying overnight at a further friend's house, he walked into the bathroom to find the other two lying side-by-side in the bath masturbating each other, at which time he turned around and walked out. He did not tell me more, but I found this interesting, and it pops up in my memory. I knew both boys.

*

In a surprisingly intimate conversation with a close friend in high school, the subject of homosexuality came up. I remember him saying that he did not like the idea of having someone else's cock up his arse, which I found interesting for him to initially think of the passive/receptive role, rather than the more dominant and penetrating role which I find I had assumed most people would initially think about. I suppose that would have been the more male perspective. He went on to say that he had tried `it' with a boy we both knew, who was just over three years younger than us. His point was that he had tried it and had not been impressed with it and so had no desire to explore anything like that again.

Although I am sure that my friend would deny all knowledge or recollection of having told that to me, and outright deny having tried anything like that, it became lodged in my memory. Not least I wondered what `it' referred to – whether there had been some mutual masturbation or something further. But I know, like many things of interest, although I am confident in my memory, any enquiries will be stonewalled, and they would be a reproachful attitude of "Why are you making such things up?"

I will never know. I have wondered what happened between them, whether it was mutual masturbation, at the same time or one after the other or whether it might have gone as far as oral. I am assuming that my friend would have suggested or instigated contact with the younger boy. Being asked to do something intimate with his hero, would indicate to the younger boy how special he was to my friend, and I expect that he would have been willing to participate. I am sure that my friend would not have pressured him to do anything that he was

unwilling to do. I would be incredibly surprised if there had been any anal activity; to us as teenagers that would have been extremely distasteful. "There's pooh up there!" (I am being polite!)

*

In high school, I was approached by a young female teacher, probably just out of Teacher's College, who wanted to put on a play, and I had been flagged as being an obvious point of contact for her. I roped in a couple of my friends, and this became expanded further to my peer group. Looking back now at 1978, I realise that she did not have an awareness of boundaries, such as we went for rehearsals or play discussions at her flat where she lived alone. She would have been in her early to mid-20s. I heard a rumour later that she had an affair with one of the boys in my year group. I have not asked him about this although I know how to contact him. I was contacted by the son of the headteacher at that time, who knew that I was likely to have photos and anecdotes for the archive. I think I mentioned the strange situation with the teacher who I named, which brought our correspondence to an abrupt end.

*

I have a story – is it a confession? – of how I dealt with a situation parallel to that which led to Nduna having been asked to leave Scouts. It was on a private structured camp in December 1978. I had just finished school but still considered myself to be a schoolboy, aged 17. On the camp, we had announced that we would go `skinny-dipping' – not a phrase I remember using at the time – at night and that it was compulsory for those who wished to come along to do so *au naturale*. This happened, and I remember being confronted by Richard, one of the younger boys but

not lacking in confidence, telling me that it was `unfair' as some of the other younger boys had come along, but were wearing their trunks. Quite a vivid image, him being about a month short of his 10th birthday complaining to me, both of us stark naked in the moonlight. "Well go and put your costume on," I told him, knowing that it would be inappropriate to insist that a younger boy stripped naked. This was not the answer that Richard wanted, and he stomped off sullenly into the darkness, muttering his discontent.

*

One of my campers `disappeared' from town, and it seemed to be hushed up. A friend who always seemed to be in the know said he knew why. Over the years I began to suspect that in the absence of information this friend would improvise, wanting to be seen to be in the know. He said that this boy had been in a room with others of similar age, when their sports coach had started to be sexually inappropriate, and my friend said that all fled except the boy who was no longer around. It was wise of his parents to give him a fresh start somewhere else. He was not around to be involved in further camps, which was sad, but I was young and moved on. Later on, I tracked him down and made contact, but did not ask him about what happened. I refreshed this contact with him five years ago, still not asking. In preparing this project, and aware that sometimes people want to have the opportunity to disclose, I contacted him mentioning that I had heard of something unfortunate having happened, but that I wasn't going to be intrusive. He replied promptly, telling me that `nothing really serious' had happened. I was content to leave it at that.

*

I was an Assistant Scout Leader for some of my years as a student in the 1980s, and on two occasions I helped with other Troops when they lacked Scouters on camps. One Troop was being ably run by a Troop Leader, about 18 years old, and I was impressed by what I knew of him and knew some of the younger Scouts from when they had been Cubs. The Troop Leader had done all the work, and a highlight of the camp was to have been a night hike involving sleeping over at a cave in the mountains. On the camp, close to the time, the Troop Leader asked me if I would mind leading the group on that hike on my own, as he and one of the Scouts needed to do some badge work back at camp, which they would be able to get on with while we were away. I did not think very much about it, and although possibly seen as senior to the Troop Leader, I saw it as my role to support him, especially if he was running the Troop without a Scout Leader.

I led the hike, which was unremarkable, and I had the patrol leaders with me which led to it all running smoothly. While on the hike, one of the younger scouts who I remembered from when he was a Cub engaged me in a conversation about who was `bum chums' with who, with me assuming he had picked up the phrase. I was amused. I did not think he knew the implication of what he was saying, but I chose not to investigate. To this day, I do not believe that he was insinuating gay relationships amongst the boys he described in this way.

I gathered that the Troop Leader was fond of the Scout who had stayed behind. I did not know him, and he was not as friendly or as familiar with me as many of the others.

It was years later when I was told by a girl who knew the people involved, that after my time the friendship between the Troop Leader and the Scout had continued, to the extent that it raised eyebrows by those who observed it. The Troop Leader would go to fetch the boy from school, taking him home on his motorbike or car if he had one. There was the insinuation that they were more than friends.

I re-evaluated the situation of me taking everyone else several kilometres up a mountain, leaving the two of them alone. Was I naïve? I do not think we tended to question things like that in those days.

Can I say that the Scout who stayed did not seem to be at all unhappy staying while the rest of us hiked away, and he certainly conveyed to me that he wasn't impressed with me? If I had discretely asked him if it was his choice to stay at camp, I expect that he would cheekily have told me to get lost. And he would have told the Troop Leader. He was quite a stroppy young teenager, to me, anyway.

I am older and wiser now. Such things just did not occur to me in those days.

*

In 1993, now living in England, my girlfriend at the time, Julia and I and her children spent a weekend with friends on their farm. Before this, we often went to the swimming baths and had changed in a family cubicle, so that Roy her precocious six-year-old son, would have had the opportunity to see me naked if he wished to.

I took Roy to chop firewood, and he was delighted at the prospect of using an axe under my supervision. (He was more delighted about the axe

than about my supervision.) As we walked out to the woodpile, he told me that he `was going to see my willie' and that I `would have to pull back the skin for him to see'. Interestingly, he conveyed that there was an obligation for me to comply. I do not think I responded. I certainly wasn't going to be ordered around by him. (Well, that was my intention!) I thought that Julia and I would get together on a long-term basis, with me then becoming his *de facto* stepfather. I would have been delighted to have become his Daddy! (There are many wonderful memories other than the two related here!)

It did not seem unreasonable to me for him to express his interest. Julia was a nurse, and if his interest continued, I thought that I would discuss his request with her. I would follow her lead but insist she chaperone me if she felt it was appropriate. (Let me sit back and watch as Julia explains to her saucer-eyed son –eyes wide with incredulity –about routine infant circumcision!) My relationship with Julia did not last long enough for this to happen.

Roy was overconfident and possibly precocious. We often included his neighbour and classmate, Colin, with us in family-type activities which gave Roy a built-in playmate to keep him entertained. The two were good company for each other. In the car, coming back from a day outing, Roy said that he was going to `sex' Colin. He was Julia's son. She was in charge of parenting. I would back her up when necessary. We arrived home, and the boys disappeared upstairs. After a while, Julia beckoned to me to follow her but to keep quiet. She led me to where we could look through the half-open doorway into Roy's bedroom. Both boys were stark naked, Colin on the floor on his tummy with a rather long-suffering expression on his face, while Roy squatted

over him, bouncing up and down, his bottom on Colin's bottom. I think Julia and I moved away without intervening, trading glances of conspiratorial amusement. I just remember the incident, I am sure she and I did not discuss it, not even as a way of spicing up our love life!

*

In the 1990s I was a family friend and regular visitor, staying overnight with friends, and was a welcome extra uncle figure to the boys, who engaged me in boisterous play. Their second youngest son, seemed to prefer to wander around inside the house naked in the evenings, and I remember him wandering into the room I was sleeping in and cuddling in beside me for a chat, him being naked while doing that, and it just seemed natural, so I did not immediately tell him to go and put some shorts on, or similar. Looking back on it now, I should probably have acted differently, but it all seemed to just flow then.

I was an honorary member of the family and sitting on the back seat of the family car as we drove back from a camping holiday, this boy, sitting beside me rested his head on my lap and went to sleep. He woke and looked up at me. "I love you, Barry," he said dreamily. "I'll never say `I hate you, Barry!' again".

With the same family – we were staying with mutual friends at a secluded farmhouse, and the younger brother of my No #1 fan – self-professed! – about 18 months old was wandering around the garden naked from the waist down. A police officer arrived; I think by appointment. (There is a story about this, but not relevant here.) The mother of the toddler scooped him up and carried him to where she sat in the conservatory, sitting such that her hand

covered his genitals. The police officer followed her into the conservatory, and she assisted him with his enquiries. The little boy would have been way too young to think anything of this, but she offered him some dignity in front of the police officer. I was touched at how this showed how much a part of the family I was seen; that the unrelated police officer was treated differently from me. A cute little memory!

*

In the mid-1990s, a friend from South Africa came to visit with his family and stay over. I noticed that my friend seemed to shower with his then seven-year-old son. I thought this was unusual, and perhaps I logged it in memory. Years later, having read `The Smell of Apples' (1995) and `Maxwells' (2020), I remembered this and giving some context wrote and asked the friend whether showering with his son was part of their family life. He responded, saying that he did not remember the incident and that it wasn't a regular event, but probably – although suggesting that supervising the washing of children was `mummy work' his then-wife was still a new stepmother to his children. With my house being unfamiliar to his son, he might have gone in to help with the temperature adjustment.

*

I was staying with my sister overseas, and my 10-year-old nephew walked into the lounge from his bath to warm and dry himself in front of the fire. I realised that he was naked under the towel. I fled to my sister who was in the kitchen - years and years of child protection training kicking in. "Did he say anything?" she asked. He had not. She reassured me that nudity in front of family and close friends was fine!

Despite us being uncle and nephew, with the diaspora from South Africa, and my sister and I moving to different continents, although he and his sister and I were legends in each other's lives, we were not familiar with each other. This was probably why I was so concerned initially, before my sister's reassurance. My niece, two years younger, was much more direct, calling out to her parents to ask where I was, before doing a naked sprint from the bathroom to her bedroom. (Were they not in the habit of taking pyjamas or dressing gowns with them into the bathroom?)

*

While working on this book, it came home to me how much stigma there is still associated with the victims of sexual abuse, and as mentioned previously, the double whammy of boys being sexually abused. I was aware that I wanted the cover design to include the face of a boy with either his hands clamped over his mouth or his finger to his lips in a `ssssh' gesture. A friend often posts pictures of his now 10-year-old son on his Facebook page – a good-looking boy from a family I have no doubt is very loving and caring. I asked the friend whether he and they as a family would consider allowing their son to pose for such a cover photo. I was absolutely clear in advance I needed to warn them of the content of the book. He understood before I had explained that a reader could develop the mental image that the boy on the cover might be one of those whose abuse is described in the book. He replied the next day to say that, as a family, they had decided against it, which I understood. I said I hoped that they had not minded me asking. He replied graciously; "Not at all! If you do not ask, the answer will always be `no!'"

FROM THE MEDIA

The Lost Boys of Bird Island

I followed the controversy regarding `The Lost Boys of Bird Island' (Minnie & Steyn, 2018) which it seems has been discredited and withdrawn but described several senior South African military and political figures being flown by military helicopter from an army base to a secluded island with some young boys, probably aged around 12, where the boys were sexually used by the men.

I first heard of the `Bird Island' shenanigans from a former SADF intelligence officer back in 2014 or 2015. I was puzzled as to why he was telling me about this. He told me information that is since in the public domain but added that there were disgruntled helicopter pilots dissatisfied at being required to fly politicians and young boys out to the island. He said that the boys were about 12 years old.

In November 2020 there was media coverage of this book being withdrawn and all the allegations contained therein legally retracted.

Abuse of Adults: where there is a Power Discrepancy

Not dealing with children specifically, if one takes a definition of a child being under 18, or most definitely under 16, involves where there is a power differential between the two, especially if the adult is young and possibly vulnerable I believe this is pertinent in the following stories of the abuse of national serviceman, the youngest of whom could have been 17, but South Africa was a very authoritarian society, with conscription of all males being legal, with a prison

sentence often served in detention barracks for conscientious objectors, and with the military being backed up by the full authority of the state.

Greefswald

Greefswald was a penal camp for national serviceman seen as misfits, possibly subversives, to be kept away from the opportunity of despoiling the moral fortitude of the more conventional national serviceman. This has been vividly described by Gordon Torr (2014) in his novelisation `Kill Yourself and Count to 10' of his experiences and those of others there. There is at least one Facebook group[39] for survivors of this experience, and others with a legitimate interest.

Criteria for being a misfit seems to most commonly involve being a user of cannabis (dagga) and/or of being gay, both of which were anathema to the very conservative culture which dominated South Africa at the time; government and the military in particular.

Certainly, a subject for books in his own right, psychiatrist Dr Aubrey Levine, despite being Jewish ingratiating himself into the Afrikaner dominated upper echelons of the military. He suggested to the military top brass that he was interested in exploring treatment and cures for homosexuals and drug addicts. I expect this delighted them. They appear to have given him a free hand to `assess and treat' the inmates of the Greefswald penal camp.

Despite having been in the military in my final years in South Africa in the mid-to-late 1980s, I cannot remember having heard about Greefswald then, although I believe it had been closed down years before I joined the military. In the biography of my

time at 1 Military Hospital I mentioned that my colleagues in the psychology and psychiatry departments were respectably ethical and professional, and on the odd occasions that I heard any reference to Levine, the attitude was "we do not talk about him!"

The following comes from The Aversion Project[40]

Gender and sexuality often played a role in the ritual humiliations through a focus on genitals. There were rituals where people were tied to trees and had shoe polish rubbed around their genitals and then the whole regiment or whoever/platoon or whatever could come and inspect the person's genitals.

In the 1960s, `Aversion Therapy' was an acceptable contingent of behaviour therapy, although it was being superseded and becoming outdated at the time it appears that Aubrey Levine used it as the justification for giving shock treatment to patients, supposedly with their informed consent, to attempt to set a sense of desire when they were shown homosexual pornography. Different writers become somewhat sloppy in the apparent confusion between the `mild electric shock' which could be part of aversion therapy, and electroconvulsive therapy, the shock treatment demonstrated vividly in the film **`One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest'** (1975). Electroconvulsive therapy was still in use in 1987 and I witnessed it administered under clinical conditions at 1 Military Hospital. The need is for much medical backup to be available in summary, and I do not believe that electroconvulsive therapy was administered at Greefswald Camp.

Levine emigrated to Canada and continued to practice as a psychiatrist. He was arrested and convicted for sexually inappropriate behaviour with his patients, for which he received a custodial sentence. My understanding is that he took advantage of his position of authority in the medical service of the South African Defence Force, and the trust placed in him by his military superiors, them being motivated to indulge him in the hope that he would solve their problem with gay and drug-abusing national serviceman. Much is written about him and this case elsewhere.

Reference is made to this case here, because, although the national serviceman would have been 17 years old at the youngest, and more likely adult at 18, they were subjected to abuse within an institution which they could not avoid, the structure of this made them vulnerable and childlike in the face of authorities, who had the backing of the military, and behind them the government.

South African Jacob Dlamini, Assistant Professor of History at Princeton University was interviewed in a documentary called `Africa at Noon' (7 September 2020) where he explored information about Aubrey Levine but is widening his study to aspects of generally white South African culture at around that time. I am in communication with him.

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While researching this book I was told of a legendary incident where a national service dentist, who would have been a lieutenant, while stationed at Oshivello, a large training base in the operational area south of the Angolan border had taken advantage of his medical position by injecting his patients with Valium before

going on to sexually abuse them. It was rumoured that he was `cashiered', the military way of publicly disgracing an officer by stripping him of his rank on the parade ground to maximise the humiliation.

This would have been gross professional misconduct, and I would expect that he would have been struck off the governing body; the South African Medical and Dental Council and prevented from practising as a dentist from then on. I tried to track this case through the professional bodies but was unsuccessful. I did not have a date when this is alleged to have occurred but assume that it was in the 1980s. I can understand that it was difficult for the professional bodies to locate a case without a date, but I would hope that sexual abuse by a dentist of his patients happen so seldom that the case would be notorious. The South African professional body suggested that if it happened in Namibia, I should take it up with the Namibian body, and the Namibian body suggested that if the dentist was a South African national, I should take it up with the South Africans. This was a paradox I was familiar with from my time on the border.

Although this case and the Levine case (above) involve medical professionals taking advantage of their station within the institution of the South African Defence Force, using and abusing young national serviceman for their gratification, a difference is likely to be that as a Colonel, a permanent force member, and the Head of the Department of Psychiatry, Levine is likely to have had the uncomprehending backing of his military superiors, whereas as a directly commissioned national service officer, the dentist was much more likely to have just been thrown `under the bus'!

I remember hearing that `on the mines', apprentices would sometimes get compressed air forced into their rectums - coerced, I am sure. It can be fatal, so I imagine it is discouraged - although how can you discourage something like that? `Compressed air: Not for anal administration.' Hypothetically, Freud would suggest that the nozzle was a substitute penis, and therefore the people doing this to the poor guy would actually prefer to be using their penises? The cruelty and coercion might be repressed homosexuality.

*

I've been told that it is a fairly routine part of military intelligence and counter-terrorism interrogation to get the person being interrogated naked (and wet) and humiliate them by mocking their genitals – all the interrogators being clothed, of course.

*

"In the military life, according to Feldwebel Groos, there were three types of hanging. For an officer's balls, they employed a silken ribbon. Noncoms rated a comfortable leather thong. But when a private was hung up by his balls, regulations specified barbed wire and they had better not forget it."

- Gann, Ernest K: **`In the Company of Eagles'** (1966) p. 121.

I read this book as a teenager. This brought me to an incredulous stop! Could that even be possible? Was that a known punishment during the First World War? Written by a mainstream author, which presumably he researched? Has this been challenged? An internet search took me straight to sadomasochistic pornography sites. I have not investigated further.

Professionals accused of abuse in their clinical practice – mostly not of children:

During my career in the United Kingdom, not one, but two senior colleagues lost their jobs and were investigated by the police – I cannot remember whether they were arrested – for inappropriate sexual behaviour towards present patients. One was the Head of Department where I had worked, and the other was the deputy head while I was still working there. Inevitably, the organisation then goes into `learning lessons' which usually seems to involve a blame game about why colleagues did not notice and report such behaviour. This seemed profoundly unfair to me, in that we were a busy department fighting against long waiting lists, and during my clinics, I would be escorting my patient downstairs from my office and returning them to the waiting room, aware that my next patient could quite possibly be watching this and trying to prevent the appearance of psychological treatment being the inevitable `sausage factory' I would then briefly dip into the secretary's office, check my pigeonhole, possibly briefly glance at the patient's file to refresh my memory, then go out, greet them from the waiting room and take them up to my office. It seemed bizarre to me that the people doing the investigation could think that with a routine such as this I could have noticed inappropriate behaviour from my disgraced colleague towards his patients when I had so many other things on my mind. I did not mix socially with either of these men, although I had heard stories of their behaviour which was a source of distaste to other members of the Department, but – as I deal with elsewhere – such are seldom grounds to raise with anyone and are likely to be dismissed by the person with whom such are raised – at least in my experience!

This does not relate to child abuse. I did not respect the District Psychologist of the department I worked in until 1991. I considered him to be a bully. This prompted me to move on. He was rather a seedy character, making many innuendos, often about his masculinity. He drove a red sports car, lived so far from the department that he stayed over in hospital accommodation several times a week. He was known to bring back women to stay overnight there, despite having a wife and children at home. A year after I left, an official complaint was put in by one of his patients, an adult female, that he had taken advantage of her sexually, which is probably the ultimate no-no professional behaviour wise. The police were involved, and consideration was given to whether he would be charged with rape. It made the local papers, under the interesting heading; `Top Doc Quit Shock'[41] but I do not think it was brought to any definite legal conclusion. As soon as he was charged, he resigned from the British Psychological Society, the professional body with the responsibility of discipline, and at that time his resignation led to the ending of the organisation's investigation of him. It was noted at the time though, that henceforth if someone resigned while under such investigation, they were at liberty to do so, but that the investigation into them would continue. Too late for that case, but it makes sense for the pursuit of justice for future cases.

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In the 1990s I had a brief discussion on the phone with an education welfare officer, Dennis Leckey[42], who I think might also have been described as a truant officer, about a patient I had at the time, but it was a very brief conversation, and I only thought back to it some months later when the man was arrested and convicted for many sexual offences against children

in children's homes. I found the case, and the newspaper reports, but apart from the usual outrage about people in bail hostels after having been convicted of sexual offences – how the bail hostels always seem to be located far closer than one would expect to schools or other places where children congregate.

One of my colleagues, the late Dr Adrian Bakes was requested to do debriefings with Leckey's former colleagues, who had registered significant distress at having had no awareness of what one of their colleagues had been getting up to. Adrian reported afterwards that they had had positive experiences of him, him going on to state that; `he always remembered all of their birthdays!'

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In about 1999, I had gone on record as having expressed my dissatisfaction about a senior colleague's behaviour, his willingness to have A-level students sit in on live consultations with live patients, accepting his protestations that the patients had given their permission. It could be argued that if a psychologist asked `Do you mind if she sits in?', this was legitimate. There could be consequences if the wannabe psychologist sitting in went on to disclose confidential information. The colleague would then take these wannabe psychologists – all seemed to be attractive young girls - out to lunch in his fancy `show off' car, which raised eyebrows other than mine. A colleague a year older than me, who I had been close to, admonished me for challenging the colleague, suggesting that he and I with our differences had been like "two stags rutting!" This changed when he was escorted off the premises by security, and – long story cut short – he told me that the same colleague had

told him that "he should go down on his knees and pray for forgiveness!" She had not been as clear in her understanding of what we were seeing of his behaviour when she chose to see it as testosterone-fuelled rivalry between us. I did not permit A-level students considering becoming psychologists to sit in on my sessions.

*

The British National Health Service town in which I spent most of my professional life was Rochdale. I moved there for a promotion, becoming a consultant, and one of the few things I knew about the area before having moved there was that there had been reports of an organised Satanic ritual child abuse practice in the area, which was investigated, but as I recall the results were inconclusive.

Later on, we discovered that the Liberal Democrat Member of Parliament, a well-known self-styled celebrity, `larger-than-life' not least because he was spectacularly obese, Cyril Smith, and while he was not arrested during his life, the police later admitted with some embarrassment that they had grounds to arrest and question him under caution. A book: `**Smile for the Camera**' (2014) has been written about the abuse he perpetrated.

Later on, Rochdale again made the papers on a similar theme, as it is one of the places where a systematic grooming gang of taxi drivers and fast-food outlets, generally of people with a `South Asian' background which usually signifies `Pakistani' people being the accused.

Vignettes of abuse remembered from a career

Brief descriptions of generally clinical cases about whom I can remember no more details:

In deciding what the parameters would be for including material in this book, I generally chose material that I thought raised issues, but I am aware of several other experiences or cases that I have come across which did not seem to raise issues pertinent to this theme, or that I do not remember enough about them, but almost as a free flow I write brief notes here about cases which I have come across, but not included in detail.

In 1986 I had a patient, an older national serviceman who somehow had not been called up with others of his age, referred who disclosed that he had a sexual fascination with young boys soiling themselves, and an added stimulation to this was if they had desperately tried to get themselves to a toilet, but had had an accident before they were able to relieve themselves as they wished. Their distress delighted him further.

In 1988 a national serviceman patient requested to see me at the military sickbay after he had been arrested for sexually abusing a child or children of a friend. He and another male of about the same age had been left in charge of the children, and his friend had abused one in another room, apparently suggesting `everyone does this these days' and the man I saw had abused the second child. They had been arrested and were being detained by the military police, with a civilian solicitor involved. I had offered to see what I could do about them being sent to a civilian prison while on remand, but the solicitor almost pleaded with me not to do this, as the conditions in the stockade were better for the

perpetrators than the civilian equivalent. I was called as a witness and testified to what I knew, and as I recall they had pleaded guilty, so would have been convicted but I remember nothing further.

In 1990, in England, I was involved in a collaborative project between my Mental Health Team and the Probation Service regarding the assessment and treatment of child sex offenders. We received very good training from David Briggs who was a colleague of Ray Wyre (1987), at the time a leading expert on the treatment of sex offenders. I remember assessing a man who was awaiting trial for sexually abusing a child, and he disclosed that he had been sexually abused when he was a child. He had been a Cub Scout at the time and quoted the Cub Scout Law `A Cub gives in to the Old Wolf. A Cub does not give in to himself'; how Cubs are required to defer to authorities. He implied this was how the man had manipulated him to abuse him. His abuse was discovered when he screamed with pain when the abuser penetrated him. People heard this, investigated and the abuser was apprehended.

In 1993 a northern European family living in a rural area, where the adult parents disclosed that the father had sexually abused all the children. He explained that he had seen the error of his ways and would discontinue the practice. I remember Social Services and Child Protection were involved with this, but I do not remember the details or the outcome.

Another adult patient was the mother of two boys, both of whom had mild learning difficulties. The older boy raped the younger boy. Social services were involved. This resulted in the older boy being removed from the home, and going to live with his grandparents. He was given access to visit his mum and younger brother during the day, but not allowed

unsupervised access to the younger brother. The younger brother had the issue that, although he got to stay at home with his Mum, his older brother, who had raped him, had a better quality of life, being given attention and treats and so on while staying with his grandparents. The younger brother felt this was unfair.

In the late 2000s, I had a patient who had been one of those sexually abused during the Orkney child abuse scandal, and another who had been involved as a young child in what seems to have been Satanic Ritual Abuse, although this was linked to pornography and she stated gunrunning and Irish terrorism as well. She reported having seen a young child sacrificed and was aware that there was a likelihood that pornographic imagery of her might still be in circulation, with the police being aware of this.

Another adult survivor of sexual abuse reported vivid recollections of being abused by someone who had access to him, and I remember the imagery more clearly than the outcome. He became very distressed reporting his memories of being made to bend over. Again, I can't remember the details, but he was transferred over to work with my colleague, or a member of a different mental health team, but went on to take his own life.

I had a private patient who I treated for post-traumatic stress following an industrial accident. During our meetings, he mentioned that he had been in an approved school, which used to be called Borstal, for some trivial offence in his teenage years. He did not report anything significant to me. Some years later I was contacted by the police who were investigating his report that he had been abused in a

high profile investigation into the historic abuse of Borstal inmates. They asked for copies of my notes, which I was able to provide. I alerted him that I had no recollection of him describing any such abuse to me. He confirmed he had not wished to tell me at the time, and he either still felt inhibited. He did not see it as relevant to the occupational problem for which he was referred to me.

I have glimpses of memory concerning a man who had been in care at a Catholic children's home. He was subjected to bullying and beatings with a sexual overtone by a specific nun, who he named, or stated that he was very clear that he could name if he wished to. She would insist on supervising him as he bathed, him being naked of course until he was aged about 15. Then there was some altercation: he stood up to her and this ended. He considered making a formal complaint more than 20 years later. Sadly he dropped out of treatment, so I do not know whether he proceeded with that or what happened. I think he had younger siblings in the home who he tried to protect and care for.

In 2012 I did a medico-legal assessment of a 19-year-old who had been accused of performing an oral sex act on his 7-year-old half-brother. The history was that he had been sexually abused by a relative before he was 7, but there were few details and he did not disclose this information. The client had learning difficulties, including ADHD, and a long history of sexually inappropriate behaviour, which could be explained by him having been abused. He did not seem to acknowledge that he faced a prison sentence and was not very cooperative with my assessment of him.

Unfortunately, with the man who abused him and at least 4 other children only having been given a

caution and placed on the sex offender's register, and although he denies having done what [half brother] disclosed, [client] could expect that with him having been accused of what he would consider was a lesser offence against one child, he could believe that he would not be at risk of a custodial sentence when a mature man who did worse to more children `got away with a caution'.

CONCLUDING THOUGHTS

So Why Don't Boys Tell?

From the case studies with which this book began, it seems that the vast majority of boys who were involved and who had been sexually abused, chose not to speak about it, and for the abuse to continue, either involving them or other boys later who their abuser moved on to, when they had moved out of his `age of attraction'. For these stories to have emerged, obviously at least one person `told', which leaves one with the impression that those we know about are the tip of the iceberg, and that in many other cases men had access to abuse boys, successive generations of boys, without ever being reported, and so those men got away with it.

In the cases that we know of, the whistleblower is usually an outsider, possibly a new recruit - someone who has not become part of the `in the know' culture? `This is the way we do things in this exclusive club!' The abuser may have made an error of judgement in expecting that these boys would be receptive to his advances, and the activities to follow, when they were not, and they spoke out.

Boys who disliked what happened may have had several reasons that inhibited them from speaking out, even if they wished to; (this is probably not an exhaustive list!)

Who to tell? One would think that telling parents would be obvious, but, and certainly at the time of most of the events described, children may have been more reluctant to share such worries with parents than hopefully they are now. There was a time when parents would believe that an adult they trusted

– even though for spurious reasons – with their child would not take advantage of their child, and therefore their child was lying to them. This could then lead to the child being punished for lying.

Where the child was groomed into the abuse, as opposed to taken by force and raped, the abuser would most probably have tried to brainwash the child into redefining what had happened as some special show of affection, the dreaded `our little secret', and if the child was vulnerable due to experiencing a deficit of affection more generally, or if they felt honoured by receiving such special attention from a high-status adult, this may have inhibited disclosure.

It could be that a genuine fondness of the abuser by the child might inhibit disclosure, along the lines of; "I know it's wrong, and he shouldn't do it, but I like him, and I do not want to get him into trouble." Although as dispassionate observers we are aware of the imbalance in the relationship, the child could perceive it as being a balanced friendship.

Alternatively, a less `friendly' abuser might have led the child to think that what had happened had been his fault; that he had in some way `asked for it' and that he was at least as guilty as the abuser. The boy may feel, or have been made to feel, that he was complicit in his abuse.

If the child believes that he is the only one being abused, which might be the case, or the abuser might be discreet in abusing different boys at different times, the boy might wonder why he had been singled out, which could lead to either a positive or a negative self-evaluation as an explanation.

There may be notions of `forgiveness', especially if on reflection and the passage of time the abuser has apologised with convincing sincerity, and taken responsibility for what they did, and acknowledging that it was wrong.

Some boys may simply have enjoyed the sexual stimulation, and not have been bothered by the age difference and the power differential. Being brought to orgasm is pleasant for most people, such that people wish to repeat this – and I do not feel the need to elaborate on this further.

Hopefully, this is less of a factor nowadays than it was in the 1970s and 1980s, but in those days, boys would have to wrestle with the idea that they might not be believed. From my own experience, when I learned about homosexuality, I heard about sodomy, but had far less idea about oral sex, fondling, mutual masturbation et cetera as other forms of abuse. Many boys might have been puzzled about how to describe such activities, and how to put them into words – like the issue for the person puzzled by the `frottage' to which he had been subjected. The idea of trying to describe what had happened might have inhibited the disclosure.

As schoolboys, my generation might not have believed that children were abused, apart from vague ideas about dirty old men in shabby raincoats, who would easily be identified as such and avoided. Except those who were abused, of course. They kept quiet. If we thought about it at all, we might not have thought about how enquiries and investigations might be dealt with discreetly. We might have had some awareness that if things went to court, what had happened to one would become public knowledge, and this was not something one would wish to be teased about in the playground. (There is, or was,

stigma about abused children, that they are somehow `unclean', `tainted' or `soiled goods' which they can never expunge.)

For some people, the total package of what is offered to them by their abuser makes it a worthwhile exchange to participate in or submit to the abuser's carnal desires; here referring to most of the boys from Nduna's expeditions, who might have seen his sexually inappropriate behaviour as tolerable for the enjoyment of the expeditions.

Some boys may have just `problem solved', and rather than take the risks of disclosing, simply have found ways to avoid getting themselves back into the situation again where the abuse had taken place. That would keep them safe but did not protect other boys that the abuser would have moved on to. But the boy might have considered that this was `not my problem' and that subsequent boys could similarly avoid getting themselves into the situation – more than once!

It has been suggested that boys may be less willing (than girls) to disclose because they have the self-expectation that as boys, they should have been able to stand up for themselves, and prevent the abuse from happening, as part of a gender identity that boys were raised with traditionally. As males, they could feel that they should have been able to fight the abuser off!

Quoting Christopher Hitchings (2010, p. 52) again, *"If my parents knew what really went on at the school, I used to think (not being the first little boy to imagine that my main job was that of protecting parental innocence), they would faint from the shock."* I am aware of the phenomenon where if a person, including a child, is in a situation where they

can do nothing to protect themselves, they might gain some slight sense of retaining some control if they can see themselves as protecting someone else. This can be by taking all of the unpleasantness on to themselves (referring to `Cobie Havenga's sister), or where children tormented with boarding school initiation decide to protect their parents from this knowledge.

Delayed disclosure: it is often rather defensively asked; "Why are you only reporting this now?" when someone may have only decided to report the abuse many years after it had taken place. There can be many reasons for this, including those cited above, and with age and the passage of time, this decision can be revisited. Perceptions may change if people who were subject to abuse have children of their own, and although they may feel they handled it themselves, they may feel a stronger need to protect their children from what they themselves went through. This might be strongest in a situation where a man who had abused them was still operating, and accessing children, but a now-adult victim might wish to protect his own children, and consequently other children from what had happened to him. I refer here of Wade Robson and James Safechuck, and their disclosures about Michael Jackson in 2019, discussed above.

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As a schoolboy, I had a newspaper round, and would also mow lawns, and occasionally child-mind for pocket money. Didn't we all? I could choose how to spen the money I earned.

I am aware of a moral shift that I am uncomfortable with, and possibly with my assertion that it is wrong to refer to a `child prostitute' if the

child in question is below the age of consent. Despite the age of consent issue, in the three studies detailed above, the boys seem to have decided to allow themselves to be used sexually in exchange for payment. This does not remove the criminality from their abuser, but if they considered this to be a legitimate way to raise money, and especially if they felt they were equal partners in the transaction, this might be less damaging than what we think of as more conventional abuse. I do not know how this area could be studied.

I may be out of date with which country is favoured nowadays, but Thailand used to be notorious for paedophiles seeking access to young children, who were believed to be available, and where the police were ineffective in protecting such children. Thailand and other countries are often criticised for allowing child labour, and non-governmental organisations are often quick to shut down factories that use child labour and exert pressure on Western countries not to buy from companies that cannot guarantee an absence of child labour. Excellent for our Western sensitivities! I understand that sometimes such children are the main breadwinners, and unethical as we believe it to be, this is their opportunity to earn money to put bread on the table. Remove this due to our belief that we are doing good, and the family might find themselves without a breadwinner, forcing the child into prostitution as an alternative. (It is sad to think of the experience of people in the developing world, when they see wealthy Westerners, with a life of luxury coming to their country to rape their children.)

Tolerating or allowing sexual activity which might not be what the child wants, but might be calculated as `worth the price' for rewards other than

money; thinking back to Nduna and a thought process of; "Well, I was going to wank anyway, so if – perv that he is! – he wants to watch me do this. And for that he lets me drive his car, I can handle that!"

Cognitive Dissonance suggests the mindset: "I am only doing it for the money or reward – it's not as though I am getting any enjoyment out of it. It's not me that's the poof!"

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Abused Damages Children – to different extents

I do not doubt that many adults are badly damaged by the long-term effects of sexual and other abuse they suffered as children. Of these, many are severely affected, and I understand that people who experienced sexual abuse as children are significantly over-represented amongst the prison population, and amongst those incapacitated by drug addiction problems.

The naysayers could suggest that such people came from chaotic families, possibly where there was a predisposition to criminality, and families had priorities other than protecting the children from adults who might wish to exploit them for the adult's gratification.

There is controversy, vested interests, and propaganda about the effects of sexual contact and/or humiliation, particularly where there is an age difference, and inevitably a power difference between those involved. Some people declare that they have not been negatively affected by such contact and could dismiss the damage that it has on others. From approximately 30 years as a professional clinical psychologist, and having done some forensic and expert witness work, I am aware of the very damaging

effects such experiences have had on some people who had unwanted experiences when they were young. Other people, for a variety of reasons, might feel unaffected by the same experiences and might over generalise to suggest that because they feel it did not negatively affect them, it would not or could not have affected others. Central to Cognitive Behavioural Therapy is the idea that it is the understanding of an event, at least as much as the event itself, which affects a person, and from a clinical sense, does the damage.

If it was argued that from what could be seen as the same experience – although it would most probably need to be removed from its context – 50% of children were unaffected and 50% of the children were affected, I am in no doubt that such experiences should be prevented from happening to anyone, rather than the idea that the 50% who were affected should just `suck it up' and the fact that they were affected is somehow due to weakness or maladaptation on their part.

Enduring the same abusive acts may affect different children differently. Some may laugh it off while others may be severely traumatised. The fact that some might not be damaged should never be accepted as an excuse for the perpetrator; that he had thought that the boy he abused would `be okay with it' and he didn't realise that the boy would be traumatised.

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Contemporary Safeguarding efforts

In my understanding and experience in recent years in the United Kingdom, there are procedures in place to prevent people with sinister intentions from getting

access to children. There are DBS checks, which at a standard level just revealed whether the person has convictions involving children. The enhanced checks, as I understand it, refer to police intelligence records which could, without revealing what they have on record, suggest that the person is not a fit and proper person to have access to children. With human rights legislation, challenges can be made for disclosure of what information the police hold. It is possible that information held is untrue, and that this has led to someone being prevented from taking up paid employment without good reason.

It seems that there is existing legislation which can be brought to bear when a child does testify – if the child overcomes the embarrassment and the shame in order to disclose in a court of law, now more facilitated by the use of screens and video links et cetera so that it is now seldom the case, as it was in the old days, where a child witness had to face their abuser in an open court.

WHAT HAPPENS IF THEY DO TELL?

Authorities dealing with disclosure

In looking at what I would like to refer to as the `first responders' in the Nduna and Skip case studies, it seems that the complaints were investigated and dealt with by the organisation in which at least inappropriate behaviour occurred and that this was not reported to the police. Nduna left the organisation and went private, continuing his behaviour or escalating it in his later years. When confronted by the father of one of the boys he was grooming, that father hit him a couple of times until he decided not to pursue that boy anymore, but did not seem inhibited not to pursue other boys. In contrast, it seems that

Skip did not seek further contact with boys, as far as we know. With Knös, it seems that many complaints were made to the police, who were slow to respond until an uncle of a child he reportedly abused accosted him in a manner likely to be a breach of the peace, and the Member of Parliament using parliamentary privilege to name Knös that the police started to investigate, apparently then finding no shortage of credible evidence. The church is singularly unimpressive at their apparent inability to stop him by suspending him and bemoaning the fact that despite them offering him his pension early, he would not go. I do not read too much into the reluctance of the police to allow me access to the documentation in their archives regarding the Knös case, even with the names redacted, and even with me being a legitimate researcher subject to data control legislation, and I suspect that there was a disinclination to assist due to the effort that this might have involved. With Drysdale, it is difficult to see it as anything other than a cover-up, where according to the investigating detective they had long signalled their concerns about Drysdale to the Scout organisation, who said they had suspended him in 1980 while allowing him to be involved for three specific jamborees between then and when they decided to fully reinstate him. With the lack of information, it has not been possible to get direct statements, but it does seem as though he was considered to be `one of us' and that `an attack on one, was an attack on Scouting', such that suggesting that Drysdale behaved inappropriately with boys was counter-attacked with the accusation that the complainant was trying to tarnish the reputation of Scouting as a whole, rather than attempting to weed out a few bad apples. I understand the principle of `innocent until proven guilty' but it is established that there is caution with this, such as people being held

on remand before trial, and in child protection circumstances in the present day, a person can be deemed to be unfit to have contact with children due to police intelligence, despite never having been convicted and, as I understand it, people identified in this way do not necessarily get access to the information held about them on which this decision is made. In the two case studies where the boys did not tell, in the first, Terence decided not to tell anyone of his abuse, because it seemed he did not know of anyone he would be able to tell, and he dreaded that his father would punish him for what had happened. The older of the two little boys similarly did not seem to have anyone they could tell. With the priest asking boys about their masturbatory habits, again there seem to be the closing ranks against the outside intruder who questioned this, notably it appears to be the same individuals in the Scouting organisation who at the time of writing are still alive and well and at the high table in Scouting who decided to side against those criticising a member of the organisation on the grounds of `attack one is an attack on all!'

Regarding the Texas Summer Camp case, working only from the documents I received, I find it very strange that the police who took the accused's statement seemed to be content with his version of events, and did not interview the boy who had made the complaint. The accused was free to leave, and as I understand it, he was promptly removed from the United States before this could be reconsidered. The Texas Summer Camp staff member was reluctant to make a statement saying any inappropriate behaviour by one of their staff would as a matter, of course, be reported to the child protection authorities in that person's country of origin. The British police certainly did not seem to be appreciative of or

interested in my efforts to do what I considered my professional duty of reporting the information that I was aware of to them.

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As outlined, I believe that a professional who has information should not sit on it themselves but should pass it on to the relevant authorities whose job it is to deal with this, for them to make that decision. It is better for such matters to be investigated and there to be found to be no case than for a professional to claim to be insufficiently confident to follow the procedures and report the information.

There seems to be reluctance by some people to disclose what they have been told, possibly by the survivors of sexual abuse who hope that the professional they have told will at least commence the reporting procedure.

Laziness

As discussed above, there are guidelines and procedures in place which suggest that the appropriate authorities should be informed promptly, at which level decisions about action to be taken (if any) will be made. After that decisions can be made about involving the police, possibly leading to the judicial system, the possibility of prosecution and an area I find often incomprehensible (in terms of inconsistency), sentencing.

I am very clear about reporting anything suspicious to the area Child Protection Team. As described in detail (above) there are many obstacles, often unnecessary between receiving such information and being authorised to report to the child protection team. This is the `filter' supposedly put in

place to have spurious and insubstantial cases from clogging up the team's in-tray.

An immediate obstacle to implementing this process is where people at this stage are lazy. The temptation to ignore or assign allegations that come in late on a Friday afternoon to the `too difficult' box can be. Allegations never seem to arrive at a convenient time! Clinicians wish to at least leave on time to start the weekend. This is a temptation to `leave it till Monday' or `let's keep a watchful eye on this and see if things develop.'

Cowardice

Secondly is the concern that many clinicians seem to have is that they will get into trouble if they report something that is not upheld above them in the hierarchy and that they can be sued or disciplined for having done so. Many organisations that should have a different approach do tend to jump on people like this, so this concern is not unfounded.

Grandstanding

Then, of course, professional, and personal rivalries can kick in, and old antagonisms and points-scoring slowing down the collaborative work that those who design structures expect will happen. I have experienced where a child protection team seem to envisage itself in the image of a law court, where it wished to have different professionals presenting and arguing their cases, for the team to behave like judges and decide whose case they supported, and whose case they rejected; an adversarial approach, rather than `working together'.

There are also attitudes of superiority from some organisations such as the attitude of; "that is for us to know and you to find out…" as though the

people receiving the information, as is their role and *raison d'être* to decide not to provide feedback of any nature to the person who has done their professional duty, and possibly their human responsibility of reporting the information.

Collective Responsibility Quashes Action

The notion that `child protection is everybody's business' can have the effect of the dilution of responsibility of any one individual to act, when they can expect and hope that someone else will do it, and if nobody does, they might feel some sort of negative peer pressure not to step out of line. The fact that no one else has acted could serve to suggest that there is `groupthink': that no one need take responsibility. What might have happened is that no-one involved wanted to stick their head over the parapet.

I have identified several situations where people in positions of responsibility - and may I note well paid for taking such decisions? - are decision-averse.

RIP Victoria Adjo Climbié, Baby `P' - Peter Connelly and Daniel Pelka and those who will follow after you.

Reluctance To Disclose Historic Abuse

Although most of what we have explored is of children disclosing things that are happening to them on an ongoing basis, or have occurred recently, there are disclosures and sometimes non-disclosures of `historic' sexual abuse. People may choose not to disclose things that have happened to them, or possibly that they have participated in, being used as the emissaries of adults wise enough not to get hands-on themselves. People who have been used in this way may have much more complicated guilt and

shame for having done so. There may be loyalty to the in-group who have gone through whatever happened together, closing ranks against an intruder from outside, which I am aware has been a barrier to my research.

While in some cases, adult survivors of sexual abuse reach a stage where they decide to disclose abuse which they have previously denied or have never raised the subject. When allegations of historic abuse are investigated, the publicity can lead to other victims coming forward to give their evidence. At other times, police have to follow up and interview other people named as victims, who might not be ready or willing to testify. More evidence from different witnesses can strengthen the case against the offender. It this often justified that if the person can be convicted, that would prevent future abuse from happening to other children. Sometimes a person approached in this manner is willing to provide information, and possibly to be a witness for altruistic reasons. In other cases, and possibly due to damage from the abuse they suffered, they can decline. They might feel that no one was there to help them when they needed it, so why should they put themselves through such an experience now?

THE BAD OLD DAYS

One hopes that things may improve over time, including the attitudes of – dare I say it? – the law enforcement personnel investigating. Twenty or more years ago, people report that making police statements and undergoing the inevitable intrusive intimate medical investigations following the disclosure of sexual abuse was re-traumatising, and in some cases was worse than the abuse they experienced. Years ago, a macho police attitude could be inclined to think

that the boy had `asked for it' and `was probably queer anyway.' One hopes that as our society develops, this attitude has been left in the past.

Sadly, embedded in the public consciousness is the idea that children who were abused are likely to abuse other children when they grow up. This does not appear to have been finally resolved (Plummer, 2018). This serves as a double whammy for the victim, as not only does he have his experience of abuse to deal with, but there is also the perceived risk in his own mind, and in those around him, that he could be a danger to children himself.

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I mentioned (above) my attempts to assist International Investigation into Child Abuse, the ill-fated inquiry that took four attempts to find a chairperson who was not inappropriately linked to establishment figures with relevant questions to answer. And sadly their non-backed up computer crashed, wiping out all of the witness testimony that had been gathered so far. They had to start again, which was probably not great for those who had entrusted the inquiry with the highly emotional demanding accounts of the abuse they had suffered. Let us hope that this was incompetence rather than something more sinister. I presume it is ongoing, though, but like everything else is delayed due to the Covid-19 lockdown.

A different Home Office Inquiry was launched, reluctantly, several years ago, into what was colloquially referred to as the Pakistani grooming gangs, was initially announced that `no stone would be unturned' and that the public, the taxpaying public who had paid for it all would get full access. A government attempt was made to change this to it

being for `lessons to be learned internally' instead. There was a major campaign and petition against this, which led to the government then arranging for the report they had received to be re-edited, and a redacted version being published which seemed to rejoice in proclaiming that paedophiles came from all different communities, not just the Pakistani Muslim group which had been focused on by the public, which has been widely seen as a whitewash after the teeth of the report had been pulled, not helped by campaigning Labour Party member of Parliament Naz Shah having retweeted a comment "Those abused girls in Rotherham and elsewhere just need to shut their mouths. For the good of diversity."[43] A vast amount of information has been written on these subjects, which are very sensitive politically. It has been suggested that the Pakistani Muslim community are forbidden to have premarital or extramarital sex within their community but consider Western/English girls with Western dress sense, most of whom seem to come from deprived circumstances characterised by social breakdown, and so are seen as `cheap white trash' and available to be used sexually, the age of consent not being seen as an obstacle to this behaviour.

Children Can Abuse Other Children

Children have an interest in sex and gender and will explore their own bodies and those of their friends. Providing there is no coercion, this is natural and children should be given the freedom to do this without being told it is dirty. It should be explained that this should be done in privacy but clarifying that `privacy' should not be redefined so that exploitation can be covered up.

There are probably lots of boundaries between acceptable and unacceptable behaviours within what I am talking about - children exploring each other's bodies (playing `doctor') is perfectly normal, and some experimentation with each other but with `permission' of each other, that could be fine if the `victim' feels it's okay. At what stage would this be considered abuse? The answer is probably to be found in whether there is a differential in the age, maturity, or power between the two and whether one is coercing or bullying the other to do things they would prefer not to do. Or a group of similar-aged children could coerce one or more of their number into activities that the children would prefer not to do.

They Live Amongst Us – an Unknown Threat?

The numbers keep changing, but I understand that there are vast numbers of people who have an interest in sexual contact of some kind with children, but many of whom have been too well socialised or too aware of the damage they would do to the victim, some of whom they would have genuine feelings of affection for, to act on this. Such an inhibited interest, providing that it would never be acted upon, would not be a focus of cognitive behavioural therapy. People with such interests might wish to explore more psychodynamic psychotherapy to understand the formulation of how these interests developed in them, if we settle on a nurture explanation for the phenomenon, as opposed to nature, claiming; "I was born this way!"

There is scope for the nature of a 'Virtuous Paedophile' protocol, but that would be controversial and very difficult to administer, and attempts would be made to take advantage of such a scheme, by people who are far from virtuous.

People who act on their attraction to children will seek opportunities and can gravitate to professions where they will have access to children - career-wise, and hobby-wise. This is why it is a particular problem for Scouting ... and I presume Boys Brigade, Military Cadets etc).

In youth sport, coaches have access to children, children changing their clothing, and attending away matches et cetera still give opportunities, especially when groups stay overnight on tours.

"*Monsters don't get close to children. Nice men do.*"

- Ray Wyre

British Expert on Child Sex Offenders

When Accusations Are Made

I have no time for the justification which adults, inevitably having been accused of, or convicted of, abusing children can claim that they were acting in the interests of the children, from some context of sex education et cetera. I do not believe that the abuser's primary motivation for whatever act they committed or incited, was for anything other than for their own gratification.

Some accused have claimed that they were seduced by the child. I have heard of accounts of children seeking what might turn out to be sexual contacts with adults. I just do not believe that, as it does not fit in with my `worldview'. I have not been told differently by people I trust, nor has it been part of my clinical experience. Where this might be seen to have happened, it might be understood as curiosity. I would wish to explore the deeper motivations of

children. I expect it is normal for children to be interested in their own bodies, and those of their peer group, which most adults nowadays would be considered `normal'. Where a child seems to have sought sexual activity from an adult, I would want to know whether this was a misinterpreted request for affection or attention. These needs might then have been exploited by the adult whom the child approached.

Can anyone now claim with any credibility that they did not know that sexual activity with a child was illegal, even if they wish to dispute whether it was morally `wrong'? The `stranger danger' warnings to children are ubiquitous – although most abuse takes place within a family home, and that usually, the abuser is someone known to the child. Coverage of the prosecution, trials and sentencing of child abusers is sensationalised, with media enjoying jumping on the bandwagon of condemnation. I do not believe that anyone can be unaware of this consequence of being accused of child abuse. Sex offenders, especially child rapists, are `the lowest of the low' in prisons, and are routinely assaulted by other prisoners unless they seek segregation.

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It is often stated that people who view pornography are just as bad as those who produce it or who are involved in actual abuse of children themselves, and the suggestion that people who view it are paying for a service where children are abused to then satisfy the financial opportunity. Yet at the same time, we are told that many people can find themselves flooded with child abuse images during routine searches and traffic on social media, where there is the

understanding that they have made no payment for any such images. Which way round is it?

One wonders whether it is easier to prosecute people for indecent images, as the evidence could be clearer if found in their possession, as opposed to testimony which could be questioned and found to be inconsistent from a young and traumatised child.

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In the United Kingdom, the main focus of catching paedophiles is watching the internet for adults grooming children. There are vigilante groups, including `The Paedophile Hunters' who pose as underage children and attempt to identify adults who show at least an inappropriate interest and desire to meet up for sexual purposes. Although many of the cases that reach court appear to have originated from such groups, the police are apparently reluctant with this practice, as, without the appropriate police procedures and legal training, possible convictions can be jeopardised by overenthusiastic amateur vigilantes. But as I understand it, most sexual abuse takes place within the home, with stepfathers most often being the perpetrator.

Treatment

Contemporary psychological treatment for people with an interest in sexual activity with children would aim to help the person to understand their `cycle of offending' to prevent them from crossing the line which would be offending. Understanding the formulation of how they developed this particular interest, whether primary or secondary, could be of interest, but of more importance would be helping the person to understand the action plans they have

learned and developed to get themselves into a position where they could commit the offence, often including what can be considered or called grooming. With the understanding that the person with such predilections would gain from psychological treatment, the responsibility would rest on them to put it into practice.

From my profession as a clinical psychologist, I know that intervention with people acting on sexual impulses, as well as other impulses such as anger involves helping them to understand their cycle of offending, so that, equipped with this knowledge, they can see when the cycle is triggered and interrupted using strategies discussed and developed in therapy. We may not be able to remove the desires from the person, but with victim awareness, and teaching intervention strategies, we can reduce the danger from such people – providing they choose to collaborate and implement the strategies that they have been taught.

In my experience, which I imagine is the same as other professionals required to work with sex offenders in the hope of reducing the risk they pose to society, such people are notoriously difficult to engage in treatment. Before a court appearance, such people express gratitude that they have been caught so that at last they can have the treatment they have so long wished for but been unable to access. Yeah, right! Lawyers do recommend to their clients that to be seen to seek help would look good in court and could lead to a lenient sentence if it is seen that they are taking active steps to overcome the difficulties that led to their offending. Once the court case is over, and even if part of the sentence is that they commit to psychological treatment, it is inevitably difficult to engage them, and sometimes, although it goes against

the principle of providing treatment as requested by a client, one may be under a legal obligation to report back if they are not adequately participating in treatment, such as not attending appointments and not participating to an extent that the therapist would consider fair considering their intellect and ability to engage with treatment. If their reluctance to engage had been apparent and reported at the time of their sentencing, a custodial sentence might have been more likely. The "If I go to prison that will disrupt the psychological treatment which I am now involved in"-argument might have held sway.

The inevitable "You can take a horse to water, but you can't make it drink!"

CONCLUSION

I return to the question that I started with, which has been dormant since I was 10 or 11. I knew but I said nothing. Friends and classmates knew because they had been on the receiving end, but they too said nothing. There can be many reasons, which I have explored above. Amongst those people I know, most of whom have gone on to have successful lives with families and in their chosen careers. Most have chosen not to make their experiences public by telling anyone, and not by telling the authorities. Some may have shared their experiences with partners and loved ones. From what I have been told, and reading between the lines from other conversations, people that I know generally have decided that what happened is not a problem to them now, whether this is denial or whether they have integrated it into their life experience. They do not see it as significantly different from other childhood experiences such as being bullied, caned at school, assorted injuries due to

tree climbing or risk-taking on bikes et cetera. Suspending the moral values, which might intrude into the lives of real people, for some the calculation has been that the rewards were sufficient to match the price of what I see as abuse, and the evaluation of this calculation by others is not welcome. Others might have had a friendship with their abuser, such that it was experienced as affectionate rather than exploitative. The boy may choose to continue to see it that way. In other cases, the boy may feel sympathy for the abuser, who might have been experimenting, and who despite the age he was, might have matured and developed beyond any interest in further such activities. There can also be sympathy for the collateral innocents; the partners and possibly children of the man who abused them, and the decision taken not to hurt them. There might be the calculation of "What good would it do to tell anyone?" The person might not wish to subject themselves to the vagaries of the justice system, with its uncertain outcome apart from focusing the spotlight on them. They may feel no need to seek therapy. They might lack confidence in the abilities of therapy to help them. There are plenty of uninspiring therapists out there.

The lasting impression from interviewing people has been the message; "I feel no need to disclose to you. You were not there. It is none of your business."

Some people choose not to tell me things.

Appendix: Unexpected finds in books films and television programmes

I have noted many references to child abuse and child sexual behaviour in mainstream books and films. I believe most are fiction, although biography might be included. I have included some fiction and biographical quotations in the preceding text, where I felt they were specifically appropriate. Listings are alphabetical except for the last section of films which are in date order.

Barran, Cai (2020) **The Maxwells at No. 9** (Sentinel Projects, UK) ISBN-13: 979-8636776086
A father finds that his 9-year-old son is distressed at having been initiated by older boys using Deep Heat and decides how to deal with this. Much focus on the sexual interest of the younger brother, and discussion of circumcision.

Behr, Mark (1995) **The Smell of Apples** Abacus London ISBN 0 349 10756 4
The narrator as an 11-year-old boy showers with his father, and later witnesses a friend who is staying over being raped by an adult, which the friend keeps a secret.

Conroy Pat (1986) **The Prince of Tides** Houghton Mifflin Harcourt
A mother, her young daughters and her son are raped by escaped convicts. "I did not know a boy could be raped!" The older brother ends the ordeal in a rather satisfactory way.

Courtenay, Bryce (1989) **The Power of One** Random House

As a young child, the hero at boarding school is bullied and tortured by the other boys for being English speaking, for his bedwetting habit and because he is circumcised.

Heim, Scott (1995) **Mysterious Skin** Black Swan UK (Film description below) ISBN 0-552-99668-8-

Hosseini, Khaled (2004) **The Kite Runner**. Bloomsbury Publishing PLC
The narrator enables the anal rape by older boys of a younger boy who is something of a household servant. (Ch 7)

Irving, John (1990) **A Prayer for Owen Meany** Black Swan; – (p. 85)
The narrator describes a childhood game where his female cousin would play hide and seek with him and his friend, Owen, and if found she will grab their `doinks'.

Irving, John (1985) **The Cider House Rules** William Morrow and Company
Early in the story, local village boys attempt to rape a boy from the St Clouds Orphanage stating their assumption that the boys at the home are `used to it'. The House Father routinely circumcises the boys who pass through the home and trains his favourite and designated successor, Homer Wells to undertake the procedure.

Mann, Thomas (1912) **Death in Venice** CreateSpace Independent Publishing Platform; Reprint edition (Oct. 2010)
ISBN-10: 1453875263 ISBN-13 : 978-1453875261
The narrator becomes sexually obsessed with a young boy, son in a family also holidaying. The boy was

aged to make the film less unacceptable. (Also see film below.)

Townsend-Warner, Sylvia (1967) **T.H. White: A Biography** London: Jonathan Cape with Chatto & Windus.
T.H. White wrote the Arthurian legend, `The Once and Future King' which Walt Disney used for `The Sword in the Stone'. White disclosed in his diaries that in the closing years of his life, he fell in love with a 12-year-old boy. He wrote much about his infatuation but did not act on it, although he suggests that the boy would have enjoyed whatever activities the author had in mind. White became possessive, giving the boy an ultimatum to visit him for both Easter and Christmas school holidays or `not to bother'. The boy decided not to bother, and they never saw each other again. The boy: James `Jimmy' Andrew Arlott (1944–1965) died in his early 20s in a car crash.

Uris Leon (1970) **Exodus** Corgi ISBN: 0552083844
Dov, a young teenager and survivor of one of the ghettos, finds himself facing selection for death or labour on arrival at Auschwitz. He saves his life by forging the doctor's signature as a demonstration of his skill. There was a reference to `a few teenage boys' being selected for recreational abuse by homosexual officers. (p.138)

White, Edmund (1982) **A Boy's Own Story** Picador (Cox & Wydham)
A 15-year-old and a 12-year-old boy take turns to have anal sex with each other. (p. 17)

FILMS

The Boys of St Vincent (1992)
https://www.imdb.com/title/tt0106473/
Probably based on fact portrays routine historic abuse, physical and sexual, of boys in a children's home in Canada.

The Breakfast Club (1985)
https://www.imdb.com/title/tt0088847/
Attending morning detention, the teenager Estevez' character, Andy, the jock, the bully confides; "I taped Larry Lester's buns together." (`Buns' is an American slang term for buttocks, I understand), the removal of which was complicated as Lester was hairy, and we discover that Andy did this to try to impress his father. The character then seems to emphasise how it must have felt for Lester, remorsefully, and the humiliation that Lester would have faced at home.

The Lost Son (1999)
https://www.imdb.com/title/tt0144286/
A French detective drifts into investigating child prostitution in London, a scene in which, posing as a client, he is shown into a bedroom where a young boy he has `ordered' awaits him apprehensively. Some sex toys are visible.

Midnight Cowboy (1969)
https://www.imdb.com/title/tt0064665/
A brief flashback to the protagonist being abused as a child spanked naked and subjected to an enema (off-screen) by his presumed grandmother.

Mysterious Skin (2004)
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mysterious_Skin

The recovered memory that haunted one of the lead characters since he was eight years old is revealed as him having been abused, in the presence of a teammate by his sports coach, the abuse including being required to `fist' the sports coach.

Return to the Blue Lagoon (1991)
https://www.imdb.com/title/tt0102782/
I was amused at the `coyness' of the following scene: a mother is bathing her two children in a pool in the river. The boy suggests that the girl's privates look like a `cowry shell' and then the girl starts to suggest what the boy's privates look like, which is hastily interrupted by the mother.

Top Gun (1986)
https://www.imdb.com/title/tt0092099/
The `Goose' character, played by Anthony Edwards makes an insulting comment to a rival team; "They were abused children." Was that seen as funny then? Interestingly Edwards went on to report that he had been sexually abused at the age of 12 by some figure in the movie-making business.[44]

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The following are separate for the darkness of the direct portrayals of paedophiles: (Listed by Year)

Death in Venice (1971)
https://www.imdb.com/title/tt0067445/
While recovering in Venice, sickly Composer Gustav von Aschenbach becomes dangerously fixated with teenager Tadzio. The film shows the protagonist following the boy around Venice. In the film, the boy is depicted aged around 14 years old, but there is the

suggestion that the boy on whom the incident was based was closer to 10 years old. (Adair, 2001.)

Happiness (1998)
https://www.imdb.com/title/tt0147612/
I haven't seen this `black comedy' and I do not think I want to. I have seen clips and read a commentary. One of the characters is a paedophile who drugs and rapes (off-screen) one of his 12-year-old son's friends.
Wilson, Emma (2003) **Cinema's Missing Children** (USA: Wallflower Press), Ch. 3, - pp 41 - 53

The Woodsman (2004)
https://www.imdb.com/title/tt0361127/
A child molester returns to his hometown after 12 years in prison and attempts to start a new life. This character is attracted to young girls.

Michael (2011)
https://www.imdb.com/title/tt1906426/
Five months in the life of a paedophile who keeps a 10-year-old boy locked in his basement. Was this inspired by the 2009 Josef Fritzl case, from Austria?

Kopfplatzen [Head Burst] (2019)
https://www.imdb.com/title/tt8603122/
Markus, a respected architect, is a paedophile attracted to little boys. He infiltrates himself with a single mother and her son.

TELEVISION AND INTERNET

Canadian Broadcasting Corporation/The Fifth Estate (2014) **`Scout's Honour - Sexual abuse in the Boy Scouts'**
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=K-1GO1WcsEE

The Simpsons: **Bart the General** Season 1, Episode 5
The code of the schoolyard, Marge! The rules that teach a boy how to be a man! Let's see; do not tattle, always make fun of those different from you, never say anything unless you're sure everyone feels exactly the same way you do.

South Park Season 5 Episode 2: **`Cripple Fight'**
South Park episode where the Big Gay Al Scout Leader was forced out to be replaced by some apparently `straight' males who insisted on taking naked photos of the boys.
https://www.tvfanatic.com/quotes/now-the-first-activity-for-this-evening-will-be-naked-pictur/

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